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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

OR,

S T O R I E S

OF

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

V O L. IV

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TABLES OF THE CASTLES

OF THE

DELICIOUS



IV. 107

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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

O R,
S T O R I E S
O F
INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

B E I N G
LES VEILLÉES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH
BY MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,
AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION,
ADELA AND THEODORI, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Come raccende il gusto il mutare esca.
Così mi par, che la mia Istoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata sia.
Meno a chi l'udirà noiosa fia.

ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous Viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my muse pursues her varied strains,
Tale following Tale the ravish'd ear detains.

HOOPE.

V O L. IV.

D U B L I N:

Printed for Messrs. PRICE, MONCRIEFFE, JENKIN,
WALKER, BURTON, EXSHAW, WHITE,
BYRNE, PARKER, and H. WHITESTONE.

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M DCC LXXXV.

TALLES OF THE CASTLES

OF THE

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT

LES-VILLIERS-DU-CHATEAU

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

By Madame la Comtesse de Wille

Abbess of the Monastery of Les-Villiers, near Paris

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

By Thomas Holcroft



As in the board, with glass & silver
Cafe after Cafe, the house of
So, while my mind is in the
The following Table is printed on paper

V O L I

D U B L I N

Printed for Messrs. Price, Moncrieff, Jenkins,
Walker, Burton, Baskin, White,
Stuart, Parker, and H. W. Whitestone.

and others.

THE
TALES OF THE CASTLE:
OR,
STORIES
OF
INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT:

THE
TWO REPUTATIONS.
A MORAL TALE.

LUZINCOURT, satisfied with a moderate fortune, and an obscure, but peaceable and happy existence, lived, like a Philosopher, at the farther end of Champagne, in a small house, two leagues from Rheims; he had been a widower several years, and found in the study of science, and his tenderness for an only son, amusements and happiness equal to his wishes.

When young Luzincourt had attained his nineteenth year, his father told him of his design

to send him to Strasbourg. My son, said he, you are not a gentleman, and have no fortune; I have given you an education which will procure you the means of distinguishing yourself, if you have activity and a noble ambition. You have reason and understanding, and yet I do not ask what condition of life you would prefer, nor shall I make a choice for you myself.

My parents, without consulting my inclinations, made me a Lawyer; probity preserved me from the dreadful misery of being a bad Magistrate; but I did not love my profession, and my inclination for science made me quit it at forty. During twenty years, I fulfilled duties which, to me, were painful; and when I wholly addicted myself to the studies to which my genius led me, I was too old to become eminent in a new career.

This experience, and the reflections I had made, have prevented me from pressing the choice of a profession upon you, till you should arrive at that age when your powers and propensities should be developed. At present I will send you to Strasbourg, where I would have you pass two years in the schools where law is taught, because there is no condition of life in which a knowledge of the laws is not useful, and even necessary to a good citizen.

Young Luzincourt assured his father of his obedience; and three days after this conversation, departed for Strasbourg. Arrived in Alsace, he pursued his studies with ardour, writ regularly to his father, and, in the account he gave him of his occupations and amusements, continually spoke of the inexpressible pleasure he took in reading Dramatic Authors and Works of Morality.

Luzincourt

Luzincourt also kept up a correspondence with a friend of his own age, who lived at Rheims. The name of this young man was Damoville: he was the eldest son of his father's most intimate friend, and having been educated together, he had conceived the most tender friendship for Damoville.

Never, however, did convenience and habit form a connexion less liable to last. Luzincourt, naturally timid and thoughtful, spoke little, was fearful of himself, and having, with much modesty, a great desire to gain information, he was silent, without an effort, and listened with avidity. To this reserve, this attention to the discourse of others, he was indebted for penetration much superior to his years. He already possessed the useful art of reading the countenance, and easily tracing there the slightest expression of envy, disdain, or ill humour; nature had given him a discerning mind, a delicate taste, a lively imagination, a feeling heart, and a noble soul.

Damoville, on the contrary, full of confidence and pride, spoke with assurance, and heard without attention; his head was hot and his heart cold; his ideas often dazzled, but were often unjust and inconsistent; without sensibility, without greatness of soul, incapable of reflecting, of meditating, he imagined heroism, of all kind, to be either the effect of self-interested calculation, or the fruit of folly, more proper to excite the pity, than merit the admiration of a Philosopher.

Though his self-love was excessive, his society was not without charms; his pliability was wonderful, and taught him to take, with ease, a thousand different forms. Having neither principles nor fixed character, he could change his opinion

with facility, and this often preserved him from that obstinacy which pride usually inspires. Equally inconsistent and indiscreet, his defects sometimes gave his conduct and discourse an agreeable appearance of frankness and originality; and he possessed a certain natural malignity, which never appeared but in the form of a joke, and which might easily be taken for gaiety and good-humour.

Luzincourt, notwithstanding his penetration, did not know Damoville: accustomed from his tenderest infancy to look upon him as his brother, he could not judge impartially, but was equally blind to his sentiments and character; he wrote to him with pleasure and punctuality, gave him a circumstantial history of his occupations, and Damoville, on his part, informed Luzincourt, that he likewise, had a passionate love for reading; and told him, moreover, in confidence, he had already begun to compose. Luzincourt, in his answers, exhorted him not to be too hasty; but notwithstanding this prudent advice, Damoville replied, that, hurried on by the fire of imagination, he wrote, he composed continually, and every month enriched the *Mercury* (a) with some new production.

The time being ended, prescribed by his father, Luzincourt quitted Strasbourg and returned to Champagne; his joy was great, at finding himself once more in the arms of his father, and in the company of Damoville. My friend, said the latter to him, the die is cast, and my life shall be consecrated to the service of the Muses; my father

(a) A kind of Weekly Magazine, published at Paris, in which the Moral Tales of Marmontel first appeared. T.

consents; the success of my last Ode, and especially of my Philosophic Tale, has determined him to send me to Paris.

To Paris! What by yourself!

Certainly; but I am known there to the most distinguished men of letters. I had the precaution to praise them, with some address, in my Ode, and my Philosophic Tale is full of touches purposely meant to please them.—Besides, they are astonished that a young man, of my age, should have been the Author of two productions so full of genius.—I have received letters from three of them, which I will shew thee. They exhort me to quit the country: they expect, they wish to see me, and I shall be gone in two months time.

The same evening Damoville shewed his friend the letters of which he had spoken, which really contained the most flattering eulogium on the talents of Damoville, and especially on his Philosophic Tale. Luzincourt, could scarcely conceal his surprize: he had read this vaunted Tale, and well remembered, that certain works, and certain Academicians, were praised in it very emphatically; but he likewise remembered, he had never read any thing more uniformly dull.

As he was modest and inexperienced, he supposed himself wrong; he had judged Damoville, in the bottom of his heart, to be absolutely devoid of genius. I was deceived, said he, and I am happy to find I was. Damoville will become famous in the noble, the brilliant course he is about to run; it is proper, and most pleasing to be proud of the fame of a friend.

Luzincourt, when interrogated by his father, freely confessed that he as well as Damoville, had a strong propensity to the Belles-Lettres; but,

added he, I am not ignorant, my inclination cannot supply the want of talents. I have not the proud hope of becoming hereafter, equal to the authors I so much admire; the title of an estimable writer may satisfy my ambition, and is the wish of my heart. Speak then, my father, you can guide, you can instruct me; should you not approve the choice I have made, I will relinquish it instantly.

No, my son, said his father, tenderly embracing him, I will not speak against what I approve. Go, then, with Damoville; gain instruction, there, where genius and the fine arts are understood and admired; only be careful to preserve your character, your principles, and your morals; look, reflect, before you write; examine nature, and your own heart; above all things, be consistent and declaim not against intolerance, while you detest and persecute those who adopt not your opinions: vaunt not the consolations of philosophy while criticism offends, while contradiction irritates, and truth is disagreeable to you; pretend not to the sublime title of a Philosopher, if you cannot yourself afford a noble example of justice, moderation, and fortitude, or if you cannot pardon and condemn cabal and intrigue.

But I am undisturbed on that head, I know your sentiments, my son; they will beget reputation and fame. Even without genius, and with a common mind, you might speak worthily of Virtue, whose image is always impressed on a generous and pure heart. You, I hope, shall shew her in all her beauty; shall demonstrate her to be invariable and real; shall give her Religion for her basis, and shall paint her under a form so benevolent, so perfect, so natural, that the very Atheist shall be
forced

forced to admire, and blush he had before time mistaken her.

Young Luzincourt promised to follow his father's counsels, and endeavour to justify his hopes; he remained another month in the country, and then departed with Damoville for Paris, where he lodged at the house of a relation, a celebrated Advocate, and Damoville hired a small apartment in the same street.

The very day after his arrival, Damoville sought out all the men of letters from whom he had received such flattering answers; his reception equalled his hopes, and they proposed he should take a department in a Journal; they informed him of the principles it was necessary he should adopt, and Damoville shewed all the condescension they could hope, whence they immediately predicted his progress would be great and glorious.

While Damoville, devoted to his new patrons, indulged the most dazzling hopes, Luzincourt led a very different life. Darnay, the Advocate, his relation, with whom he lodged, had married the Sister of a celebrated Painter, and was visited by many of the best Artists. A society, like this, was perfectly conformable to the taste of Luzincourt, who naturally loved the arts, and felt how necessary it was for a man of letters to obtain well-founded knowledge on such noble subjects. He had learnt to draw, understood music, and listened with attention, and a strong desire of instruction, to the conversations he so frequently heard: he became particularly intimate with many of the Artists, went to see them when at work, and accompanied them when they visited the galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and the collections of private persons.

Such were his morning employments: his afternoons were spent in attending the Theatres; and, at his return, before he went to bed, in writing a Journal of every thing interesting he had heard or seen in the course of the day.

In the midst of these amusements, he was afflicted to find he no more saw Damoville, who had been entirely lost to him for three months past; his attempts to draw him to the house of Darnay were ineffectual. Damoville loved to talk, to dissertate, to shine, and not to be instructed. The company that met at Darnay's tired him, he came once but never returned.

Vanity, however, at length brought him back to Luzincourt. He had formed a very false opinion of the latter, with respect to himself; he supposed him to entertain an high idea of his merit; pride cannot feel, cannot understand true friendship. Damoville supposed its looks, its delicate attentions and cares, to which the heart gave birth, were only so many homages to, so many avowals of his superiority, and the tenderests of friends, in his eyes, was but his admirer.

Damoville, at last, found it necessary to his vanity to inform Luzincourt of his new success. Accordingly, one morning, he went to excuse and justify himself for his long neglect, when he gave a pompous detail of the occupations which overwhelmed him, the works he had in hand, and renewed his assurances of an entire and unbounded friendship.

Luzincourt was moved, and Damoville, coming to the point, said to him, I will prove to thee how great, how sincere my confidence in thee is, by telling thee exactly of all that affects me nearest: here, my friend, look, I have brought thee

thee an Epistle, in verse, addressed to *the Philosopher of Ferney*, (M. de Voltaire) not yet printed. It is about three weeks since I sent it to him, and I have received, this very morning, an answer from him, in verse, which thou shalt hear, presently; listen first to my Epistle.

Damoville then took his manuscript from his pocket, and read, in a loud voice, a long, tiresome Epistle, dictated, from one end to the other, by the most open flattery. *The Philosopher of Ferney*, however, compared the talents of Damoville to those of *La Fare* and *Chaulieu*. Damoville, said he, has their grace and ease, without their negligence and defects.

Luzincourt, surprized and confounded, was silent. Damoville talked on; thou mayest well suppose, said he, I shall print both my Epistle and his Reply.

Indeed! I would not advise you.

No! Why so, prithee?

It does not seem, to me, proper to print one's own eulogium.

Oh! do not fear; this is a well established custom. An Author may not only print, without scruple, verse and prose in his praise, but he may cite, in his preface, the agreeable things he has heard of himself; nay, if he has genius, may even invent some happy reply, which is commonly attributed to some person whom he protects, or some friend, who is now no more. If these little freedoms were not permitted, how might such brilliant reputations, as are daily founded, be so soon acquired.

I confess, I scarcely can comprehend how an Author may discover such excessive vanity, without disgusting the public.

TO THE TALES OF THE CASTLE.

Well and where is the harm?—The public is disgusted, and blames the Author who praises himself; but while he is blamed he is believed. The modest Author and the vain, are, equally, taken at their words. Be humble, and you will be thought just to your own abilities; dare boldly to praise yourself, and the world will be of your opinion; you will be called proud, but you will be admired.

If such be your opinion of the public, you can hardly be vain of its suffrage.—Wherefore do men of letters labour? Is it not to enlighten mankind? Is it not to merit the world's esteem and gratitude?

Such are the motives given in a preface; but surely thou art not simple enough to believe them. Men write to obtain a name, because celebrity leads to wealth; not to mention one is proud of the homage of the very fools one despises.—But let us return to my Epistle, how dost thou like it?

You seem to me too prodigal of praise.

How so? Is it possible to praise the Author of *Alzira*, *Mahomet*, and so many other dramatic master-pieces too much?

Certainly not; there are no praises in this respect, which his genius does not justify; but you give him the title of Philosopher and Sage, which he never can deserve. Is he superior to the foibles which envy, hatred, and resentment produce? Is he even peaceable and happy?—He is benevolent—he makes a noble use of his riches—but he has defamed, he has blackened his enemies.

His writings breathe the very spirit of philosophy, and has produced a revolution which has—

Destroyed

Destroyed Religion, and corrupted Morality.

No man has better defended the rights of humanity.

You forget that he was preceeded by *Fenelon*. You do not hold it possible, that an Author's sole design should be to benefit mankind.—Read *Telemachus*, once more; a work written to instruct Kings, and enlighten the world, and think better. I should be sorry for you, could you prefer the declamations and epigrams of *Voltaire*, to such a sublime system of morality.

You may say what you please, but you will never rob *Voltaire* of the glory of having been the first Poet who spoke the language of reason and philosophy.

I am sorry you have not found the language of reason in the works of *Boileau*, and many other Authors.—But what think you of *Pope*? Is not he the Poet of Philosophy? What philosophic Piece has *Voltaire* ever produced, any way equal to the *ESSAY ON MAN*?

You will not at least deny, that the abilities of *Voltaire* are astonishingly extensive, or that he has not a universal genius?

What do you mean by a universal genius?

A man who is superior in every species of Literature. I am willing to allow (between you and I) that *Voltaire* is not what he has, perhaps, been too hastily called, the Conqueror of two Rivals who reigned over the Theatre; but what tragic author, of *this age*, can be called his equal?

None, not even the author of *Rhadamistus* and *Electra*. *Crebillon*, no doubt, had genius, but he has only written two pieces worthy the stage. Although *Piron* wrote *la Metromanie*, he must not be compared to *Moliere*; nor have those more reason,

reason, in my opinion, who would equal Crebillon to Voltaire.

What say you to his history ?

His History of Charles XII. is an agreeable romance ; and his Age of Louis XIV. dazzles the imagination. But are they written in the style of History ? What can you say to a writer, who is always partial, always passionate, guided by the spirit of party, and unceasingly sacrificing reason, morality, and truth, to particular views, personal interest, and a vain desire to shine.

You, no doubt, think his fugitive Pieces detestable too ?

No ; some of them are charming ; but he is here surpassed by *Gresset*, whose Verses, as witty as those of Voltaire, have a thousand times more sweetness and harmony ; nor can you mention one fugitive piece, by the latter, which may justly be preferred to the *Chartreuse* (a), or *L'Épître sur la Convalescence* (b).

And you think nothing of Voltaire's gaiety ?

What gaiety !——Deprive him of the desire to blacken, to avenge himself of, to ridicule, his enemies, and give him, instead, reason, decency, and respect for religion, and you will rob him of all his pretended gaiety, which is only inspired by impiety, malignity, and a contempt for morals. He never knew the art of laughing with innocence ; and his natural gaiety is so confined, that, notwithstanding the superiority of his wit, he never attempted to be pleasant, without offence to religion and modesty, without being dull. He

(a) The Charter-house, or Carthusian Monastery.

(b) An Epistle on the King's recovery.

has written the *Gardeuse de Cassette* (a);——and has given the stage *Un Fier en Fat* (b), A Madame de Croupillac.

Oh! I give up his Comedies—Nay, his Operas——He has not succeeded in Lyric Poetry I own. But what do you say to his *Henriade*?

That it contains fine passages, and that I should admire it, could I read it through without an effort.

If that work be not unequalled, you cannot deny but Voltaire has the merit of having written the only Epic Poem in our language.

And what think you is the reason? It is because Poets of genius have always preferred the writing of Tragedies. An Epic Poem demands deep study, and great length of time; and the glory which is acquired, by writing it, is rather durable than noisy; while the applauses, obtained on the Theatre, are more flattering, and more conducive to fortune. I willingly allow, that a sublime Poem, such, for example, as *Paradise Lost*, is, of all others, a work which requires the most genius. But I must likewise think, that he who could write a good Tragedy, might write as good a Poem as the *Henriade*.

Well, but do not you admire the astonishing union of wit and science in Voltaire?

Fontenelle was a man of wit, infinitely more learned than Voltaire (c); the latter will never be thought a great Mathematician, and he was a very bad experimental Philosopher; he was ignorant of the first Elements of Chymistry, and every thing he said, on Natural History, is equally void

(a) The Keeper of the Casket.

(b) A haughty Fool.

(c) M. de Fontenelle was a Member of the Academy of Sciences; nobody yet ever thought of bestowing that honour on Voltaire.

of reason and truth, and demonstrative of his profound ignorance on that subject. He has spoken too on the Arts, but without loving or understanding them (a). Ask the Artists, and they will tell you, he had neither taste, discernment, nor knowledge of them. Hence it is very true, that Voltaire has had the puerile and ambitious pretension to appear universal, when he was superior only in one species of writing. It seems to me, too, that his prose writings evidently prove he had but one manner, and that he could not vary his style with his subject. Was it History, a Novel, a Letter, it was all the same : his partizans called this surprizing uniformity, the *signature of Voltaire*, and think they praise him when they say, they can find him in a Billet, and cannot mistake his hand : they forgot he is only so sure to be found, because he had but one manner ; and that, because, during sixty years, he continually repeated the same witticisms, and the same declamations. Montesquieu has only written three works, and has each time had the happy art, which taste and genius alone may give, to change his tone, and seize the style best suited to his different subjects. No one can say they find, in the Temple of Gnidus, the *signature* of the author of the Spirit of Laws ; though it is certain that in Zadig you cannot mistake the hand which traced the Universal History. May a man pretend to universal genius, because he gives a different title to each volume he writes ? Certainly not, a multitude of volumes will but discover such pretensions to be ill founded ; while, on the contrary, one sole work may display a won-

(a) He, himself, has said, he did not taste the beauties of Painting and Music.

derful variety of talents. The illustrious Author of *The History of Nature*, M. de Buffon, has proved that one man may unite vast knowledge, a brilliant imagination, and the enchanting art of painting and describing, with equal superiority, the affecting, the awful, the majestic, and the terrible. In his work we find the most perfect examples and varieties of eloquence ; Poet, Painter, profound Metaphysician, sublime Philosopher ; each, in turn, his pliant and extensive genius embraces, and adapts itself to all. It gives with the same facility, the most delicate touches to the shortest details, while it conceives a plan the most extensive and vast ; no French writer ever better understood his own language ; none ever joined so much precision with so much eloquence, or was equally correct and equally brilliant.

We are agreed on that head, replied Damoville ; nay, I confess, I have always thought that an Author who is superior in one branch of literature, might easily write, successfully, at least, in various others.

Nothing can be more true, replied Luzincourt. If, for example, Racine had lived as long as Voltaire, with the same desire of being thought a universal genius, can it be doubted, that the Author of *Athalia* and *Britannicus* would not have written History in a sublime style : he, who knew so well the human heart, who painted, with so much strength and truth, the passion and jealousy of Phædra and Roxana ; the matrimonial tenderness of Clytemnestra ; the affecting love of Berenice ; the fury of Hermione ; could not he have written an interesting Novel, or a sentimental Comedy, equal to *Nanine*, *L'Escoffoise*, and *Charlotte*,
think

think you? The tender, the elegant Racine, had he written Operas, would he have been inferior to Quinault? He possessed the difficult art of criticising, with taste, and of delicate raillery. He has left us some letters, in which we find all the soft, all the witty and satirical irony, which gave so just a reputation to the *Lettres Provinciales*; and as to gaiety, real and frank gaiety, who shall dispute it with the Author of the *Plaideurs*? What then shall we say to the great Corneille, first Sovereign and true Legislator of the Theatre; he who created the two species worthy to illustrate and reign over the stage, Tragedy and Comedy (a). He has ravished from Moliere the glory of giving his nation the first characteristic Comedy; and when Racine appeared, France was in possession of all the great works of Corneille (b).

To

(a) And even the heroic Comedy, likewise: Don Sancho of Aragon, is the first piece that was written of the kind; and it ought to be remarked too, that Corneille succeeded, to perfection, in Lyric Poetry.

(b) M. de Fontenelle has observed, Corneille had no preceding Author to guide him, but that Racine had Corneille: if this creates an immense distance between Corneille and Racine, what must it do in the case of Voltaire, who had both Racine and Corneille? Neither has he neglected to profit by their works, as much as possible; he has taken a great number of lines from them both; has imitated their characters, their situations, and their very subjects. Thus, it is to Polyucte we owe the Orphan of China. In Polyucte, Pauline relates how she once loved Severus; but he, being then poor, was rejected by her parents, who forced her to marry Polyucte; that she, since, has become fond of, and truly attached to, her husband; and that she is greatly distressed lest Severus, now become powerful, should revenge himself on Polyucte. Idame, in the Orphan of China, says exactly the same things. Gengiskan, formerly
the

To speak truth, replied Damoville, I am partly of thy opinion; it is not possible, in reality, to compare Voltaire to Corneille and Racine; but the former has had the art to raise a party in his favour, which cannot at present be withstood; besides that, by the freedom and frivolity of his writings, he has seduced the world, in general, and we must swim with the stream.

Do you believe that Reputation, acquired by cabal and intrigue, can be lasting?

It is the soonest established, which is the thing most essential. Life is short, its duration uncertain, and extravagance only would patiently expect a desired blessing, which activity and address might presently obtain.

But what is this desired blessing?

Personal respect, honours and wealth.

What do you call personal respect?

I wish to be one of the heads of the prevailing Party: to have Friends, Partisans, Puffers, Dependents, Enemies.

Wish to have Enemies?

No doubt——It is necessary to have a right to say in Society, or in a Preface, *my Enemies*; they are useful to a man of-letters, and give him an opportunity, whenever he thinks proper, to interest the world in his behalf, by calling himself a persecuted man; and artfully hinting, that he is only hated because he is envied. I own the thought has been hacknied a little, but, yet, so happy a one, that it still retains it's former force, and is

the obscure Temugin, was rejected by her parents; he now returns, armed with power, and she is in the utmost fear for her spouse, &c. Many like examples, equally striking, might be cited; and for the satisfaction of youth, we shall some time enter more fully into these sort of subjects.

every

every day repeated with the same success. In short, there are a thousand circumstances under which our enemies may be called our best friends. A Poem not read, a Comedy damned, or any like disgrace, may be laid to their charge, *it is all the effect of party.*

You would only shine then for a moment?

I trouble not myself about Reputation after I am dead. An opposite conduct might, perhaps, better obtain the praises of posterity; but I set little value on such praise, give me present enjoyment. I am of those, who, by a calculation somewhat selfish, but most philosophic, wish to be rich while they live, and who would not hesitate to purchase a mere life annuity. I neither love nor esteem men sufficiently, to form the romantic project of existing for their sakes; and they treat those infinitely better by whom they are amused, nay deceived, than those by whom they are instructed.

The Writer who wearies his Readers, is always in the wrong; truth should ever wear an agreeable dress; but feeling can embellish and soften the austerity of morals, and give charms to the lessons of wisdom.

Yes; and the world will then think lightly of the Moralist, will place him in the class of Novel Writers.

If they place him by the side of Richardson, the Author may console himself.

To appear profound in the eye of the public, you ought to be dull.

But you will not be read.

But you will be admired; and a single work, of this kind, is enough to establish a reputation.

You are joking to be sure.

I never

I never was more serious. I will give you an unanswerable proof.—We are alone, and I can depend on thy discretion.

Whither does this preamble lead?

Shouldst thou reveal what I am going to confide to thee, I should lose my Protectors, my Friends, and all my hopes, beyond retrieving.

I need not make protestations, Damoville.

Well then, there is a little work so singularly cold, so dreadfully dull, that it is impossible to have the fortitude to read it through in one day, though it is not above sixty pages; not but it has some rationality, and a few ingenious ideas; but its style is so heavy, so diffuse, so incorrect, so destitute of purity, feeling, and elegance, that it does not contain a single passage worthy of citation, and yet it is in the highest vogue; but why, because the Author has many friends who have puffed and cried up this production. After all the praises they have heard of it, nobody dare own how intolerably insipid they found it; but every one repeats, by rote, *It is a wonderful production*; those even who never went farther than the first page, and who know nothing more of it than its title, do not fail to confirm this judgment; and thus it is that these echoes of echoes, by repetition of the same sound, confer universal fame. This is the reason, my friend, why I give into intrigue and party spirit, and why I so highly esteem the praises of the Philosopher of Ferney.

Can such praises give pleasure? Has he not lavished them, all the days of his life, on mediocrity? Could ever he resolve to give Genius its due? Recollect his notes upon Corneille, which we read together at Rheims with so much indignation. Remember what he has said of Crebillon,
Jean-

Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, Boileau, and La Fontaine (a). Knowest thou not his reiterated attempts, in prose and verse, to diminish the glory of the Author of *Telemachus*? Art thou ignorant of his hatred of Montesquieu, and how often he has attacked his works? Or wouldest thou dare affirm in his presence, that Jean-Jaques Rousseau was a man of genius? Hast thou not read that horrid libel, that shameful Monument of the blackest, the meanest envy——

Nav, be calm, my good friend, I am perfectly acquainted with all this. But what then? I am unknown, I want support; his protection is not only useful, but absolutely necessary, and must, if possible, be obtained. Besides, you cannot suppose, but that people of superior merit may be found among his most zealous Partisans.

Most certainly, I could name several.

Well, I shall deserve a place in this small class.

But Voltaire is eighty years old; and shall not this party, the authority of which thou seemest to revere, which has but a moment to exist, and which has already lost much of its weight, shall it not die with it's Chief?

Darnay entered the chamber as Luzincourt was speaking, which put an end to a conversation that gave birth to the most melancholy reflections in the breast of Luzincourt concerning the character of his friend.

Damoville returned, some days after this, and proposed to present Luzincourt, where the best company in Paris, as he said, assembled every

(a) See the notes to Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV. La Fontaine, he says, has but one sole charm, that of being unaffected, natural (*Celui du naturel.*)

evening. The mistress of the house, added he, is an old woman, the widow of a Financier; she is said to have been celebrated in her youth for some dozen adventures, rather of the scandalous than the romantic kind; but now, returned to reason and society, she lives, philosophically, in the happy calm of the passions. The remembrance she preserves of her ancient errors, gives her an indulgence towards the wanderings of youth, which it is impossible to carry further; nobody can be more tolerant, therefore, by way of just gratitude, others readily overlook her unbounded love of Pharaoh, and a few *under hand* liberties, which to be sure she rather too often permits herself to take.

And does this woman see the best company of Paris, sayest thou?

To be sure she does; she has a good house, and keeps an excellent table, and what could you wish for more?

I have heard there are women almost as contemptible as her you have described, who have not been shut out of society; but then I always understood they were women of high birth, and supposed that, out of respect to an illustrious family, it was possible the world might not do itself justice on such a kind of person, when she happens to possess great wealth, wit, and agreeable manners.

Pshaw, my dear Luzincourt, the world is not so nice. Madame de Surval is fifty-five years of age, talkative, tiresome, and without common sense, and yet thou shalt meet *all France* at her house. Shall I take thee thither this evening?

You cannot please me more. I have a strong desire to see and know the world; though I am sensible of my awkwardness and timidity, and how ignorant I am of its customs.

Read,

Read, attentively, the works of the younger Crebillon. I acknowledge they are contemptible, but they have one inestimable merit, they contain a true picture of fashionable life.

I cannot believe it ; I do not know the world, but good sense tells me, it is impossible vice should dare so impudently to shew itself with impunity ; it can only be tolerated when it is disguised ; no man may seduce every woman he meets, by openly discovering a perverse mind, and the grossest stupidity ; nor can I imagine, that self-sufficiency, and ill-bred familiarity, are the manners of fashionable people.

But how does it happen thy prejudices do not vanish, when thou seest that almost all Authors, who have described the fashionable world, agree with Crebillon ? Thou thinkest highly, for example, of the Moral Tales of Marmontel.

I do ; but, in my opinion, they are far from being all *moral*. The Author himself, in his preface, owns, that Lausus and Lydia, the Sheperdess of the Alps, Annette and Lubin, and the Marriages of the Samnites, are not moral Tales ; nor do I think that By Good Luck, is more moral ; nay, I own, I cannot see the moral purposes of the Scruple, the Sylph-Husband, Soliman II. and Friendship put to the Test ; nothing, I think, can be less moral than that of Alcibiades, Lauretta, and the Four Phials.

I own the descriptions in these Tales, are somewhat lively, and possess more spirit than decency ; but the question is not whether the title and the work correspond, it is to know whether the Author agrees with Crebillon in his picture of the World.

But

But who pretends to deny that the general conversations, the scenes of fashionable life, the phrases of the characters in *Les Egaremens du Cœur & de L'Esprit* (a), have the most striking similarity with pictures of the same kind, drawn in the Moral Tales?

Well, and thou wilt not deny that it is universally acknowledged the Moral Tales present a true picture of manners?

Universally acknowledged! I know not that; I know it is not doubted in the country, but the opinion of fashionable people must decide on this subject.

Marmontel is worthy of the best company.

He is so; but Crebillon never lived among fashionable people; how then could he know their manners? Is it not, therefore, rational to conclude, that the Author of the Moral Tales has, in this instance, been contented to imitate, instead of copying after nature.

The most convincing argument will be to shew thee the world, and thou wilt then soon change thy opinion.

If the world thou speakest of, be such as it is described in these works, I shall soon quit it; it will not be worth the trouble of studying: not to mention, if it's characters be thus grossly ridiculous and vicious, it need no great sagacity to quickly understand it.

Damoville took Luzincourt the same evening to the house of Madame de Surval; there was much company and much play, the visit was short, and Luzincourt saw nothing remarkable. Curiosity soon brought him there again, and, to

(a) The Wanderings of the Heart and Mind.

oblige Damoville, Madame de Surval often invited him to stay supper ; during which time, he had an opportunity of observing scenes which, to him, were totally new. His surprize, indeed, was extreme, when he found that the Authors whom he had accused of not knowing the world, had given but a too faithful Picture, though with strong touches, of what he now saw.

Among the ladies who visited Madame de Surval, there were three or four of families sufficiently distinguished to be generally known, and these appeared intimately acquainted with the rest.

As to the men, Luzincourt often met men eminent for their birth, titles, and employments ; wherefore he could not doubt that the society in which he was, must be what is called *Good Company*.

The success of Damoville, in this Society, was prodigious ; especially among the ladies. He made Verses, Couplets, Impromptus, spoke with confidence, and totally eclipsed Luzincourt, who began to shake off his timidity, but not his reserve.

Among the many who frequented the house, Luzincourt distinguished a man who appeared evidently superior to the rest ; and who likewise, on his part, knew how to estimate Luzincourt. He was called the Viscount de Valrive, was about four or five and thirty, had an interesting and intelligent countenance, a noble air, a cool politeness, and conversed with ease and understanding. Luzincourt easily perceived the particular reason which brought him to the house of Madame de Surval : he was in love with a lady named Madame d'Herblay.

• Luzincourt

Luzincourt perceived in the conduct of the Viscount, something unaccountably odd; he was continually changing his manner: with Luzincourt and two or three others, who came there but seldom, he was amiable and communicative, and discovered equal wit and good understanding; with a great number of others he was cold and silent; and when he spoke to the women, he instantly became trifling, familiar, and ironical; especially when he addressed himself to the lady, concerning whom he seemed most interested.

Notwithstanding this apparent inconsistency, Luzincourt found his secret inclinations for the Viscount strengthen daily in his heart, and daily increase; their sympathy was mutual, though Luzincourt had never yet had any occasion of conversing with the Viscount at his ease; that is to say, without others mixing in the conversation. Chance, at last, gave him the opportunity he wished; the Viscount one evening would not sup, and Luzincourt remained alone with him, while the company sat down to table.

I am quite happy, said the Viscount, to have an hour's conversation with you. You have interested my heart in your behalf; permit me to ask you a few questions. I need not demand what profession in life you intend to follow; that you love Literature, and cultivate the Belles Lettres with success, is evident; but wherefore do you come here?

I wish to study, to know the world.

That study can only be interesting in good company, which you certainly cannot find here.

How so? Do I not find you here?

Men of my age, may, without danger, permit themselves these little liberties; the motives of

coming here must be either curiosity, a passion for play, idleness, or some momentary whim ; and it is for this reason you sometimes meet men of fashion here.

But what brings the women ?

The women ! There is not one who comes here, would be admitted in good company.

And yet there are three or four whose births might entitle them to that honour.

And did, in their early youth ; but they have long been banished ; a husband, justly irritated, has two modes of punishing a guilty wife ; he can shut her up in a convent, or come to a public separation. In the latter case, he delivers her up to the justice of Society, which never fails to reject her, especially if she does not find, in an illustrious and respected family, some very zealous protectors. In this case, if the unfortunate wife has any shame left, she flies into some distant province, and there conceals her shame and sorrow ; but if her passions, while they lead her astray, have debased her mind, she then remains at Paris, audaciously braves public contempt, and renders herself completely odious, by exciting the indignation and hatred which effrontery and avowed wickedness always inspire. She must see Company, however, and she wishes it should be numerous, select it cannot be ; she, therefore, unites with all the women, who have, like her, been excluded Good Company, and with many others, who never had admission to it ; and thus she passes her life, in three or four houses similar to this we are in ; falls into the established manners, and endeavours to distinguish herself by malignity, equal to the badness of her morals, to revenge herself of the circles whence she is proscribed ; her calumnies cost her nothing,
and

and she would persuade the world, that the women who refuse her acquaintance, are as contemptible as herself; and thus she defames every woman, without distinction, or the appearance of probability.

And so then, cried Luzincourt, with an air of the utmost satisfaction, I am at present, in very bad company.

You are indeed, replied the Viscount, laughing; nor do you seem to be sorry for the discovery.

Sorry! I am transported!—And the works, which we country folks suppose to be a picture of life and manners, paint only what is to be seen here.

Merely so; but look, yonder is a volume of Marmontel's Tales, let us read a picture or two of this kind, and I am sure you will find he has exaggerated, even after what you have here observed.

The Viscount took the book, opened it at a venture, and said, Ay, here is the Good Mother: This tale is one of those in which there is most character and description of the world; do you recollect the subject?

Very confusedly.

It is a tender and virtuous mother, dedicating herself to the education of her daughter; two persons pretend to the honour of being Emily's husband. The one is a man of prudence and understanding, the other a Coxcomb, who loses no opportunity of speaking, without disguise, his mean and unnatural sentiments, or of shewing his contempt of morals and decency. The Author calls this odious and ridiculous person, *The dangerous Verglan*, and, without giving this character the trouble of feigning a passion he does not feel, makes him beloved by the modest and sensible Emily; the mother easily discovers her daughter's

secret, but certain that Emily will in time despise Verglan, she continues to grant him admission to her house. Let us read a passage.

“ The arrangement of Count de Auberive with
 “ his Lady, was at that time the town-talk ; it was
 “ said that, after a very sharp quarrel, and bitter
 “ complaints, on both sides, of mutual infidelity,
 “ they ended, by owning neither of them were
 “ indebted to the other, and laughing at their
 “ folly for having fallen out, and been jealous
 “ without being in love ; that the Count had
 “ consented to let his wife retain the Chevalier
 “ de Clange as her lover ; and she, on her part,
 “ promised to receive the Marchioness de Talbe,
 “ to whom her husband paid his addresses, with
 “ all the cordiality possible ; that peace had thus
 “ been ratified over a supper, and that, being all
 “ come to a *right understanding*, never were seen
 “ two happier pair of lovers.—Verglan, at
 “ hearing this recital, exclaimed, nothing could
 “ be more prudent.”

It is proper to remark, said the Viscount, interrupting himself, that Emily is present, and does not lose a word of this conversation ; and likewise to inform you, that, among good company, this never could happen to a young unmarried woman. No mother would suffer a conversation so scandalous before her daughter, nor could the most inconsiderate or depraved man be tempted to forget the respect due to youth and innocence. This, therefore, is absolutely contrary to our manners : nor does the story of Auberive depict them better. We find easy husbands in the world who know their disgrace, yet seem not to regard it ; but there is no example to be found, like what the Author of the Moral Tales calls the arrangement
 of

of the Marquis of Auberive with his lady, or of husband and wife confiding their mutual infidelities to each other, ending their jealous quarrels by laughing at their folly, ratifying peace over a supper, and coming to a *right understanding* in presence of the mistress and gallant. Such a picture is as chimerical as it is revolting; the world may be brought to pardon those who go astray, but never those who debase themselves; deliberate indecency, and total neglect of propriety, is a wrong that never can be repaired.

But let us pursue the conduct of the story. Verglan, during a long conversation, continues to maintain that Auberive has acted very wisely; says that, formerly, a husband became the ridiculous object of public contempt, at madam's first false step; approves the present manners, makes an eulogium on perjury and adultery, and concludes by saying, it is these things that make him desirous of being married.

His rival, Belzor, combats these opinions with feeling and understanding. Emily listens, and her mother now and then throws in a reflection. At length the Marquis of Auberive is announced, and just at this place let us read another page.

"Ah, Marquis, thou art come quite a-propos," said Verglan. "Prithee tell us, is this story true?" "These good folks here pretend, that thy wife has given thee rhubarb, and thou hast sent back senna."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" said Auberive, indolently.

"I affirm nothing could be more prudent than thy conduct," continued Verglan; but Belzor here condemns thee without appeal——

"Why so? Would not he have done the same?" "My wife is young, handsome, and coquettish;

“ is that any miracle ? I have no doubt but she
 “ is a very good kind of a woman in her heart,
 “ but were she not quite so much so as she is,
 “ justice should take place. Hitherto I have re-
 “ ceived nothing but applauses from my friends :
 “ nothing can be more natural than my proceed-
 “ ing in this affair, and yet every body praises me,
 “ as though it contained something wonderful !
 “ For my part, I imagine they did not give me
 “ credit for that much good sense.

“ Pray how does the Marchioness, said Madame
 “ du Troëne, (the mother of Emily) purposely to
 “ change the subject of conversation.

“ I warrant, continued Verglan, thou wilt some
 “ time or another become fond of her again.

“ Faith I think, that probable enough.—It
 “ was but yesterday, after dinner, I detected my-
 “ self saying civil things to her.”

Really, interrupted Luzincourt, this is incre-
 dible.

Tell me, said the Viscount, have you ever
 heard any thing like it in this house ?

Never ! This sort of effrontery is beyond all
 bounds of probability.

Recollect too, all this passes in the presence of
 an unmarried young lady, and a mother of most
 excellent morals.—All this does not open the
 eyes of Emily : “ her heart excuses, in Verglan,
 “ the error of falling into the manners of the age.”
 She goes with her mother to the Theatre, the
 play is *Ines & Nauine*. Belzor melts into tears,
 Verglan laughs at his sensibility. As they go
 out, they meet with a Chevalier Dolcet in deep
 mourning : he is left heir to an *old Uncle*, and
 Verglan gives him joy of his ten thousand crowns a
 year ; unwilling to let slip so favourable an oppor-
 tunity

tunity of shewing the badness of his heart, and baseness of his principles. Emily is still a witness, and still in love. In the evening she looks on at a party of Triétrac; Verglan is the worst of bad players; Belzor has all the ease and generosity possible; Emily sighs and says, "I admire the one, but I love the other."

On the morrow Madame de Troëne was walking in the Tuilleries with her daughter, where she found Verglan, with whom she entered into conversation. Let us read the passage.

"The beauteous Nymphs, who, by their charms
 "and accomplishments, attract the young Desires
 "which follow their foot-steps, were assembled
 "in the grand walk. Verglan knew them all,
 "and smiled as he cast his eyes around. Yonder,
 "said he, is Fatima, how passionate she is! how
 "affectionate! She lives perfectly well with
 "Cleon; he has given her twenty thousand
 "crowns within these six months, and they love
 "like two turtles.——Look, this is the cele-
 "brated Corinna, her house is the Temple of
 "Luxury; not a woman in Paris gives such
 "elegant suppers, and she does the honours of
 "her table with the most enchanting grace.——
 "Do you see the blue-eyed girl that has just
 "passed us? Observe her modest air.——She
 "has three lovers.——Her career will be brilliant,
 "as I have told her.

"You are one of her confidants then, said
 "Madame du Troëne?

"O yes: they know me, they are very sure
 "they cannot impose upon me, and therefore
 "never attempt to dissemble."

How is it possible to suppose, said Luzincourt,
 that a man could carry on a conversation like this,

in the presence of a young lady he is going to marry?

Ay, or in the presence of any well-bred woman of fifty; yet Madame du Troëne takes Verglan home to supper. In the evening she receives a visit from a young widow, who speaks in a most affecting manner of the virtues of her late husband. Verglan ridicules her grief, and advises her to take a handsome fellow. Emily at last overcomes her inclination for Verglan, and marries Belzor.

And this, said Luzincourt, is what is called, in the country, a picture of life and manners; this too is the reason we find, in large country towns, so many young men who affect the virtues of Verglan, thinking they imitate a man of fashion; a man who has undone so many fine women. They imagine they shall become very dangerous fellows if they can but imitate such extravagances, and become sufficiently corrupt in their morals.

Add to which, returned the Viscount, when a young man, thus spoilt, comes to Paris, and is introduced into good company, he is so ill received there, and so totally out of his element, that he cannot remain there long; he seeks other Society, where he finds himself more supportable, and there he fixes. Thus a fool, by reading works like these, becomes the imitator of a rascal upon system; and thus weak people, who are easily seduced, lose, in part, their good principles, by imagining they may give way to their passions, and openly despises law, decency, and good morals with impunity; and thus, lastly, the virtuous and feeling mind, by adopting this error, will detest and fly the world; and, though formed for society, will become a morose Misanthrope.

Authors,

Authors, who thus, through ignorance, have caluminated mankind, must have made themselves many enemies.

Not in the least, no one acknowledges the portraits they have drawn; no one is hurt by them. Fenelon painted the Court, his picture was faithful, his likenesses exact, allusions were imagined, applications made, and the author of *Telemachus* was hated.

To return to the Moral Tales: you see how necessary it is to undeceive those, who imagine they contain a picture of our manners.

The worst which should correct this mistake, would certainly be very useful (*a*). A man of fashion only could be capable of such a criticism.

If ever I write, I shall suppose it my duty; it will be exceedingly painful to me to find fault with so estimable an Author, but I shall dare to speak thus to him, I write for the benefit of youth, must I leave them in so dangerous an error? I feel your abilities infinitely superior to mine, but permit me to say, I know the manners of the polite world better than you.—The Moral Tales, however, have been written these twenty years, the Author has gained experience, and might easily correct, in a new edition, these defects, and render a work totally good, which is so very excellent in many of its parts.

(*a*) And the more so, because Foreigners judge of the French from these Pictures, which give them the most false and injurious ideas of our morals and opinions; the English only treat us so ill in the greatest part of their works, because they copy French Authors; and it is for this reason they represent the French Fops in so ridiculous and extravagant a manner.

As the Viscount ended, every body returned to the Saloon, and the conversation became general.

The Viscount, desirous of forming a stricter intimacy with Luzincourt, invited him to his house. A mutual confidence was soon established. Luzincourt informed the Viscount of his projects, and read him some Manuscripts, and the Viscount confessed to Luzincourt he was not happy. This avowal made the latter melancholy.—I do not deserve your pity, said the Viscount; I possess all the advantages man could wish, but by a fatal caprice, cannot enjoy them. I am frequently discontented, idle, weary of myself, of every thing; yet I have a feeling heart, a family and friends, I love the best of mothers, an amiable and virtuous brother, and a charming sister-in-law. The truth is, I am in love, seriously and really, and have been these five years.

Is it possible! cried Luzincourt, that Madame d'Herblay could inspire——

Is it possible, interrupted the Viscount, smiling, you could imagine I allude to her?

If not, how can you reconcile your attentions to her to your love for another?

Do you suppose love excludes gallantry?
Undoubtedly.

Look there now!——You believe in what has no existence among people of fashion.

Then people of fashion do not love.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a visiter.

The Viscount introduced Luzincourt at the houses of his mother and his brother, where he was received with every civility and respect; his mildness, reserve, and the agreeable simplicity of his conversation, procured him, here, the same
success

success which Damoville enjoyed in his Society ; he was soon admitted as one of the family, and treated as a friend of the house.

The thing which first struck him, was the remarkable change in the manners of the Viscount, especially to the ladies. Luzincourt no longer knew in the gentle, the attentive, and the respectful behaviour of the Viscount, when at the house of his sister the Countess de Valrive, the man he had thought so full of levity, so satirical and unguarded, at Madame de Surval's. Madame de Valrive received company, almost every evening, from six till ten. A delicate state of health kept her at home, but she loved society, was amiable, and in vogue, and had a numerous acquaintance.

Luzincourt listened and observed in silence, and went every morning, to acquaint the Viscount with what he had observed on the overnight. Hitherto, said he, I am enchanted with all I have seen ; what a difference, said he, between the people here and at Madame de Surval's ? The visitors of Madame de Valrive seem to me all amiable, obliging, and witty ; their conversations are generally trifling, yet have a charm which I know not how to describe ; each speaks with ease and grace, and give the most common compliments an agreeable turn. When conversation becomes particular, I do not find it instructive ; it wants solidity, perhaps, but what gentleness ! What decency ! What respect in the eyes of each ! And what a happy choice of Words ! Discussion never degenerates into dispute ; self-love never takes offence, and is never seen, except by its desire to please it is discovered only by its attractions ; it seems capable of being flattered and satisfied, but not of being wounded.

Hence,

Hence, said the Viscount, smiling, every body seems to possess wit, but cite me an example.

I own I cannot, replied Luzincourt; all I hear pleases me; but when I would recollect what it is, I am surprized to find nothing remarkable.

Such is the effect of good breeding; it is that which produces these seductive illusions. You have pronounced the panegyric, not of the personal merit of those you have seen, but of what is justly called politeness and elegance of manner. To possess such advantages, you must have an obliging and delicate attention to all; must carefully conceal and repress the emotions of vanity; must never betray a meanness of sentiment, or badness of heart; but must always shew the utmost decency, mildness, complaisance, and reserve, a taste for innocent amusements and a love of virtue. Such is the exterior absolutely necessary in good company. I am sorry it should be so often deceitful; but it is the best eulogium on virtue, to find no person can be amiable, who does not assume her language and her form.

While Luzincourt thus observed the world, and communicated to his new friend his reflections and remarks, Damoville continued to divide his time between the Society of Madame de Surval and that of the Men of Letters, by whom he was protected.

Luzincourt, however, desirous he should better know the world, obtained permission to present him to Madame de Valrive; where Damoville, desirous of shining, spoke a great deal; and as his defects were easily seen, he was but coldly received, he told Luzincourt, that Madame de Valrive was insipid and prudish; that her visitors were all deficient in understanding; and determined,

ed, in spite of the exhortations and advice of Luzincourt, never to return to so dull a house.

Damoville, a few days after, invited Luzincourt to a dinner he gave, to eight or ten of the Literati. They talked a deal, and did not rise from table till five o'clock, then all took leave of Damoville. As soon as Luzincourt and Damoville were alone, the former was asked how he liked the conversation.

You began, answered Luzincourt, by reciprocally praising one another; you afterwards proceeded to your enemies, on whom you had little mercy; then followed dissertations, citations, and disputations; but you did not converse; each spoke for himself, and pronounced his own ideas without troubling himself about those of others; you neither knew, attended to, nor shewed each others abilities; you were either absent, or impatient when not speaking; you only thought of what you should say next, and heard not half of what another said to you: if any one told a good story, you could not enjoy it, because you were busy in endeavouring to recollect another; and you seemed assembled but to surpass or suspect each other, and not to amuse or instruct: you all had one whimsical kind of madness, which was to give the conversation such a turn as might introduce a joke, or a bon mot, which you had by heart. Most of these bon mots, too, were to the glory of Men of Letters, or Anecdotes concerning Men of Letters, for you thought only of yourselves. These short quotations, thus multiplied, became wearisome, and those who listened seldom enjoyed the satisfaction of him who related; neither do they contain much instruction, but made your conversation resemble those insipid books which are filled

filled with Anecdotes and Repartees, compiled without care, and collected without a choice; which may amuse for a moment, but which it is impossible to read through; and in which there is nothing agreeable or witty that every body does not know.

The remarks of Luzincourt did not vex Damoville; not yet become an Author, Damoville considered him as a person of no consequence; his frankness amused him, and he laughed at what he called his frigidity.

Luzincourt continued with the same assiduity to visit Madame de Valrive; the latter having great confidence in Luzincourt, gave him to understand, she was not happy, though she had a considerable fortune, an amiable and good husband, relations whom she loved, and children that were her delight. But her health was bad; the diversions of the town were no longer amusing; visitors fatigued her; she was weary of home; and she had neither the power nor desire to go abroad.

Alarmed at the languid state in which he saw her, Luzincourt secretly interrogated her Physician.—Madame de Valrive is at a *crisis*, said the latter, and she may continue thus for some time.

Of what kind?

I will inform you. The ladies of Paris have fallen into a set of habits, especially within these fifteen years, which naturally produce all the complaints of Madame de Valrive. Balls, *Traineau* (a), and Tea, have destroyed a prodigious number.

But dancing is as healthy as it is agreeable.

(a) A kind of winter carriage like a sledge, in imitation of a diversion very common in Russia, and the North. T.

Yes,

Yes, when used with moderation; excess of any thing is pernicious. And however healthy it may be to dance in the open air on a Village-green, it is far otherwise to dance all night, in a suffocating Ball-room, by candle-light.

But what fault do you find with taking an airing in a *Trainedu*?

I affirm, this exercise can only be healthy to those who pass the winter at their country-seats And why so, Sir?

Because they are accustomed to the impressions of the open air; they go abroad on foot, while the ladies here are continually shut up either in their chambers, their close carriages, or their still closer boxes at the Opera, to which cold air is inaccessible. Besides, if they rode out in their *Traineau* in the country, they would not go for mere parade, and in parties, which a severe sensation of cold would not permit them to break up. Here, on the contrary, if a young lady has once entered the cavalcade, she cannot think of quitting it, because she feels herself getting cold, or finds symptoms of a sore throat. Nothing can stop her, away she goes, and returns seriously ill of a cold, which she will neglect in favour of a new party. Her lungs are next attacked, and she sacrifices her life to the pleasure of being dragged up and down the streets of Paris, dying with cold, the tears in her eyes, her cheeks blue, her nose red, her body crippled, her ears stunned with the discordant jingle of a thousand bells; and conversing with her fellow traveller, on whom she turns her back, and by whom she can scarcely be heard.

As to Tea, it is generally acknowledged, that the continual use of it is very dangerous; yet ladies

ladies live chiefly on Tea, Coffee, Cream, Butter, and Cakes. Is it wonderful then the stomach should lose it's powers, or the lungs and nerves become affected? Therefore it is their youth and beauty are lost so soon. At five or six and twenty their constitution declines, and numbers perish at that age; then, too, they leave off dancing, they cannot support the fatigue, nor sit up all night. If the principles of life are exhausted they sink to the grave, if not, sleep and rest retrieve them. This is the reason, why twenty-six is so dangerous an epocha to the Parisian ladies. Madame de Valrive is past it, she is thirty-six, and yet she is at a very critical period.

How does that happen, Sir?

Thirty-six is the age, when thoughtless ladies become weary of all the pleasures the world can afford: disgust and lassitude produce idleness and vapours: they stay at home, and are miserable; for what can become of those who have no rational amusement, and hate reading? They declare themselves, Valetudinarians; the Physician is sent for, to whom they speak of nothing but themselves, for this is the only pleasure that remains. Therefore it is, that so many Physicians and Directors are seen to succeed the lovers, who have fled.

At length, unable to shine, to attract, or interest the affections of others, they keep their rooms; part of the day is spent in solitude, and absolute idleness gives time to think. This situation, say they, cannot endure for ever, we must sooner or later be cured, and quit our couches. What is to be done then? Operas, Balls, Visits have no charms. They have even lost the love of dress; flowers and feathers are forbidden, and diamonds

diamonds are out of fashion. What must become of them?

Some choice, however, must be made, and three things naturally present themselves to the mind; the lady must become either a Wit, a Gamester, or a Philosopher; how to chuse is the difficulty. Madame de Valrive is at this point, she hesitates, considers, is melancholy, and very uneasy in her mind, nor can her health be established till she determines.

With such a kind of illness, it seems to me, Sir, she might do as well without the medicines you so continually ordered her to take.

What am I to do? I have told her she is not ill, she persists in affirming she is dying; I must not contradict her beyond a certain degree.

Why do you not quit her?

That would be worse still; she would go and be electrified, or take some other whim equally dangerous. There is nothing which an idle woman, weary of every thing, bitterly regretting her youth and beauty, and desirous that the world should busy itself about her, is not capable of doing. Formerly women had a thousand trifling and innocent ways of drawing attention; they were afraid of Spiders, screamed at a Mouse, and shuddered at the sight of two cross knives; but such follies are out of fashion. Philosophy will no longer permit such foibles, such childish superstitions; knowledge is extended, and such tricks rejected; faintings and convulsions have succeeded to these wretched arts; and people, pretending to be enlightened by science, disdain the simple remedies of ancient Pharmacy: knowing the utmost extent of the properties and virtues of the Loadstone and Electricity, they will not, as you may well

well suppose, undergo the restraints of regimen or drink calves jelly.

Luzincourt could make no answer to such reasons; he found the Doctor did not want sense, and was not amazed at his knowledge of women; he naturally acquired it by the duties of his profession. Men never send for Physicians but when they are really ill. Women always want their advice when they are idle or ill-humoured, and that is generally above half their lives.

Thus instructed, Luzincourt profited by the confidence which Madame de Valrive reposed in him, to give her some salutary advice; but he found at last, she was absolutely deficient in understanding; that grace and ease, which a knowledge of the world had given, had so far seduced Luzincourt, that he had believed Madame de Valrive equally witty and amiable. He learnt, with surprize, she was void of religious principles; she confessed as much, or to speak more properly, vaunted of it; he saw she intended by this confession, to give him a high idea of the strength of her mind, and she cited the works which, as she said, had delivered her from the prejudices of her youth. May I dare to ask, madam, replied Luzincourt, if you are more happy at present?

Such prejudices are very inconvenient.

But are not you subject to the same decorum?

Undoubtedly that must be scrupulously observed, because of the consequences.

Therefore you fulfill all the exterior duties of religion?

Those may not be dispensed with, especially as I am the mother of a family.

Yet believe none of them!—How tired you must be of them!

You

You cannot imagine how much.

If you were not a *Philosopher*, you would observe with zeal and pleasure these same duties, which are now so painful. What then do you gain by rejecting prejudices, as you were pleased to call them? Since decorums must be observed, it is now that you are truly a slave, for your actions and conduct have no alliance with your sentiments.

You are right, and one is really often very much to be pitied, for having more knowledge than other people.

Are you certain, madam, of knowing the truth?

I have cited the works I have read.

You have no doubt read the refutations to these works.

Why should I? I am convinced; that is enough.

It seems to me, that the importance of the thing requires we should maturely weigh our opinions; for where there is a doubt, reasons for, as well as against, should be heard in the argument. What if it were proved, that the works by which you have been seduced, were full of false citations; that their Authors knew not the holy writings they attacked; that their profound ignorance in that respect was much like their duplicity, and that they contradict themselves in every page?

You could not prove all that to me without tiring me to death; besides, I tell you once more, I am convinced; nothing can make me change my opinion: intolerance is repugnant both to the heart and understanding.

You have heard long declamations on intolerance; but if you wish to know what has been most powerfully, most feelingly, most sublimely said on that subject, read the Gospel.

All enthusiasts are intolerant, are persecutors.
Enthusiasts,

Enthusiasts, like false Philosophers are dangerous to religion; but the latter respect neither established order and morality; yet I will not affirm philosophy is hateful and dangerous; nor should we calumniate religion and piety, because there are hypocrites.

But will not you allow it is impossible for a person of understanding to be devout?

Do not you believe that Nicole, Pascal, Racine, and Fenelon, had as much understanding as ourselves?

Yes; they had genius and understanding, but not Philosophy.

Do you think, madam, that Fenelon was absolutely without Philosophy?

He had great talents——good intentions——but that is not what we mean by a philosopher.

Certainly not a modern one. His works inspire virtue, of which his life was the most perfect model; equally great, in every station, favour or disgrace made no difference in his character and manners; he lived simple, benevolent, and disinterested, in the most brilliant Court of Europe; nor could persecution degrade or aggravate him; he had enemies, yet, to him, Hatred was unknown; he was deceived, and Envy thought to triumph; but Fenelon gave addition to his fame, by condemning himself. Do you believe, Madame, your Atheistical Philosophers will ever afford us an example of such sublime Philosophy?

You really amaze me. What! a man of your age, endeavouring to convert a woman! This is really something new; but I must tell you I have some fortitude, and shall continue to maintain and defend my opinions.

You

You have not yet informed me, what your reasons for these opinions are.

Reasons! I have already given twenty; unanswerable ones—but you know the Baron de Vercenay, who often comes here; it is impossible to have more wit. Well, sir, he believes in nothing; absolutely nothing; and were you to hear—

I am sorry for him; but may I dare inform you, M. de Vercenay has very little knowledge.

You are deceived; no man of fashion has more.

I supposed he had never read above four or five Authors in his life, and those modern ones.

He has read every thing; ask himself.

Your testimony is sufficient.

He is an extraordinary man, and really deep, very deep.

Madame de Valrive rang her bell, her attendants came, she went to her toilet, and Luzincourt retired.

In the evening he saw her Physician; I believe, said he, your Patient will soon come to a determination.

I will lay a wager she decides for wit.

I dare say so; but pray tell me how this can happen.

At present nothing is more easy; formerly it was necessary to find an entire new set of acquaintances; the fashionable world was totally abandoned, and men of letters only admitted; but now we have the happiness to find a multitude of Authors in every station, and in every class. Madame de Valrive will invite, more particularly, those people of fashion to her house, who pass for persons of wit. She will give them dinners three or four times a week; and in the evening will say,
she

she has spent a charming day; will name every man who sat down to table, and assure her hearers, they never shewed more wit or greater understanding; she will praise the solidity of Chevalier de Sireuli, the graceful gaiety of the Count de Morfan, and the originality of the Baron de Verzenay; not that she will have felt any thing of all this, but it is easy to repeat what she has so very often heard repeated.

She will then be obliged to attend those Authors who read their works in manuscript, and, instead of a box at the Opera, she must have one at the Playhouse; for she must never miss the first night of a new piece.

As she will not admit Men of Letters, no other works will be read at her house, but what are written by Men of Fashion.

Pardon me, sir, a successful Man of Letters will always be well received, if he brings a Manuscript in his pocket; but as soon as his work has been heard by all her acquaintance, her doors will be shut upon him, at least till he has written another.

And thus he is treated like a hired Singer, or instrumental Performer.

If men of letters were more conscious of the dignity of their profession, they would not have that kind of condescension for any but their particular friends or those who desire to become such; for my part, were I to advise a young Author, I would tell him, Never become the dupe of your own vanity; never consent to act a subaltern part, to obtain the poor applauses of a few individuals: beware of pride, it debases whom it intoxicates, and sacrifices every thing to an inadequate and momentary success; it will render you absurd and inconsistent; will give you a dogmatic and positive

tive air ; will dictate the most ridiculous Prefaces, and yet, at the same time, make you eager to undergo the strangest humiliations.

Luzincourt thought this advice very prudent, and resolved to profit by it.

While thus he lived, in the midst of new objects, Luzincourt, more sensible to the charms of friendship, then even to the pleasures of observation and instruction, remarked, with chagrin, the Viscount came no longer to visit his sister-in-law. In vain did Luzincourt seek him, and above six weeks had passed away without his being able to see or meet him. At last, after a thousand fruitless attempts, he found him at home one evening. The Viscount received him as if they had only parted on the overnight : Luzincourt seemed melancholy, and the Viscount asked him the reason.

You promised me your friendship, said Luzincourt, and yet, for these two months, your door has been shut against me.

How could you suppose it ? Every time you came, I was either abroad or asleep.

Asleep ! What at noon ?

You forget dancing and gaming.

You love neither.

And yet I have done both.

Are you so altered then ?

I well may be ; but that is past ; and I shall tell you some news that will give you pleasure. All is ended between me and Madame d'Herblay.

And have you no *ill* news for me ?

None : What do you mean ?

Nay, I am not sent to question you, nor shall I dare indulge the least liberty of this kind, yet it is easy to see from your conduct——

I do not understand you ; speak plainly.

That

That there is some difference between you and your brother.

Not the least in the world, I assure you.

Then between you and Madame de Valrive?

Neither: Who could tell you so improbable a tale?

You do not go there any more; at the beginning of the winter, you used to be there every day.

I once more tell you, dear Luzincourt, I have not for these two months past had a moment to myself.

And are you astonished not to find yourself happy? Live with your family and your friends, and you will then enjoy that pure content which alone can satisfy a heart like your's, and of which you have been robbed by dissipation.

You are right, I feel you are right; and I am determined to reform habits of which I have been some time tired. It is now the spring, and if you will go with me, we will travel.

Luzincourt accepted this proposition with joy, and the Viscount, punctual to his promise, was ready to set off in the month of April. The two friends traversed Holland, England, and Switzerland, and did not return to Paris again till the middle of winter. Luzincourt, on his arrival, learnt with joy that Damoville had gained the Poetical Prize given by the French Academy. Luzincourt read the verses, and was then thoroughly convinced Damoville had known how to gain friends, who had been more serviceable and zealous than just. Damoville had a medal; but the Public, who have long since learnt not to be imposed upon by Prize Medals, found the Verses very bad; and shocked at the partiality which

which they saw take place on this occasion, forgot their usual indulgence to young Authors.

Damoville, encouraged by this triumph, was confirmed in the opinion, that knowledge and assiduity are useless, and that to visit and obtain Patrons was the most necessary care. Six months afterwards he published a Novel, in which he painted men and manners; that is to say, such as he had seen at Madame de Surval's. He told Luzincourt the work would create him many enemies. I own, to thee, said he, the portraits are drawn after nature: a little overcharged, that they might not be dull, but not the less like. My hero, for example, is absolutely taken from the Viscount de Valrive; I saw him only transiently at Madame de Surval's, but I studied him minutely; I have perfectly painted his mode of treating the ladies, his levity, his ironical and absent air——

But I have before time told you, interrupted Luzincourt, this was all affectation.

My dear Luzincourt, you and I see things in a very different light; besides thy partiality for the Viscount will not suffer thee to see him as he is; thou wilt give him talents to which he makes no pretension, and refuse him those agreeable qualities which have occasioned all his success with the women; but I know him better than thou dost; and hadst thou heard what Madame d'Herblay has told me of him!——Lovelace was a mere novice to him.

Canst thou give faith to the tales of a woman so despicable as Madame d'Herblay?

She is not more despicable than others, than Madame de Valrive for example, who, since she was left by the Baron de Vercenay, has kept a little Opera Singer.

Madame de Valrive !

Thou knowest the song that was made upon her.
What song ?

That which has been so much in vogue.

I neither know the song, nor this most abominable story, which, certainly, never was heard out of the circle of Madame de Surval.

Not in the circles thou frequentest ! But I tell thee, I am well acquainted with the intrigues of this town ; the adventure of Madame de Champrose ; the double exchange of lovers between her and her female friend ; the treaty signed before witnesses in the pleasure-house. Every one of these Anecdotes are in my Novel. Imagine then the consequence, and the noise it will make. Not but I have somewhat disguised facts.

I can assure thee there was no occasion ; the Viscount, Madame de Valrive, and Madame de Champrose, have read thy Romance, without the least emotion.

The effect of mere prudence ; other people will be apt enough to make the applications, without their being so silly as to betray themselves.

I dare engage my life, thou mightest write such works from this time till the day of thy death, without once moving their anger.

Luzincourt was right ; but Damoville laughed. He vaunted of having written a Libel, because he had committed to paper the scandalous Anecdotes to which Madame d'Herblay had given breath ; but these pretended Anecdotes were only absurd calumnies, which nobody but her had ever heard of ; neither were his portraits more faithful, for which reason nobody took notice of it ; nor did it make the least noise ; nobody, indeed, ever suspected his malicious intentions.

Almost

Almost all the Journals, however, affirmed, that since the time of Crebillon, there had not appeared any work in which so true a picture of men and manners could be found. This increased the astonishment of Luzincourt, who saw it was not possible to attribute such excessive praise entirely to the bad taste of the Critics. Damoville, with his usual indiscretion, informed him, how the suffrages of certain Journalists might be obtained; and the prescription was, to get acquainted with some of them, and give them little fugitive pieces for their Journals; and as to the rest, Protectors and Friends would insure their good word.

Luzincourt objected, that this was very troublesome, tiresome, and a great loss of time, and could only obtain praises by which nobody was deceived. Damoville replied, he knew the best of all possible extracts and praises would produce no great effect in Paris; but that they were not useless in the provincial towns, and foreign countries.

Soon after this, Luzincourt made a journey to Champagne, where he staid two months with his father, and afterwards departed for Italy, which he was desirous of seeing, that he might one day speak of the arts, if not like a connoisseur, at least like a man of taste and understanding. An artist should live years at Rome; a few months are sufficient for a man of letters. The one must study, labour, and reflect profoundly; it is enough for the other to be struck, and to preserve the emotions and ideas of the sublime and beautiful. For this reason he ought to see St. Peter's, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvidera, and all those other famous monuments, which all the descriptions,

designs, copies, and learned dissertations, that ever existed, can give but a faint idea of.

After a six months tour, Luzincourt left Italy, and returned to Paris, where he accepted an apartment in the house of the Viscount de Valrive; who having for ever given up the fatiguing character of a man of the mode, led that kind of life which perfectly accorded with the disposition of Luzincourt.

While the latter was absent, Damoville had undertaken the Editorship of a Journal; and Luzincourt, shocked at several articles which had been sent him to Italy, could not forbear speaking of it to Damoville. Really, said he, your partiality is disgusting.

How so, prithee?

You praise works so intolerably dull——

Oh! thou hast thy eye upon the Pamphlet written by Blimont; I allow it is detestable; but Blimont was strongly recommended by a lady whom I must not disoblige, I mean Madame d'Herblay; she is at present mistress to a great man, and has undertaken to solicit a pension for me. She interests herself in behalf of this little Blimont; she thinks him a man of wit and taste; and how could I avoid repeating this praise? Nay, I am well off to be so easily quits, for had she by chance thought him a man of genius, I must have called him so.

These are excellent reasons. But then those *Thoughts on various Subjects*, which were such dull common-place stuff, and which you likewise so loudly praised, and thought so profound——

Them! Oh I might praise them without fear or restraint, very certain they would never be read; nobody could contradict me, for I defy the
most

most intrepid reader to go through three pages ; therefore, when the Author is one of us, we boldly affirm such a work to be sublime. I formerly gave thee an example of this kind.

Yes, it is not thy fault if I am still ignorant ; but though I might excuse thy excessive complaisance, who can excuse those bitter criticisms, so full of gall, and so void of truth, against good Authors ? How couldst thou show thy face, after thus praising Blimont, and thus abusing Terval ?

I own I have a great respect for the talents of Terval, and gave a very faithful and very advantageous account of his first work.

Well, but his second is still better.

Agreed ; but not written in our principles.

What, because he has affirmed religion to be the only solid basis of virtue ?

He has disgusted all the Philosophers.

Usurpers you mean of this fine title.

Usurpers be it ; what matters it to me ; he has created himself a multitude of enemies ; and even if the most dangerous of these enemies had not been my protectors, I certainly should not have been fool hardy enough to have assumed an ill-timed impartiality. Assure yourself, Luzincourt, I am neither whimsical nor absurd ; and that I never praise a bad work or abuse a good one, without sufficient reason. Thus, for example, I gave a very bad character of the last new piece, and yet I thought it excellent.

And the Author has been one of thy friends above these six months.

This circumstance makes my conduct sublime ; I sacrificed him to gratitude. Last year the Editor of a certain Journal did as much for me, and one good turn deserves another. He remind-

ed me of the favour, told me the Author was his enemy, and I took that occasion to acquit myself of the debt. I did every thing in my power, to turn the Author and his piece into ridicule. Thou mayest tell me, likewise, perhaps, that formerly I was very loud in the praises of another Man of Letters, Dorgeval, whom I at present maintain to be a fool; but this is no caprice; we have quarrelled beyond a possibility of reconciliation.

Who can answer reasons like these? And yet I must own, should I ever undertake the Editorship of a Journal, I should have a fancy to exhibit a model of the most perfect impartiality.

What a romantic! what an impossible project!

Not so romantic, since reason and personal interest would be sufficient motives. Nobody is deceived by the falsehood of a Journalist, since the arts to conceal it have long been too common, and too well seen through. It is in vain, when they intend to abuse a work, they begin by affirming *they shall praise with pleasure, and find fault with regret*. In vain, when the Author is their friend, they inform us how *severe* they intend to be; we cannot any longer be duped by such shallow artifice; or, rather, after seeing such phrases at the beginning, we know what is to follow. Let me, therefore, advise you to change this old formula, and endeavour to imagine something less known, and more likely to deceive.

Let us return to impartiality: I affirm it to be impossible, nay absurd. What if your intimate friend, or benefactor, had written a bad book; would you publicly proclaim it?

This is the only case, in which I should not think myself at liberty to speak my thoughts; but
this

this does not often happen. And even when it did, I would not write against my conscience were I obliged to make an extract from a work, under such circumstances, I should say, "The Book, which it is my duty to announce to the Public, is written by my intimate friend. I shall therefore confine myself to the giving an idea of the plan, and making an extract? for, as my judgment might naturally be suspected of partiality, I shall forbear to give any."

And when you speak of your enemy, may not your judgment be as naturally suspected?

No. Friendship is all-powerful; but my heart never can know hatred.

Persuade the Public to that.

I would prove it; the Public should be convinced I had at least understanding sufficient, and greatness of mind to set my glory on being invariably equitable and sincere.

This is all very fine; but this *greatness of mind* would make thy Journal most potently insipid.

Much less insipid than your's. You never speak candidly what you think; a thousand narrow motives guide your pens, and when you praise the work, the reader says, *How totally he is bought! How intimate he is with the Author!* And, on the contrary, when you criticize: *How he hates the Author! What an enemy he is to the Author! How much he fears the enemies of the Author!* And what dependence do you think such a reader will place in you? Such criticisms are read without emotion or curiosity; for, to know their purport, it is sufficient to know your preventions, fears and antipathies. Instead of which my Journal, without being better written, would indubitably be more amusing; the reader would be certain always of finding the true sentiments of an impartial person.

One would think thou were speaking of a work designed for the perusal of posterity. Remember, a *Journal* is the thing in question; the mere thing of the day, which is often purchased only to read the Play-bills; that is idly skimmed over in the morning, burnt in the evening, and forgotten on the morrow.

Yes, such is the general fate of Journals; but is this the fault of the thing, or of the Writer? We have all heard how Addison, Pope, Steele, &c. amused themselves in writing these mere things of a day; they had them in the morning, and read them at breakfast, and they were neither burnt nor forgotten on the morrow, but carefully preserved.

Oh yes; nobody will deny the Spectator to be an excellent work. The chief study of authors formerly was to write well. They had not more wit than we have, but they had more industry.

We want time: the life we lead neither admits of meditation nor labour.

I can easily conceive it is difficult enough to find time both for caballing and study.

For my part, I care little about this trifle of a Journal, the charge of which I have only taken for a moment. I shall soon quit it, and write one of a different kind, which will be much more serviceable to my affairs.

Of what nature?

Not of a public one; it will consist of a private correspondence with five or six foreign Princes, to whom I am recommended.

And what will you inform these Princes of?

They are lovers of the French Literature, and desirous of knowing what new works appear before the Journalists publish their accounts.

Thus

Thus I shall have an opportunity of sending the productions of all my friends; as to others, I shall content myself with an extract, and an *impartial* opinion, as thou sayest.

That is, when you dislike the Author, you will persuade the Prince the work is not worth reading.

Which he will surely believe from the extract I shall send.

The prince will certainly be an excellent judge of the state of French Literature, and the merit of our writers, if he confides in thee.

I am not to be his Preceptor, but his Correspondent, and I care little about the goodness of his judgment.

And what advantages do you expect?

First the pleasure of serving my friends, of establishing and increasing their reputation in foreign countries——

And of injuring your enemies. What else?

Fame and distinction. Pensions, Portraits, flattering Letters, copies of which will be inserted in the public Journals, and even adroitly inserted in my own works.

But pray tell me, how are you so suddenly to obtain the correspondence of six foreign Princes?

Wit and Genius are first necessary.

These are the requisites; but for the means.

First carefully cultivate the friendship of Ambassadors, who will then on the publication of a new work, undertake to present their Sovereigns with a copy; to this the Author must add a letter to the Prince, and be careful to obtain recommendations from men of letters, his friends, whose reputation is established. Thus for instance Dalainval did me this favour in Germany and Russia.

Thus instructed concerning preliminaries, return we to the correspondence. How is it possible you should undertake such an enterprize?

What do you mean? Why not?

What! Clandestinely rob men of reputation! Attack them without giving them the means of defence! Load them with accusations, and heap ridicule upon them, of which they are wholly ignorant! To which they cannot reply! Meet them continually, dine with them, sup with them, and part with them, intending to do them all the insidious mischief in your power! Really, Damoville, I must tell you plainly, there is something horrid in such conduct.

Thou art always in stilts! Didst thou never, in a letter to a friend, indulge a severe criticism, or a hasty opinion?

Can you compare a letter to a friend, to a correspondence like that you speak of?

According to thy principles, it is horrid to write, unknowingly to the Author, that his work is bad.

I certainly never should write such a thing but to a friend; and as I have no interest to make them of my opinion, my criticism would neither be captious nor long; it would be only a word and away, not an endeavour to persuade; and should my opinion be erroneous, I should hurt neither the Author's reputation nor fortune, therefore should only be guilty of rashness.

Seriously speaking, I acknowledge the correspondence, I am about to undertake, demands the most perfect equity.

But suppose yourself impartial, may you not be deceived, and unintentionally form a wrong judgment? Yes, Damoville, probity rejects clandestine criticisms, they deserve to be classed with libels.

libels. If you would attack others, prepare no secret ambuscades, strike not in the dark, but face your foe, and avow your intention. Were I to write a criticism, my motives should be justifiable and moral. I should then combat, with fortitude, against whatever offended reason and manners; and as I know myself fallible, should wish to be refuted and informed. Were the reply scurrilous, or scandalous, I should be convinced solid arguments were wanting; and, certain of being in the right, moderation would cost me little.

Suppose you were proved in the wrong!

I would instantly own it; for, not having been wilfully so, such a confession would sit easy on my heart.

Pshaw! If ever you should become an Author you will change your opinion, and your language.

Damoville pronounced these words in an ironical and half angry tone, rose hastily, and took his leave; and as Luzincourt heard no more of him for upwards of two months, he supposed there was an end to all intercourse between them. Damoville, however, though he thought Luzincourt odd and apt to cavil, could not forbear to esteem him, and depend upon his friendship. Habit and confidence made the conversation of Luzincourt necessary. Determined not to follow his advice, he yet could not forbear asking it, and informing him of his hopes and fears. He would leave him in an ill-humour, yet must return; and after neglecting him awhile, would again suddenly come to inform him of his projects and secrets.

Luzincourt in the mean time, continued the plan he first laid down on his arrival in Paris. He spent five or six hours a day in company, and devoted

devoted the rest to study, and what he held to be his duties. He never had neglected Darnay, the Advocate with whom he lodged the two first years of his coming to town, nor broken the strict intimacy he had contracted with several eminent Artists. Simple, modest, and natural, his manners were mild and noble, and his conversation interesting; the women thought him pleasing, the men wise, and his friends amiable.

Affectionate, and, consequently, benevolent, he often visited those obscure corners where Misery presents her dreary aspect; and while he beheld all her woes, his heart acquired new sensations. Compassion became a principle! Compassion, which dwells in all bosoms, though it often lies latent, unawakened, unexcited by pathetic scenes of wretchedness! Like as fire is resident in all bodies, even in flint, yet remains unknown unless forced into action.

At last, said Luzincourt, I now may write, I now may affect the passions without artifice. I have seen suffering Nature; I have beheld the powers of Grief, Gratitude, and Magnanimity. The cry of Despair has rung in my ear! Terror! Horror! Pity! Admiration! I have felt them all, and I know the human heart. I have need neither of Genius nor Imagination to paint with truth: faithfully to remember what I have seen, heard, and experienced, is all I want.

Accordingly he wrote and published a moral work, the success of which surpassed his hopes; the passions were moved, and Nature and Truth were conspicuous. Having no reputation, Luzincourt had no enemies, he therefore obtained universal applause: even the Literati loaded him with praise. Several of them came to visit him and
gain

gain his acquaintance, but after sounding his inclinations they soon discovered his principles, and their enthusiasm began to cool.

Luzincourt perceived the tide turning, yet took no step to overthrow the little conspiracy which he found forming against him; they were angry with themselves, for having too indiscreetly praised a man who had an obstinate aversion to all party spirit; but the fault was committed, and, while they sought how to repair it, Luzincourt peaceably enjoyed the satisfaction of having given the world a useful work, and the pleasure of seeing it translated into all the living languages of Europe.

Much about this time, Luzincourt became acquainted with a young widow named Aurelia, who was visited by many men of letters, and on whom Damoville had paid constant attendance for the last five months. Aurelia was the widow of a rich Merchant of Nantes, had no children, and, finding herself at four and twenty her own mistress, and possessed of a good fortune, returned to live at Paris, with an old Aunt, who had brought her up, and to whom she was sole heiress.

Aurelia had a handsome person, a cultivated understanding, a delicate taste, a feeling heart, and a noble mind. She did not want penetration, but having too lively a fancy, she did not always judge rightly; she was very liable to be prejudiced, but her prejudices were of short duration; she loved truth, was sincere in the search of it, and had neither that obstinacy which resists it's impressions, nor that stupid pride which rejects it's conviction. She was often known to change her opinion; she was accused of inconsistency and caprice, but unjustly, she was only undeceived.

Naturally

Naturally just and generous, no one knew better how to own, or how to repair an error; her heart, formed only for friendship, was inaccessible to hatred, envy, or resentment. The first emotion over, she not only easily pardoned ill usage, but naturally forgot it. In spite of experience, she was born to believe, as long as she lived, in the sincerity of reconciliations, and the impossibility of people continuing to hate each other.

Void of all affectation, incapable of hypocrisy and constraint, she was not always equally amiable and prudent; she discovered too much indifference for those she did not think worthy her notice, and too much partiality for those who pleased her. Wit and understanding may easily be deceived for a moment; and Aurelia was always disposed to believe Virtue and a specious behaviour were the same. Good breeding is seductive, and adds an inexpressible charm to the sensations which admiration excites.

An illusion so agreeable was necessary to Aurelia, who could taste no pleasures in which the heart had no share; she could be pleased only by being interested; and she too easily attributed wisdom to those who appeared amiable. Her behaviour was gentle and equal; she did not make trifles important, took no light offence, claimed no extraordinary attention, but had defects and virtues seldom united in the same person, and which gave her a certain singularity equally original and inviting.

Communicative to excess, she easily betrayed her thoughts, but she spoke only of her own concerns; friendship never had cause to reproach her of the least indiscretion. She was giddy and imprudent, but not silly; she possessed fortitude,
could

could submit to necessity, support ill fortune, and keep a resolution ; but it was only on great occasions she discovered a great mind. In the common course of things, her complaisance sometimes looked like weakness.

Her natural activity, which was remarkable, was usually exerted on useful and important objects ; for when it was necessary her mind was firm and determined. In indifferent things, she was led and governed with as much ease as docility, for she had an inexhaustible fund of gentleness and good humour.

What, however, distinguished her most, was the delicacy and nobleness of her sentiments ; she despised pomp and riches, contemned parties and cabals. With an imagination less lively, and feelings less quick, she would have had philosophy and superiority of reason ; but she ceded too soon to first impressions ; more eager to be informed, than occupied by the important care of correcting herself, she gained knowledge, but not perfection ; she remained such as nature had formed her ; and though she had not a common mind, she had the defects of one.

Luzincourt was received at her house politely, but coldly ; she did not however forget to mention his work, but, with the most unaffected sincerity, gave it the highest praise. Damoville soon entered, and took the whole conversation upon himself ; Aurelia seemed to listen with great attention ; Luzincourt observed it, and saw that two or three of Damoville's friends, who were present, took every opportunity to give consequence to all he uttered.

Damoville, on the other hand, was not pleased to meet Luzincourt in this place. The latter
durst

durst not make his first visit so long as he wished, but renewed it in two or three days time. He was received the second time more coldly than the first; and when he departed, he went and supped at Madame de Vahive's, where he carried absence of mind and uneasiness, and therefore retired before midnight.

Instead of going to bed, he walked above two hours about his chamber, thinking of Damoville and Aurelia. It is evident he is in love with her, said he, or at least pretends to be; he has beset her with his most intimate friends, who easily persuade her he is a man of wit, understanding, and virtue; she loves men of literature, and their purpose may be soon effected.—Yet Damoville is incapable of a sincere attachment.—I am certain he is influenced only by a desire of making a good match, and will deceive a Lady worthy of a better fate.—Yet wherefore am I thus interested?—I own I am somewhat piqued he should come, so often, to confide his silly schemes to me, and never mention a project like this.—'Tis strange! I long have known him as he is—have no dependence on his friendship—and yet his want of confidence, in this instance, vexes me!

Internally displeased with himself, Luzincourt felt an insurmountable discontent he had never known before. Damoville came to see him next morning, and he blushed and experienced a disagreeable emotion. Neither was Damoville totally free from embarrassment; but he soon recovered his usual appearance, and spoke much, yet never mentioned the name of Aurelia.—Thou wilt see a letter of mine, said he, to-morrow in the *Mercure Francois*, on Music.

Musie !

Music! What have you to say about Music?

What! A great deal about *Gluck* and *Piccini*.

But you never studied Music?

Writers at present must touch on that subject.

And so you will write dissertations on a subject you do not understand, consequently will write ill, will make false and ridiculous pretensions to knowledge, and make two men angry with each other who were born for reciprocal admiration; and who, were it not for your trifling dispute, and the party jangling of inconsiderate zeal, would do each other justice. Why, Sir, were even a Musician, known to be such, a famous Composer, to undertake a work, in which he should attempt to prove it is a folly to esteem the compositions both of *Gluck* and *Piccini*, he would soon tire, but never convince his readers. In spite of all the reasoning upon earth, those who have souls and ears will always love them both. Which way, then, can a writer pretend to determine for a Nation, and fix it's taste, who does not understand whether a Duet be made according to rule? How shall he dare to speak in terms he does not know the meaning of, and imperiously tell the world *Gluck* is a Barbarian, or *Piccini* has no Genius? This species of madness is so original it might amuse us, did it not give birth to anger and hatred; but your intolerance and animosity, make it as melancholy as it is unaccountable.

What is to be done? We must swim with the stream, my friends are all *Piccinists*.

I do not ask you to be a *Gluckist*, but you might be neuter.

What, and be hated by both parties!

If there be a thing on earth a true Philosopher can hate, it is certainly party spirit, since it gives birth

birth to such extravagance, meanness, and injustice.

This letter was asked of me, it is written, and to-morrow it will appear. The die is cast, and I am now an avowed Piccinist for life. Should any one attempt to laugh at me, for not being a Musician, I have a ready resource. I will imitate one of our antagonists, who, hurt at this reproach, took a Music-Master at fifty, and began the Violincello. Thou mayest see I care little about my letter on Music, but thou wilt find in the same Journal something more interesting: A Dissertation on English Literature.

Indeed! Why when did you learn English? Three months since you did not know a word of that language.

I have taken lessons some time, and a few years hence may know something of the matter.

Being industrious! And in the mean time you will write on the subject. This tastes of the *Violoncello*! You have no doubt made quotations in your dissertation.

Many! I Have cited Milton.

In English?

Certainly.

But hark you, my friend! Who has corrected your proofs? You must recur to the original for every word, for you will not persuade me you understand English. I give you my word I will not betray you, tell me therefore how you manage, for the thing appears to me quite curious.

Curious! not in the least: it is done every day.

What! to cite English poetry, to reason, to dissertate on it's beauties, and defects, without knowing a word of English!

Nothing

Nothing is more common: nor is any thing required for such a task, except a Dictionary, a copy of the original work, and a translation.

But those who understand English, will soon see you do not.

Those who understand English, will not read our Dissertations. It was absolutely necessary I should publish these Fragments: a man of literature, must, at all events, appear perfectly to understand a language so universally studied at present, for the sake of his reputation in foreign parts, and the provincial towns. But, a-propos, I told thee some time ago, of a three act Comedy I began last Spring: it is finished and I shall read it to-morrow at Aurelia's. Wilt thou come?

Will——will Aurelia——permit me to be present? replied Luzincourt, somewhat embarrassed.

Oh! yes! yes! I will take care of that.

Luzincourt hesitated a moment, and after some reflection, accepted the proposition.

Damoville could not forbear to tell him of a reading which was to take place in the presence of thirty people and which, to him, was a thing of the utmost importance. On any other occasion, he would have been glad of Luzincourt's absence; and he took such precautions on this, as quite robbed him of all uneasiness.

Damoville had, in fact, formed a project to marry Aurelia; and for this purpose, had introduced all his most zealous Partizans and Protectors, who, all being privy to the intent, took all opportunities to second his design. Aurelia heard nothing but praises on the talents and virtues of Damoville; not a man, of the present age, had so well founded a reputation, was continually repeated in her ear. She knew he had born away the prizes

prizes for Eloquence and Poetry, given by the French Academy, for two or three years; and they assured her, his celebrity was still greater in foreign countries.

Aurelia was not ignorant Damoville held a correspondence with several Princes, or that he received pensions, which she considered as honourable proofs of his superiority; his Panegyrist soon told all this, and how he had, already, been made a Member of the Provincial Academies; and that, they were well assured, he need but present himself, to be received one of the Forty of Paris.

So much lustre dazzled Aurelia. She was apt to think favourably of Genius; she loved Fame, and forgot there was nothing wanting to the renown of Damoville, but that of having deserved it. She examined not into causes, but was struck with the effects; she enquired not, but was led. Besides, having never lived in the fashionable world she was incapable of judging what were the merits of a work, which she was told, was a perfect picture of high life. This picture, 'tis true, had somewhat offended her reason and natural good taste; but she heard so many voices raised in its praise, and contrary to her private opinion, for she durst not declare it, that she was obliged to accuse herself of an ill-founded delicacy.

Damoville was not deficient either in subtilty or suppleness; he saw Aurelia had noble sentiments, and a fixed aversion to party intrigues; and he spoke as though he possessed all the sublime qualities necessary to please a person of her disposition. Yet, though she thought him amiable, and supposed him a man of great abilities, she had not that heart-felt preference, he flattered himself he could inspire.

inspire. She admired him, however, and always shewed him a most decisive preference.

Such was the situation of Damoville, when Luzincourt first appeared at the house of Aurelia. Damoville knew of his introduction, and that Aurelia, the instant she had read his book, was very desirous of his acquaintance. Fearful he might become a dangerous Rival, Damoville neglected nothing that might injure him in Aurelia's opinion. It would have been too barefaced to have openly spoken against a man who had been his first and most intimate friend; therefore, whenever she mentioned his name, Damoville took care to vaunt, with enthusiasm, of his friendship for Luzincourt, but without ever praising the friend or his works; he even hinted he had reason to complain of him; but feigning to recollect himself, as if he had done his friend wrong, he seemed to reproach himself of indiscretion, and wished to retract.

His Partizans need not speak so cautiously: they continually told Aurelia Damoville was infatuated to Luzincourt, who, far from participating a friendship so tender and so true, could not behold the success of Damoville, without the basest envy; that the latter had received the most outrageous injuries from him; that he was an artful and profound hypocrite; and that, in fine, under an agreeable outside, he concealed an unfeeling heart, and a dangerous character.

Aurelia thus prejudiced, Damoville had little to fear. He was desirous of being praised, especially in her presence, and he knew Luzincourt was no flatterer; but then Aurelia would interpret his silence into envy. It was this reflection, that had

had determined Damoville to invite him to the reading of his piece.

Though Luzincourt was ignorant of these dark snares, he well knew Damoville had acted with duplicity in this instance. He felt how embarrassing it must be for him to hear a bad piece read, which his friend had written; but he supposed, in a company of thirty people, he should neither be questioned nor noticed. His desire to observe Aurelia, during the reading, was great; and thinking he gave way to a mere emotion of curiosity, he went next day, at the time appointed, to Aurelia's.

Here he found a large company. Damoville was not yet arrived, and they, in the mean time, were busy in his praise. Some of them who had heard the Comedy read, assured Aurelia it was a master-piece; the next vaunted his Letter on Music, and his Dissertation on Milton, which she thought excellent.

Aurelia remarked, that Luzincourt listened silently to his friend's praises, and she was confirmed in the opinion she had heard of his character. Of all the pangs the heart can endure, that of Envy is doubtless the most insupportable; and yet it is the only one that cannot inspire pity: Aurelia, therefore, with an intention to augment the torments of Luzincourt, praised Damoville, even to exaggeration. Luzincourt was ignorant of her project, and really supposed her desperately enamoured. The idea made him melancholy; in spite of himself, he was vexed, and fell into a gloomy revery, in which he continued till the arrival of Damoville, who was received by Aurelia in the politest and most affable manner.

Damoville,

Damoville, before he began, endeavoured to put his auditors into a favourable disposition. Seven or eight people, in the company, guided the judgments of the rest; to each of these he had something agreeable to say; one was assured, in his ear, that his good opinion alone was the thing he wished; another was praised aloud for his taste and natural indulgence.—After going round thus, and making all these little necessary preparations, Damoville gracefully sat himself down.

So well were his hearers disposed, that, as soon as he took his work from his pocket, a confused murmur of applause arose, occasioned by the sight of this precious manuscript; every chair was in motion to approach the reader, while Aurelia, with a heart really interested, desired silence.

Damoville, with a mild, modest, and insinuating air, began, by reading an Advertisement, which informed the assembly, that his little piece had been sent to *Ferney*; that he had received a most flattering letter, extracts from which he read; and that, finally, the suffrage of M. de Voltaire, and eight or ten other undoubted judges, had induced him to give this work to the public.

The Advertisement ended by a kind of analysis of his Comedy; that is to say, by a very circumstantial eulogium; whence it was clearly understood, that nothing so good had been written for these last twenty years; and that the Author had as much celebrity as genius. Several of them gave their thoughts on this Advertisement, which they pronounced equally modest and well written, and Damoville then began to read his Comedy.

He had before told them the wit of it was elegant, not gross, and the understanding only could laugh.

laugh. He did right, no one was inclined to laugh, though they all unanimously agreed, never had Author better seized the follies of the times; each exclaimed at every moment, How just! How severe! And these exclamations were so frequent, that an old Alderman of Toulouse, a relation of Aurelia's, arrived overnight in Paris, cried out, as loudly as any of them, How just! How severe!

A witness of this universal enthusiasm, Luzincourt's embarrassment was encreased, by perceiving Aurelia attentively observing him, and looking at him with indignation. He saw she thought him capable of that mean jealousy which Authors too often feel; the idea distracted him; for, in fact, he was not at that moment free from jealousy, though it was of a very different nature to what Aurelia supposed.

He thought Damoville's piece intolerable; however, to divert Aurelia's suspicions, he made an effort, and addressed some vague compliments to Damoville; but as he was vexed with himself, and averse to the thing, he did this with so ill a grace, that every body took notice of his behaviour, every body began to whisper, every body's eyes were fixed upon him, and Aurelia gave him a look of contempt, accompanied with a disdainful smile, which completed his confusion.

Damoville triumphed; he observed all that passed, though, apparently, he observed nothing. The reading ended, he rose, approached Aurelia, and with the utmost seeming candour, said, Can you guess what I am thinking of?—Of you, madam, and Luzincourt.—I have the happiness to obtain your applause, and I have a friend, who knows my heart, who participates my joy; a witness of this most pleasing, most flattering success.—

cess.—Yes I know he participates my joy.—He may have his failings, but have not I too? —Who is without? My delicacy is great, but I have often pushed it too far, especially with him.—Yet I have always done his feelings justice—and, even at this moment, I am certain they are exquisite.

This apparent credulity of Damoville, affected Aurelia so much, that she was obliged to turn her head aside, to hide her tears; then looking at Damoville, with great expression said to him, the thing I am most certain of, is, you are worthy a sincere friend.

Worthy of one! I have one: at least, added he, fetching a deep sigh, I flatter myself I have —Even were it an Illusion, it would be cruel to rob me of the agreeable Shadow.

Damoville pronounced these words with so tragical an air, that Aurelia was greatly affected; her emotion was visible in her countenance; and Luzincourt, though at the other end of the chamber, perfectly beheld her tenderness and trouble. Then it was he indeed envied Damoville, and felt a pang of heart so severe, he could not hide what passed in his mind, but rose and took his leave.

Damoville called him back, and he returned with confusion in his face; Damoville had not quitted his chair, which stood next to that of Aurelia.—When, my friend, shall I see thee? said he.

This simple question quite confounded Luzincourt, who answered, with a frozen coldness, he was very busy at present, and——

He could not finish his sentence; for he neither knew what he said, nor what he wished to say.

I will call on thee to-morrow, said Damoville. Do not give yourself that trouble; I shall not be at home.

But betimes, before thou art out.

Luzincourt, not knowing what to say, answered, he was going into the country for a few days; then turning towards Aurelia, asked if she had any commands; who, without deigning to look at him, replied by a simple inclination of the head, and Luzincourt, making a low bow, instantly left the room.

As soon as he was gone, Damoville, looking at Aurelia with an air of astonishment, exclaimed, I am quite petrified! What is the matter with him? — This is inconceivable! — Have I said any thing to give him offence? — It is true, this is not the first time I have seen him so; but, I confess, I hardly know how to support such behaviour.

Aurelia, full of pity for Damoville, sighed, and changing the conversation to divert his thoughts, once more began to praise the charming piece she just had heard.

The unhappy Luzincourt ran to his real friend, the Viscount de Valrive, to tell him all that had passed. Never said he, again will I enter that fatal house. I had heard so flattering an account of this Aurelia, that I gave way to my desire of being acquainted with her. Before I ever saw her, I received several letters from her, all of which spoke her a woman of wit and understanding; but she is passionately in love with Damoville, and it is impossible she should have the least discernment; never will I forgive myself the ridiculous scene I have been playing at her house; but I was vexed, and had lost all command of my temper; I —

And

And so, my dear Luzincourt, interrupted the Viscount, smiling, thou art in love at last.

I in love! How is it possible I should love a person whose heart is engaged, and who has made so wrong a choice.

You flatter yourself this choice is not yet made; and, indeed, if her head and heart are good, she will soon be undeceived; visit her often, and her prejudices will soon vanish.

It is not possible I should longer look on Damoville as my friend. I soon found out his principles and sentiments, and yet I loved him. The remembrance of our former friendship, imposes duties on me I never can forget, Aurelia shall not learn his character from me.

Nor need she; let her do you justice, and you are certain of obtaining a preference.

I hope at least, she will some time know me incapable of odious vices. I own it is impossible I should not wish for her esteem—I will see her once more, and if she really loves Damoville, I have the power to be silent; she never shall know my thoughts.

Some days after this conversation, Luzincourt visited Aurelia; he found her alone, and reading, with the tears running down her cheeks. Luzincourt perceived it, and was going to retire; Aurelia called him, and he returned. The book she had been reading lay open on her knees, and she was a moment silent. At last, looking at Luzincourt, she said, A work ought to be very excellent indeed, to move one so much at a second reading. It is about a year since this first appeared, and I read it then; you now see how much it affects me.

Luzincourt, perplexed, said with a trembling voice, the Author is very happy.

Happy indeed, replied Aurelia ; if it be true, he painted his own mind in his work. So saying, she presented the book to Luzincourt, who cast his eyes on a page moistened with Aurelia's tears, and saw with transport, it was his own writing.

Oh flattering eulogium ! cried Luzincourt.

He durst not proceed——Aurelia fixed her eyes upon him. After a few moments, he once more broke silence, and said, Do you then, madam, believe it possible, an Author should truly express sentiments he never felt ?

I have always thought the contrary, and yet—
And yet what, madam ?

Permit me to speak freely.

I conjure you so to do.

You know how to paint the charms of a friendship, in the most affecting manner, but do you know as well how to fulfill it's duties ?

You have deigned madam to speak plainly ; may I take the liberty to ask what could have given birth to such a doubt ?

My own observations.

Pray heaven, madam, that, with an equitable mind, you may have seen only with your own eyes.

Well since you wish me to speak without disguise, I must own I was greatly surprized at your behaviour, when you last were here.

I acknowledge, replied Luzincourt, smiling, appearances were against me ; I felt they were, too forcibly ; and it was this sensation alone, that made me ridiculous.

Luzincourt pronounced these few words in so calm, so natural a tone, that the most circumstantial explanation could not have been more persuasive. Aurelia, forcibly struck, beheld him with extreme surprize. I cannot conquer my
astonishment,

astonishment, said she, you have not given me a single reason, and yet I am convinced.

Such, madam, is the force of truth.

But why were you so confused then ?

Unhappily for me, I discovered you were prejudiced against me, and that you suspected me of envying Damoville's success ; I was chagrined, and this made me commit so many awkward blunders.

I have wronged you, and I shall never pardon myself.

Aurelia pronounced this sentence with so sincere and graceful a candour, that Luzincourt, transported, was half tempted to throw himself at her feet ; he restrained himself, however, and concealed a part of his emotion. Aurelia questioned him further. I confess, said she, I praised your friend's piece, with a little exaggeration, but pray what do you think of it ?

It seems to me at least as good as most of the trifles in one act, and in three, which have been played within these fifteen years, and in which they have pretended to exhibit men and manners. I should prefer it, for instance, to the *Circle*, or the *Feinte par Amour* : that over-refined fashionable Marquis, who seduces all the women, by shewing them how to embroider, make workbags, and knit garters, is an imaginary Being that never had existence. Though trifles may sometimes please the women, they certainly would not chuse a man who spent his time in knotting, knitting, and embroidering ; such puerilities have only pleased on the stage, because a delightful Actor has given them graces which are purely his own, and because most of the spectators, being ignorant of life, believe this caricature to be a picture of

it; but nobody reads these pieces, which they take a pleasure to see.

It is certain no piece can be good, which does not affect us by reading it; yet, do you suppose a bad piece may remain so long on the stage.

It certainly may remain as long as the Actor, who first gave it success.

The duration of our errors is short, in proportion to the length of our lives; we continually deceive ourselves, but we are as quickly undeceived; and, were it not for this happy facility, our momentary and brittle being would exist only in a dream. But who shall dare hope to find the truth, if an illusion may endure fifteen years?

There does not seem to me any great illusion in this: an Actor, inimitable in his walk, is applauded; nothing more. Generally speaking, the Public do justice to Authors and their works; but let me remark, the Town is difficult, in proportion to the length of the piece; if it be in five acts, it must be perfect; if in one, they care little how bad it is; and this is the reason, why so many short pieces below mediocrity, and even below contempt, continue to be played.

Let us return to Damoville. I have only one doubt, which you may remove, for I feel you have gained my confidence. Tell me, if you verily believe you have as sincere a friendship for Damoville as he has for you?

I perceive, madam, you have much too extravagant an idea of Damoville's friendship for me; there is no great intimacy, at present, between us; we keep very different company, and see each other seldom.

I know

I know that, hastily interrupted Aurelia ; but is it his fault or your's ? He certainly considers you as his dearest friend.

No, indeed, madam.

No !——Why ?——

His dearest friends are those, who procured him the pleasure of your acquaintance.

Scarce had Luzincourt spoken the last word, before the door opened, and Damoville was announced. Aurelia blushed—Luzincourt, no longer agitated by his former fears, did not discover the slightest emotion, while Damoville, in his turn, was somewhat disconcerted. He soon, however, recovered himself, and, according to his plan, began to load Luzincourt with professions of friendship, and reproached him for having said he should go out of town, when he had no such intention.

It is true, said Luzincourt, I had no such intention ; I was guilty of deceit, and I did wrong. I suffered for it ; you know I am not subject to such meanness ; neither am I apt to be out of temper ; I own I was the other day, and I have been just confessing it to this lady ; she was the innocent cause of my weakness, and, in justice, ought to receive the first apology.

Luzincourt's frankness and sincerity, surprized and embarrassed Aurelia. As for Damoville, he knew not what to think, his inquietude was excessive. Luzincourt, unwilling to keep him long in pain, rose and took leave of Aurelia ; then turning to Damoville, Well remembered, said he, I have a message for you ; Madame de Valrive, and Madame de Champrose, wish much to hear your Comedy.

Oh, replied Damoville, I am teized to death on that head. I read it yesterday to the Dutcheſs of——, and ſhe has deſired me to repeat it again to-morrow. People really have no mercy on good nature.

What answer ſhall I give the ladies ?

I have reſuſed Madame de Clary, who has perſecuted me beyond all belief ; nay, I have poſitively this very morning, denied to go to the Princeſs of ——

Am I to underſtand this as a denial ?

To be ſure ; and let me entreat thee, my dear Luzincourt, not, in future, to undertake any ſuch like meſſages.

After this final answer, Luzincourt bowed, retired, and left his Rival alone with Aurelia.

Luzincourt, full of hope and joy, was convinced at laſt he was in love, and ſhut himſelf up in his own room, that he might enjoy, undiſturbed, the ſweet remembrance of a converſation which had ſo entirely changed his deſtiny. Every thing he had ſaid he recollected, ſtill imagining he might have ſaid the ſame thing better ; every thing Aurelia had answered, and even his private thoughts. At ten o'clock he remembered he had promiſed to ſup with Madame de Champroſe, and he got there juſt as they were ſitting down to table.

He went up to Madame de Champroſe in order to render an account of the ill ſucceſs of the commiſſion ſhe had given him, but ſhe interrupted him at the firſt word. I have received, ſaid ſhe, the politeſt note poſſibly from M. Damoville, in which he promiſes to come and read his piece here next Monday. Luzincourt ſmiled, and made no reply, for he was not aſtoniſhed at the
trick ;

trick; he easily saw Damoville had only refused to give himself consequence in the presence of Aurelia, and he imagined, at the moment, it would end by reading the piece.

After supper the Viscount de Valrive was asked if he knew any thing of Damoville's Comedy.—The Author, replied the Viscount, is going to play and print his work, I have therefore never had a wish to hear it.

I forgot, answered Madame de Champrose, your aversion to *Readings*.

I own I prefer reading to myself. I repeat passages that please me as often as I like, reflect without interruption, turn over what I think dull, and am not obliged to exhaust myself in compliments. Closet reading has it's charms, and I am persuaded the world will sometime again be of that opinion.

Never: One loves to judge before the Public fees.

I can enjoy that satisfaction with every new work as soon as it is published. I buy and read it before the public has pronounced judgment. Besides, how can you judge an Author, who comes, at your request, and throws himself on your mercy; who seems to have no earthly wish but your approbation; who places a flattering and unbounded confidence in your opinion, and who enters with the sweet certitude of charming and astonishing you? Who could destroy illusions so agreeable by speaking cruel truths? The rites of hospitality, gratitude, good manners, all require nothing should be neglected, to send the Author away satisfied and happy. Should you seem tired, you distract him, and your apparent pleasure is to him real. Could you then be so

inhuman as to refuse your applause ? If you could, you would be both barbarous and unjust ; for when you asked him to read his production, you tacitly entered into an engagement to repay him with praise. On this condition he came to your house : he is not one of your friends, not even one of your acquaintance ; you are therefore certain he does not come to discover the real merits of his piece, and hear truth ; nor can you deny but that you will have little aversion to protest to him his work is a *Chef-d'œuvre*, and that you are delighted with it, however bad it may be.

There is some truth in this, replied Madame de Champrose, but a good deal of exaggeration. I assure you I have often heard criticisms at such readings.

Yes ! You have heard refined flattery.
Flattery ?

Flattery. The Author is certain to ask the company's opinion, and they know it is necessary to think of something to say ; and as politeness requires an appearance of sincerity, a few criticisms are seldom wanting, which are, in fact, so many praises ; that is to say, feeble and frivolous objections, over which it is meant an Author should triumph. But did you ever hear the Author told the plan of his work was ill conceived, that it was ill written, or that it wanted taste ?

So you accuse all who attend these kind of readings of dissimulation.

No ; for were I present, I should do the same. There are a multitude of truths too severe to be told, especially by people who live in society, and would be thought amiable. Suppose a weak mother were to ask you what you thought of her stupid or deformed child, would you candidly tell

tell her? If a fool repeat a repartee, as his own, which you have read in a jest book, would you accuse him of falshood and folly? Every question which vanity dictates, when asked by a person who is indifferent to us, requires a polite answer. Neither does the giving it make you deceitful: it is common good manners.

All which tends very powerfully to prove, it is impossible to speak truth to an Author, unless you are his intimate friend. But pray tell me, do you think Authors can very well distinguish whose praises are sincere?

They! Not they indeed. They have an inexhaustible fund of faith and simplicity on this head. In society flattery has it's bounds, which whoever passes ceases to be polite, takes an air of irony and offends. A woman ought to be agreeable to be told she is an Angel; if she be ugly, the charms of her mind, or her good shape, only, must be mentioned, for self-love does not usually render us totally blind. Men of Letters must be excepted. Tell one of them, boldly, who never wrote any thing but a Pamphlet or a Farce, he is a man of Genius, and he will take your word for it with all imaginable sincerity; for as soon as he himself is the subject of praise nothing can be extravagant. How would he laugh at the inebriety of a brother, led astray by the apparent enthusiasm of his hearers; yet put him instantly in the same situation, and he would instantly have the same credulity. However, were Authors really to feel the truth, they would not leave off their readings, it being a species of policy well understood by them.

How so?

It

It is a certain means of suddenly acquiring, at little expence, a deal of fame. Permit me, madam, for example, to suppose, notwithstanding *the politest of possible notes*, which Damoville has sent, you his Comedy should be a bad one.

Well; what then?

Remembering the Billet, and the complaisance of the Author, you are determined to make it thought as well of as possible; you will invite fifteen or twenty people to hear it, to whome you will repeat every thing you have heard in its praise, and thus then are fifteen or twenty people prejudiced in it's favour. While it is reading you will seem delighted, enchanted, and will be very desirous of obliging the Author; self-love will contribute some what to this, for you would not wish to see persons you have invited all dull and tired; you are not ignorant of the dependence placed on your understanding; you take advantage of this circumstance to deceive people who are led by you, and they departed fully persuaded they have been entertained, and that the work is a good one; or, at least, having been induced by you to praise the Author, they never after can say otherwise; for, after carrying flattery to a certain height, they are obliged, in honour, to maintain their ground. I know there will be present, at your reading, two English, a Polish, and a German Gentleman, who will soon return into their own country, whither they will carry a high admiration of the abilities of Damoville, whom they will affirm to enjoy great reputation in France; and thus the Courts of England, Poland, and Germany will resound with the praises of Damoville. In the mean time his piece is played, and condemned by the public. At present, however, there

there is no longer a shameful defeat to be feared at the Theatre; preventatives are taken, and even the Author is called for. Illustrious Protectors appear in the Boxes, the first representation is conducted with decency, and tickets, dispersed with a noble profusion, procure three or four others; after which the indisposition of an Actor has obliged the Author to withdraw his piece: he prints it, and in his Preface congratulates himself on his great and brilliant success, and thanks the Public, with equal modesty and truth, for the pretended app'ause they have bestowed. Imagine what effect this Preface must produce in England, Poland, and Germany, already favourably disposed. These things are somewhat ridiculed at Paris; but, even there, the People of Fashion, though half undeceived, maintain the Author has great abilities, and his reputation extends itself over the country, and among Foreigners; and the more so, because the Journalists give the most flattering account of the work.

There is always, however among the infinity of Journalists, one or two who judge properly and impartially.

Yes; but when they criticize an Author who has employed all the means I have just described, it is easy to make them appear envious, malignant, or unjust.

I can easily conceive, that Authors, who are not endowed with excessive delicacy, may be satisfied with this kind of reputation; and the sooner, because it will incite no one's envy, nor is any thing more to be wished, except that it were real.

Luzincourt, who had just then ended a party at Piquet, rose, and approaching the Viscount, said, It is high time I should come and defend the
cause

cause of Men of Letters, whom you treat so very freely.

You have nothing, my dear Luzincourt, in common with those I take the liberty to laugh at, replied the Viscount; I attack intriguers only. Woe be to him who is offended by my criticism, for he accuses himself. I might name many besides you, Luzincourt, whom I admire and esteem.

Not readers of their Manuscripts, I imagine.

It is possible to give into this fashion through weakness, or out of real complaisance; and this is what I always suppose when the Author is not a known Partisan.

But wherefore all this animosity, said Madame de Champrose, against these poor Partisans; what harm have they done you?

A great deal; they weary me, and write bad books.

You reproach them with an involuntary crime.

That I beg leave to deny, for were they to consecrate that time to labour and reflection they give to intrigue, they would either write better, or not write at all. I know some who really possess abilities, which are lost for want of cultivation. Besides, the spirit of party narrows the mind, exterminates feeling, and depraves the heart. How can a man unceasingly busy himself about the little arts of Cabal, and preserve sublime and noble sentiments?—An impartial and reasonable Man of Letters, who would take the trouble to unveil the mysteries and little scandals of Cabal to the public eye, would render Literature a most essential service.

Do you recollect, interrupted Luzincourt, the fortitude necessary for such an undertaking? He who writes against Religion and Morality may please

please a great part of the Public, and will offend none but good people, who never entertain hatred; they are satisfied with complaining of, or despising, the Author: but he who should disclose the secrets of intrigue, would draw upon himself an innumerable crowd of envenomed foes, the more dangerous inasmuch as there is no curb, no principle, to restrain the excess of their resentment. Do you not behold the audacious Author, falling a victim to those mean tricks and obscure manœuvres which he so imprudently despised? To know them is not to be guarded against them. Imagine then the consequences of such an enterprize; the cries, the clamours, the furies of Hatred, astonished; Journalists, bitter Criticisms, Satires, Libels; in fact, all which Anger, Revenge, and Party can produce.

You will allow merit in foreseeing all this, and yet encountering it all.—There would, no doubt, be a thousand secret Arts, Calumnies, Libels, and all you have described, excepting *cries and clamours*. The people, we speak of, wish not to excite these, except when they write against Religion or Government. They understand their own principles too well to increase the rumour, which a work like this, full of bold and useful truths, ought naturally to incite; they, on the contrary, would affect the utmost indifference, a kind of contempt, were you to ask them about the work; though there had been an edition of it sold in a week, they would negligently reply they had not read it, except you were supposed to be an enemy of the Author; in which case they would tell you, in a positive but cold and tranquil way, the work was good for nothing, that it was besides intolerably malignant; then, without
seeming

seeming to think it were worthy farther notice, would change the discourse to any trifling indifferent subject.

Really, said Madame de Champrose, I should then think their conduct sublime. Passion persuades nobody, while that air of coolness is imposing, and, in the eyes of fools, at least, gives calumny an air of reason. But how will you make this prudent plan agree with those biting Libels and Satires, of which you just now spoke?

Libels excite attention; nor are their Authors ignorant, that they give more celebrity than they can do harm.

Very true; but passion makes an Author inconsistent; and the pleasure of defaming, beyond bounds, a person he hates, the hope of ruining, and of driving his enemy to despair, urges him to exceed probability. As for society, he dares not exceed a certain point; nay, not to appear unjust, is obliged to mix up a little occasional praise with his censure. Whereas, in an anonymous Pamphlet, all these constraints are evaded, which Decorum and Policy impose.

But how could you, Viscount, know all this?

When men of the world are men of observation, they know more than all the Philosophers; though, if they do not obtain a knowledge of the human heart, and a truth and delicacy in their remarks, they may pass their lives in the most extensive societies, without ever acquiring much wisdom. No writer has dared to paint, in a circumstantial manner, the various arts of the Literati (a). All Authors, almost, have flattered

(a) Let this be understood as spoken in general; and be it, at the same time, acknowledged with pleasure, that truth and justice must admit many exceptions.

each

each other; several of them have drawn a parallel between men of letters and men of the world; in which, for the honour of the corps to which they belonged, they never failed to give themselves the preference. Many a time have I been tempted to answer them like the Lion in the Fable.

The thing revers'd had been, and true,
Could Lions paint as well as you (a).

But this cannot be said at present, replied Luzincourt, for Lions, as you are pleased to call yourselves, do paint.

Yes, yes, but they do not *exhibit*; and Manuscripts, in Literature, have no great authority.

It seems to me, that an illustrious Writer, in his Persian Letters, has treated Men of Literature, the Journalists, and even the French Academy, without the least ceremony.

He has said many excellent things on this subject, as well as on others; but in my opinion, he has rather written a Satire, then a temperate Criticism; and violent Satire proves nothing.

“ Most authors, says Monsieur de Montesquieu, resemble Poets, who patiently endure beating; but who, free of their shoulders, are intolerably jealous of their works; to which they will not suffer the least offence to be offered (b). ”

Besides, the Criticisms of M. de Montesquieu are too absolute; he does not seem to admit exceptions; and rages, without distinction, all Men of Letters under the same class; he seems to think them all caballers and contemptible; he

(a) See La Fontaine's Fable of the Picture of the Lion vanquished by the Man.

(b) His manner of describing the French Academy is not more moderate. “ I have heard,” says Rica, of a
“ fort

he never allows there are many worthy to be proposed as models; and truly valuable by their virtues and genius; yet such would be the language of reason and impartiality.

I am of your opinion, cried Luzincourt; and think, that those who have undertaken to criticise Men of Letters, have too often forgotten justice and decorum; and at the same time, have never properly painted their most ridiculous foibles (*a*).

It was not long after this conversation, before Luzincourt had reason to be convinced, the Viscount had not been guilty, in all he had said, of the least deviation from truth.

Aurelia

“ sort of Tribunal, called the French Academy, than
 “ which nothing in this world is less revered; for, as I am
 “ told, as soon as they have passed sentence, the Public
 “ reverse the Decree.—The Judges, in this Court,
 “ have nothing to do but babble; flattery comes by in-
 “ stinct, and takes part in their eternal prating; and no
 “ sooner is a Member initiated, than the Demon of Pa-
 “ negyric enters him, never to quit his tenement. This
 “ Body has forty Heads—Eyes are out of the question;
 “ it seems contrived to speak only, not to see. It never
 “ stands firm on it’s feet; for Time, who is it’s eternal
 “ Foe, shakes it every instant, and pulls down all it erects.
 “ Formerly it’s Hands were said to be griping, but of
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Lettres Persannes, Letter LXXIV.

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 The Author speaks of false Philosophers thus:—“ Did
 “ Wits content themselves with imposing on the vulgar
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"tified their pride, they would be, at worst, but useless ; but they pretend to despotism on far more serious subjects: Government, Morals, and even Religion, fall within their jurisdiction ; nor are we permitted to believe what they hold unworthy of belief. They preach up Tolerance, but persecute whoever differs from them ; call themselves Citizens of the World, but have no love for their Country ; which they do not hesitate to disturb, by the most dangerous systems ; and finally, bestow the fine title of Philosophers upon themselves. This word, which once only meant *a Lover of Wisdom*, has, with them, a much more sublime significance. The Philosophers of Antiquity, were but the Disciples of the Sage ; our Philosophers are Sages themselves ; in quality of which they erect themselves into Legislators, not only of Literature, but of our Political and Religious Creed. They are Founders ! Institutors ! Apostles ! What are they not ?" *Traite de l'Amitie.*

This free, unassuming, and temperate passage, is written by a woman, Madame de ***, Author of several deservedly esteemed works. She has written a Treatise on Friendship ; a treatise on the Passions ; Thoughts and Moral Reflexions ; Novels ; and has translated Works on Chymistry and Experimental Philosophy, from the English, to which she has added very instructive Notes.

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To balance her good opinion of the latter, she was much struck by the reputation of Damoville; it flattered her vanity, and made the testimony of her heart waver. As to the Men of Letters Damoville had introduced to her acquaintance, she began to see them as they were, with ridiculous pretensions, excessive and silly pride, and much more pedantry than knowledge. Often would she say to herself, Wherefore is understanding given, if it cannot teach us the art to please; if it can neither bestow propriety, good taste, nor elegant manners, which are the delights of society?

Damoville told Aurelia, in confidence, towards the close of Winter, he was going to publish a Philosophic Work, which would make a great noise. His Novel, contrary to his expectations, had produced no effect, but for this time, he was not deceived. He openly attacked Religion in his work, it was censured, prohibited, and, consequently, sold, to the very last copy, in less than a fortnight.

Luzincourt, fearing the consequences of this kind of fame, to the Author, supposed him afflicted, or frightened, at least; he therefore returned, purposely, from the country, to afford him every service in his power. He arrived about five in the evening, and found Damoville drest to go out; he went with him into his cabinet, and, as soon as they were alone, said, I am happy to see, my friend, you have so much fortitude.

Damoville burst into a laugh. What didst thou think then, cried he, to find me overwhelmed in consternation!—Dost thou not know, that the work was bought up as soon as it appeared? Never was seen such success; I have not a single
copy

copy left I am now preparing a second edition, in which I shall insert a few things that cannot fail of their effect. They may, perhaps, procure the work the honour of being publickly burnt; if my ambition does not deceive me, I think I may reasonably expect it.

Suppose you should be banished?

Pray heaven I may! What importance would it give my work! I should be received like a man of Genius, a persecuted Hero, in foreign lands, whence I should overflow France with an ocean of ink which never will drop from my pen, if they take no notice of me. The difficulty of obtaining permission to print in France is a thing which will, henceforth, claim my attention. I have made trial, and find how it may be turned to account. Yes, my friend, you now behold me ranked with Philosophers (*a*), who have protected, upheld me. I now am out of their debt, by adopting their principles. I am become their equal, and may depend upon their constant and faithful friendship.

What if you are deprived of liberty?

Pshaw! Persecution is not so outrageous as we pretend. Who among us has ever fallen a victim to his audacity? We talk continually of such things, without troubling ourselves about their reality, provided we may but declaim and write dissertations. Persecution is now no more; its abuses and revolting absurdities were known before the writings of Voltaire. Was the Author of *l'Histoire des Oracles* (*b*), one of the founders of Modern Philosophy, persecuted? Yet

(*a*) It should not be forgotten, that Damoville speaks, and not the Author; I certainly never should confound philosophers with such people.

(*b*) The History of Oracles, by M. de Fontenelle.

there does not exist a work, of the kind, the intension of which may be more easily seen through (b). What man of Letters, since Fontenelle, has lost his property or liberty in the same cause? I remember none. No, no, it is perfectly well understood, that Religion cannot receive a more fatal wound, than by persecuting in it's name.— Do not be uneasy, my friend, thy fears for me are all chimerical. But it is half past five o'clock; wilt thou go with me to the Theatre?

Luzincourt accepted the proposition, and immediately went with Damoville.

The two Authors placed themselves in the Pit, where Damoville perceived, at some distance, a Man of Literature, one of his friends. Is not that Blinval? cried he. He has been to Flanders; I did not know he was returned. Some days before his departure, he published a kind of Poem, in prose, which has had but little success: and yet there is *Philosophy* in it.

Yes, replied Luzincourt, laughing, but it was not *prohibited*, and it remains with the Bookseller.

Damoville rose to get nearer to Blinval, who likewise made his approaches. Blinval gave Damoville joy of his fame, and of his happiness likewise; and he, in return, praised Blinval's Poem.—Would you believe, said the latter, sighing, it has neither been censured nor prohibited?

Why really that is inconceivable.

My Paragraph upon Tolerance.

I remember——It is very daring.

I may say, I never saw, in any work, bolder touches.—The intension was visible enough:

(b) Therefore has this work been so much praised, though it is equally dull and ill written.

and

and yet it passed unnoticed.—I am just now, however, writing a thing on Persecution, which will rouse them from their lethargy, or I am deceived.—Indeed, if it does not, I must quit the trade, for it will not be worth following.

Luzincourt listened with attention to this curious Dialogue; and, as soon as he came home, faithfully wrote it down. If ever I should preach on Tolerance, said he, I will not repeat the common-place things that are now worn so threadbare, I will only transcribe this short conversation between Blinval and Damoville; for truths, so frankly expressed, ought to make a deep impression.—Poor Authors, who abandon the right cause, only to ensure the sale of your works, what must become of ye, if, instead of lighting up that Indignation, the effects of which you find so useful, you should incite nothing but virtuous Compassion, and that cold quiet Contempt, which Folly and Obstinacy ought ever to inspire!

When Luzincourt had written this reflection in his Diary, he went to sup at Aurelia's. He had not seen her since the appearance of Damoville's work; and, notwithstanding all that was said, concerning its pretended merits, she could not admire vain declamations, the tendency of which was the destruction of Religion.

Damoville could feign, but his natural levity, and indiscretion, would not admit of permanent and consistent dissimulation. Drunk with fame, and the praises of those who call themselves Philosophers, so prodigally bestowed, he could neither moderate nor conceal his excessive joy. Aurelia easily read his heart, discovered his intentions, motives, policy, and, in a word, his whole system.

Errors

Errors of the understanding she could have excused; but she heartily despised a man without principles, or character, influenced by the spirit of Party, guided by the worst kind of vanity, premeditatedly dangerous, less blind than wilful, and sacrificing every thing to interest, and the mad desire of being talked of.

Thus informed, Aurelia delighted to compare the conduct of Damoville to that of Luzincourt, nor could she unveil the first without doing justice to the second. She found how much preferable was the reputation of Luzincourt to that of Damoville. The latter, said she, it is true, is highly puffed, but by who? By people who praise his talents because he praises theirs; who esteem his writings because he writes their opinions. They have said to him "imbibe our maxims, copy, repeat what we have been repeating these thirty years, and we will maintain you are a Man of Genius." Such is the foundation of his fame.

Luzincourt has no puffers, for he disdains caballing, intriguing, and party spirit: he has enemies, for he is impartial, and dares proclaim whatever he thinks useful truths: he has no enthusiastic Partisans, for, far from flattering, he combats the passions, respects Religion and Morality, and is more desirous of gaining information than of pleasing. Morality, indeed, be it presented under what seducing form it may, will ever wear an austere form: a salutary lesson may be heard with pleasure, and its utility felt, but never received with transport: therefore are moral works rather profound than attractive, and do not incite enthusiasm in even those who taste their beauties; they are spoken of with more esteem than affection.

Who

Who then are the admirers of Luzincourt? Good Citizens; all who love Virtue. Who are his Enemies? Impious Atheists, Caballers, and all who have neither principles nor morals. The number may terrify, but the most inveterate De-tractor never will dare affirm an Author, of irreproachable purity, can be a contemptible Author; while Reason, equitable and severe, will always regard as such, in spite of his abilities, the unfortunate Writer who endeavours to corrupt his Readers.

Such were the reflections of Aurelia, which, yet, she would not communicate to Luzincourt. Before she would place unbounded confidence in him, she wished more intimately to know his character and sentiments. One day, being alone with him, she said—I love the simplicity of your manners and conduct, but think you carry your contempt of Fortune and literary Honours, to which you have a just pretension, too far.

I assure you, madam, far from despising the honours you allude to, I think highly of them.

And yet you have never been a Candidate for the Prize of Eloquence.

Remember the difficulty of the attempt madam. The Academy gives a subject, prescribes the length of the work, and afterwards commands you to praise and be eloquent. Be my wishes ever so ardent, it is necessary, in order to exert my powers, that the subject should please me; that the person on whom I write an Eulogium be such a one, precisely, as I myself would have selected from among all the great men who have ever existed, if I desired to praise an individual; and that the length prescribed by the Academy, should accord with my plan. Were not all these acci-

dents to meet, I own I should possess neither feeling, fancy, nor truth; should be cold, emphatical, and incorrect; in short, should write a vile panegyric.

Write, however, write; they will give you credit for your good will: and, it seems to me, that has long been all they have required.

Pardon me, madam, they have, as you say, no doubt, a remarkable degree of indulgence, in many respects; but there is one thing they positively require, to which I could not possibly submit.

What is that?

It is an established usage, and custom has made it a law, that the subjects should all be treated in the same form and style; the same expressions, the same metaphors, must be employed to praise a Painter and Turenne, a man of wit, or Henry IV. Inasmuch that one might at any time write one's discourse before one knew the subject of it, leaving only proper blanks for the name, and adding, as soon as the *Great Man* should be named, a few Anecdotes and select Repartees: for these ornaments are held indispensable.

I see you are right, and I am now persuaded that most of the Eulogiums I have read have been thus written. But, well remembered—Do you know Damoville's Comedy is to be played at the French Theatre to-morrow? I have a Box, and, I must insist upon it, you shall go with me.

Luzincourt durst not refuse, and went.

The Piece, in spite of Partizans, and all the prudent precautions of Damoville, had exactly the reception foretold by the Viscount de Valrive: Redoubled applauses, during the first scene, sufficiently spoke the good-will of one part of the Pit: various Ladies in the Boxes, who were animated

mated by the recollection of having heard it read, joined with transport. More than one fan was broken: and this continued through the half of the first Act.

In the second the plaudits were not so loud, for the audience began to hear; and in the third, the most zealous Partizans seemed quite overcome with weariness. When the curtain dropt, however, a few timid and half daring voices called for the Author, but no echo replied; and Aurelia, at quitting her Box, said to Luzincourt, they might have spared their trouble, the Piece can never do. Poor Damoville! how uneasy he will be this evening. What shall we say to him? For there is no saying the Piece was not condemned; and what consolations can be offered to an Author under public condemnation?

These reflections only proved Aurelia's inexperience; this she was soon convinced of: Damoville, according to his promise, came to supper, was announced, and Aurelia was thinking of something to say concerning the injustice of the Public, when he approached her with a triumphant air. I am come a little late, said he, for as I left the Theatre, I met with several persons of my acquaintance, and one cannot get away, one is obliged to receive compliments and felicitations according to custom. In reality I ought to be satisfied; I was informed there would be a formidable party against me, and perhaps they may be more successful another time; to day they durst not shew their good intentions, because they found the Public was not with them. But pray tell me, madam, how you were pleased?

This question was so unforeseen, that Aurelia was confounded; she blushed, stammered, but

made no reply. Damoville turning towards, the rest of the company, obliged them all, by his questions, to affirm his Piece had had the greatest success; then returning to Aurelia, said, Did not you remark, madam, how the Public felt that passage which terminates the second Scene of the third Act?

Yes, all was attention, all was *calm*.

I never heard more applause than in the first Act, which you know is full of wit; but the moment they began to be interested in the Plot, there was, as you have well observed, a most remarkable and redoubled attention. No more noise——It was then that I was really satisfied, and the more so, because the Piece is not written to please the Pit; the touches are too fine, too delicate, and it abounds in such strokes.

Supper was served, and the company sat down to table, where Damoville affected the utmost gaiety. It required not much penetration, however, to discover he was not in his heart so merry and happy as he would seem.

After supper Damoville again talked of his Piece, nor did he forget to interest the pride of those who had been at his readings, where they had maintained it was excellent. You foresaw, you predicted it's success, said he, with understanding and taste; it is not possible to be deceived, respecting the merits or defects of a work of imagination. In fine, Damoville, on this occasion, shewed himself superior to fortune; never was defeat sustained with less dejection, never were resources better understood, or employed with more presence of mind.

By thus shewing a feigned satisfaction, he imposed on many people. He is content, and no doubt

doubt has cause so to be, said they. He could not, however, sustain this prudent dissimulation throughout; he congratulated himself on his success in his preface, but affirmed, at the same time, that taste and understanding were banished, and that we were again declining towards barbarity. Thus it is, that discontent betrays itself.

Though Luzincourt did not entirely know Aurelia's sentiments, he could easily perceive she had lost much of her admiration for Damoville; but the latter so perfectly possessed the art of making himself of consequence, that Luzincourt durst not flatter himself Aurelia was fully convinced concerning his real merit. Damoville knew how to make himself praised in her presence, with an address that might well impose upon her. The obliging things which had been said to him in her absence he continually recited, but with so much art, that he took from it that appearance of vanity which shocks the hearer. Sometimes he assumed an air of sentiment, and knowing, as he said, how much Aurelia condescended to interest herself in his success, told her of all that made him happy; which confidence, said he, comes from the heart, and is not the effect of self-love; neither did he wish any other person to know such things: he vaunted of the good opinion others had of him, only to give her friendship a pleasure it so well knew how to taste; besides, he dreaded to give envy new motives to defame and persecute him.

Sometimes taking another tone, he would repeat, laughing, and seem himself to discredit some flattering thing which had been said of him; but which was rather too strong to be told seriously. In which case, he spoke of it as of something extravagant; a pleasant kind of madness. This

ingenious and modest form will make any thing pass; the misfortune is, it is too well known. Luzincourt saw Damoville's intentions, but could not yet discover what impression they made on the mind of Aurelia.

One evening, as Luzincourt sat talking with Aurelia, a servant came for him from the Viscount de Valrive, desiring him to come instantly to the Viscount's Sister-in-law. He went, and as he entered the chamber of Madame de Valrive, was terrified at the consternation he beheld in every countenance. As I am going, dear Luzincourt, to Versailles, said the Viscount, and shall not return to dinner to-morrow, I wished to inform you——

Of what? What has happened!

A dreadful accident——That unfortunate Baron——de Vercenay——killed himself this evening at eight o'clock, and so publicly there is no possibility of concealing this deplorable event.

The Baron de Vercenay! Killed himself!

His affairs were greatly deranged; but as he had several places under government, he might, by retrenching, and sacrificing an estate, have paid his debts, and recovered his fortune, in four or five years. He was magnificent, loved parade, and could not resolve on such prudent and rational means. Haunted by his creditors, drove to decide on something, and unrestrained by religious principles, he eased himself of an existence which was become burthensome. He has bequeathed a wife and three children to beggary; for his death has taken away the bounties of his Sovereign, and the Pensions he enjoyed. This is the effect of Atheism.

And

And shall Authors, who seek to overturn religion, dare mention Benevolence and Humanity!

Madame de Valrive sighed. It is true, said she, the unhappy Baron never read any but books of that kind.

One remarkable circumstance, whispered the Viscount to Luzincourt, is, he was persuaded Damoville's book was a wonderful performance. He did not fail to buy and admire a work that was censured and prohibited; and it was found lying open on a table, in the room where he killed himself.

Luzincourt shuddered! Those who have written such works, said he, never imagined what would be the horrid consequences: had the most daring, the most hardened of them all, foreseen them, had they reflected but a moment on them, they would have started from their purposes.

Never, said the Viscount, was suicide more frequent in England, than it has been for these last five and twenty years in France. No man among us but has been acquainted with some one who has killed himself. Such are the pernicious fruits of impiety.

Many of these works, I own, said Luzincourt, favour Materialism; but, it seems to me, they seldom dare deny the existence of a God, and that Deism is much more common than Atheism.

Because it was easily foreseen Deism would engage more Profelytes than Atheism. Every thing attests the existence of a God, the Creator of the Universe; by admitting a truth, so deeply engraven on the heart of man, those who attack Religion, do not shock the feeling mind so much, and more easily seduce the superficial; but they all agree, the wicked shall receive no future punishment. Could

they so far corrupt my heart, as to persuade me Louis IX. and Cartouche enjoy, at this moment, the same destiny, who should hinder me from committing a convenient crime, not liable to be discovered? If life were burthen some, who should make me support it? How should I overcome passion, and resist unceasing temptations to do ill in secret, and with impunity, could I suppose God beheld all my actions with equal indifference, and that his justice would never call me to account? Such are the horrible effects of such extravagant systems! Oh! that these pretended Philosophers could hear the cries and groans of this wretched Baron's widow! That they beheld her pale, dishevelled, seized with horror, bathing her unfortunate children in her tears, and exclaiming, in a voice interrupted by sobs—"Oh my children, revere Religion!"—This is the cry of a despairing heart, accusing those corrupt Writers of its fatal ills, who attack Religion with so much constancy and rage.

What astonishes me, said Luzincourt, is, that it can be supposed these pernicious errors are scattered through a love of humanity; Intend they to root out Fanaticism; It had no existence, when works like these first appeared. Besides, the Gospel affords the best arms to encounter such an enemy. They cannot certainly pretend to offer Morality more pure than the Gospel.

No; the impossibility of that enterprize is acknowledged; it is allowed, he who perfectly could follow the precepts of the Gospel, should be the most perfect of men. Wherefore, then, root out a Religion that prescribes chastity, and obedience to Magistrates and Laws, as indispensable duties; that commands us to be good, patient, moderate,

moderate, benevolent, indulgent, and equitable; that forbids hatred and vengeance, and directs us not only to pardon, but to render good for evil? Wherefore snatch from man a faith which might render him so heroically virtuous, or take from the wicked a sacred curb? Why deprive Virtue of a rational motive, and the pleasure of aspiring to a reward worthy to excite it's fortitude; or ravish from the wretched the most certain of all consolations, and the only one which can give them strength to support persecution, hatred, envy, the loss of friends, physical evils, and excess of misery?

Heaven be praised, replied Luzincourt, the motives Religious Detractors have to write thus are, now, no longer equivocal; they are tolerably well known.

The Viscount rose, and departed for Versailles; and Luzincourt took leave of Madame de Valrive, who said to him, softly, This dreadful event has equally affected my heart and understanding, and restored me those principles which dangerous conversations and writings had almost destroyed.

Luzincourt was too melancholy to return to Aurelia, and, therefore, went home, where he found a letter, which he opened, and saw a hand and signature wholly strange to him: the letter contained what follows:

From the Chateau de ***, April 30, 17——

"I have not the happiness to be known to you, sir, and yet am deeply in your debt; to acquit myself as much as is in my power, I will take the liberty to relate my story in as few words as possible.

"I was ten years old when my father died, and was educated by a virtuous and well-in-

“formed mother, between whom, and a sister,
“my affection was wholly divided; age and un-
“derstanding did but increase sensations so na-
“tural to the heart.

“I obtained a commission, and my mother and
“sister continued to live in the Chateau where I
“was born. During ten years, I constantly con-
“tinued to dedicate all the time I had to spare,
“to their society; my mother was happy, and I
“found in my sister a most amiable friend. Could
“I enjoy greater felicity?—Alas! a senseless
“pride, a puerile vanity destroyed it all!

“My name is not illustrious, but my family is
“one of the most ancient in all Franche-Comté,
“and I highly valued this advantage. A weak-
“ness, like this, is the more dangerous, because
“the consequences are not visible enough to make
“us wish to surmount it. I soon however, found
“how fatal it might be to happiness. I wished
“to procure an honourable match for my sister;
“she refused her consent, owned her heart was
“no longer free, and said her mother authorized
“her inclinations. The choice she had made,
“added to the vexation her refusal caused. She
“loved a man of merit, with a moderate fortune;
“but he was not a *gentleman*.

“I did every thing in my power to prevent the
“marriage, the idea of which my pride could
“not support; but all my efforts were useless,
“and my sister espoused the man of her heart. I
“quitted the country, and, forgetting all I owed
“my mother, swore never to return; that I
“might never more see a sister, who was become
“almost an object of hatred to me, and from
“whom my mother would not part.

“I came

“ I came to Paris, and gave into every diffi-
“ pation which could make me lose the memory of
“ an event which had cut me to the heart. I form-
“ ed some agreeable connections, but they appear-
“ ed cold, when I recollected, in spite of myself,
“ the pleasing intimacy which nature and habit
“ had formed, and the charms which I had tasted.
“ Six years did I pass in this situation, discontent-
“ ed, unhappy, endeavouring to forget, and per-
“ suading myself my mother ought to have sacri-
“ ficed the happiness of my sister, and conse-
“ quently her own, to my vanity.

“ Having never had real friendship for any
“ person, except my mother and my sister, nor
“ ever wished to replace two such dear friends,
“ I concealed these cruel chagrins in my bosom,
“ and was deprived of the advice which friend-
“ ship or reason might have offered. At last,
“ however, this salutary advice has been given
“ me, and by you, sir. When your work ap-
“ peared, I was not at Paris; various occupations
“ prevented me from reading it till the month of
“ March last; it was then I began, for the first
“ time, a book which produced so strong and
“ singular an impression on my mind, that it was
“ impossible for me to say whether the work was
“ well written, the plan good, or the ideas new;
“ I was not in a state to judge, I could only feel
“ and shed tears; nor was it a book, but a dear
“ and tender friend who spoke, who interrogated,
“ who knew me better than I knew myself; who,
“ while he unveiled my foibles, and made me
“ blush for them, taught me how to conquer and
“ expiate them; mingled the mildest consolations
“ with reproach, and discovered the true sources
“ of happiness.

“ Oh!

“ Oh ! Sir you who have never written but
 “ in behalf of Religion and Morality, accept the
 “ sweet reward of your worthy labours ; learn
 “ there was a heart led astray by hardened pride,
 “ and that your writings, alone, have brought it
 “ back to reason, nature, and virtue. Sitting
 “ between my mother and my sister, I wrote this
 “ letter ; you conducted me to my mother’s knees,
 “ where I received my pardon ; you placed my
 “ sister’s children in my arms, to you I owe their
 “ innocent caresses, the delicious tears that I and
 “ those who love me, have shed, and the inex-
 “ pressible joys I feel.

“ Union and Peace are re-established in this
 “ house ; Content reigns here ; and this is your
 “ doing ; these are your benefits ; this pure and
 “ sublime fame must affect a heart like your’s.
 “ Should Hatred or Calumny persecute you, how
 “ easily may you brave their fury ? Remember
 “ the virtuous families that revere and bless you,
 “ and sometimes read this letter.

“ Le Comte de F***.”

There is no describing the effect this letter had on Luzincourt ; sweet were the tears that bathed his cheeks. Oh ! how honourable, cried he, is the occupation I have chosen, when it’s duties are fulfilled ! It can only be debased by vice.

Luzincourt was just. Who could despise Men of Letters, were they always guided by virtuous motives ? They were the honour of the Age of Louis XIV. and they deserved so to be ; all the celebrated Authors of those times respected religion ; many consecrated their talents to it’s glory (a), and

(a) Pascal, Bossuet, Nicole, the two Arnaulds, Flechier, Bourdaloue, Massillon, &c.

produced those immortal works, which will ever endure, and which makes us equally love virtue and their Authors.

Luzincourt, however, unable to support his incertitude, concerning the real sentiments of Aurelia, thought, at last, of declaring his own; really taking it for granted, that a woman, whom he had loved for three years, had never discovered his secret.

Full of fears and uneasiness, he went to Aurelia's whom he found just returned from a public sitting of the French Academy. She seemed greatly agitated. There is no bearing it, said she, to Luzincourt, all is lost; neither justice, reason, nor gallantry remain.

Good God! Madam, what is the matter?

A great Man has affirmed, those nations where women are best treated, are always most civilized.

I flatter myself, the great Man, who spoke so well, was a Frenchman.

By no means he was an Englishman (a). We are not so civilly dealt with in France! You shall judge, when I have told you what I have just heard. A Philosopher, desirous of praising a Princess, who has been dead these fifty years, could not accomplish his purpose but at the expence of all the Princesses, and all the women who have ever existed, or do exist; and that in a single phrase.

He has been very laconic indeed.

You shall hear—*Though a woman and a Princess*, said he, *she loved learning*.

The Orator ought to have been answered, that, *though a Philosopher*, and, an Academican, he did

(a) Cook's Voyage to Otahetee.

not, on this occasion, shew either much politeness or equity.

And the less, in that a great Princess honoured the Assembly by her presence; by which she proved, that, though a *Woman and a Princess*, she loved learning.

And did the Public approve this speech?

They groaned and hissed, that was all they did.

That was all they could do, I think.

What! Among so many Auditors, not one courageous Knight to answer for us, and defend us?

How could you wish any answer to be given to so foolish a thing? Had you been attacked with any appearance of reason, you would, no doubt, have found defenders. If, for example, the Philosopher, instead of accusing women of not loving the Belles Lettres, had accused them of the contrary, and endeavoured to turn their passion for Literature into ridicule, your Knights might then have been of service.

Why, very true? for women never wrote or cultivated Literature so much as at present.—

What then could this *Philosopher* be thinking of?

—He was absent no doubt; Mathematicians are subject to be so, and one might well advise them to calculate more, and write less. For my part, I own, I am passionately interested in the glory of my sex.

The sentiment is worthy of you——It is noble and natural.

It has been said, that the age of Louis XIV. which produced so many great men, was the age for great women also; I am afraid they cannot say as much of this.

I do not think that fear well founded. True it is, I know no women who has been appointed
to

to an Embassy, nor the Sister of a common Soldier who has married an Emperor (*a*); but, in other respects, I think, the balance in favour of the women of the present age.

An Embassy! An Empress! I am sorry to think that never can happen again.

Oh! that I had a throne to offer you!

Pshaw! This is not the kind of gallantry I want; give me your proofs in favour of the women of this age!

And is not your ambition on that head satisfied madam? We have Queens, who, on the Throne, afford the brightest examples of the mild and benevolent virtues which honour humanity, and of those shining qualities which constitute Heroes. Women in this age, have written in every branch of Literature with the greatest success. The best modern Novels are the productions of women; the Peruvian Letters, the Letters of my Lady Catesby, &c. are surely equal to the Princes of Cleves and Zaide (*b*). Women have not been less distinguished in Poetry; many may be cited equal to Madame de Deshoulieres, and some have even discovered abilities of a higher kind (*c*).
They

(*a*) Catherine, wife to the Czar, Peter the Great.

(*b*) Madame de Tencin and Mademoiselle de Lussan are likewise of this age.

(*c*) Thus for example, there are no Cantatas, Rousseau's excepted, which I think are better than those by Mademoiselle de Louvencour; it was she who wrote all the charming Cantatas set to music by Clerambaut and Bourgeois, Ariadne, Cephalus and Aurora, Zephyrus and Flora, Psyche, Love stung by a Bee, Medea, Alpheus and Arethusia, Leander and Hero, the Musetta, Pigmalion, and Pyramus and Thisby. Mademoiselle de Louvencour had many other accomplishments. She was an excellent Musician, and was, besides, one of the handsomest and most virtuous women of her age. She died in 1712.

They have written Cantatas, Poems (*d*), and Tragedies (*e*). The women of Louis XIV's time composed little except works of mere amusement (*f*). Whereas within these twenty years they have written a multitude of truly useful and

(*d*) Among others, two Poems in verse, written by the same Lady, which gained prizes at the *Jeux Floraux* (sports of Flora,) the one Love and Fortune, the other on the Building of Athens. An Ode on the Imagination, by this Lady, gained a prize also from this Academy.

(*e*) No women of the last century, Madame de Deshoulières excepted, wrote Tragedies. She has written two, *Genferic* and *Antoine*, and died in 1694. Mademoiselle Barbier, who died in 1745, wrote many Tragedies which were in repute; and Madame de Gomez, who died in 1770, has written several that were played with great success; particularly the entitled *Habis*, in which we find feeling and poetry. Mademoiselle Bernard, who lived in this century, besides various very pleasing pieces in verse, and some pretty Novels, wrote two Tragedies, *Brutus* and *Laodamia*; the first, especially, had great success: from which M. de Voltaire has not disdained to borrow a thought, which is always particularly applauded in his Tragedy of Brutus. In the Play by Mademoiselle Bernard, Brutus, being alone with his son, says,

Forbear! Oh end not the horrid recital,
But suffer my confus'd soul to doubt
Whether I have or have not now a son.

T I T U S.

No; thou hast not.

In Voltaire's Tragedy, Brutus, alone with his son, says,
The Gods made me a Father to two sons,
Whom I loved.—One is lost—What do I say!
One! Speak wretched Titus—Have I a son?

T I T U S.

No; thou hast not.

(*f*) Except Madame la Marquise de Lambert, who, indeed, may be placed in this century, since she died in 1722. It is true, she was 86 years of age.

moral

moral works; and there are, at this moment, several women, in France, who cultivate Letters, with reputation, in various branches of Literature. In England they have the same success (*f*); and in Russia, a woman directs the labours of a celebrated Academy, of which she is perpetual President; and really, madam, if that will not satisfy you, you are very hard to please.

You forget the learned Ladies of the last century.

I see you envy Madame Dacier.

You must own, Ladies, now, do not understand Greek.

And I must likewise own the men do not either. We learn the Greek alphabet, after which we read translations, then we say we know Greek, and this is the whole mystery. As to other languages, we meet with many Ladies who know English, Italian, Spanish, and even Latin.

Latin!

Yes, you yourself are acquainted with three.

What three women who understand Latin?

Yes, madam, who understand Latin; there are Madame N ***, Mademoiselle N ***, her daughter, and Madame the Marchioness de L***, who all know it as perfectly as the most studious men.

(*f*) Among others, the Author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*; and likewise Miss Hannah More, the Author of several well written moral works, and two Tragedies, played at the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, and which continue to be played.

Madame de Genlis has not an extensive knowledge of English Literature, otherwise she would not certainly have omitted to mention Miss Seward and Mrs. Cowley, perhaps several others. T.

Know

Know Latin! And I, who have been acquainted with them these three years, never to suspect it! Women then may be modest as well as learned, and scholars without being Pedants; nay, without wishing to have their abilities known.—But let us continue the comparison between the women of the last century and this. I do not remember any French women of the age of Louis XIV. who understood Mathematics; and we have had Madame du Châtlet.—Do you know any Foreigners—

England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Italy, present a crowd of women eminent for their extent and depth of knowledge; a woman has even received in this age, an honour, which incontestably proved, her talents were very superior to those of all the learned in her nation, then in existence. A Pope, equally distinguished for his understanding and information, Benedict XIV. bestowed on Maria Agnezi, a celebrated Mathematician, the place of Apostolical Professor in the University of Bologna in 1558.

A woman Apostolical Professor! Well, that really delights me. How great must be her merit to pretend to such a place!

And does not Benedict XIV. who to reward superior merit did a thing so uncommon, deserve a word of praise from you?

O yes; *though a Man and a Pope*, he was superior to vulgar prejudices against women.

These prejudices will be forgotten when education is better understood, and when women will imagine themselves capable of acquiring all the knowledge, and all the arts, as perfectly as the men.

We

We do not think this, and therefore we remain ignorant. All serious studies seem superior to our minds. So it seems you think excessive humility makes us frivolous.—Well, I am glad you have found out that.—But I am uneasy about another thing; no person can deny there have been women of genius; the famous Elizabeth, Queen of England, and other Heroines, are our proofs; yet it is obstinately maintained, there are certain works of imagination, which require a force and energy women have not. Thus, for example, it is affirmed, no woman can write an excellent Tragedy: the Tragedies of Mademoiselle Barbier and Bernard, and of Madame de Gomez, were played with success, at first, 'tis true; but they are not played at present.

Remember, madam, since the Cleopatra of Jodelle (*a*), only five women have written Tragedies that have been played on the French Theatre; and you must allow it would have been miraculous, if out of the small number, one had been found equal to Racine. These five Authors, far from having written contemptible works, were successful; and what could reasonably be hoped for more? think on the other hand, what an innumerable swarm of Tragic Writers have proceeded, and come after Corneille; how many have been condemned for one that was approved. How many have been forgotten, and how many shall be forgotten. I therefore do not see what foundation there is to assert, that, to write a Tragedy belongs only to men, and that women ought not to pretend to it: it is wrong to judge them, till they have been oftener tried. It

(*a*) The first French Tragedy.

must be owned they have written good Poetry; that they have wit, understanding, dignity of mind, and feeling; and what more is required to write a good Tragedy? Often have they even in this way, charmed the public at much less expence (a).

You speak of women in a very flattering manner; but do not you think, they have, in general, treated us with great rigour, and that there never was a less gallant age than the present.

That is a sign greatly in your favour, so it proves there is a real competition for superiority between men and women. We are willing enough to praise you when you are only amiable; but if once you discover eminence, in any one thing, we have a right to find fault, for we are the Masters, and surely we must maintain subordination. For my part, when I think on the education of women, I cannot conceive how one can help admiring them. Let us suppose, that Corneille and Racine had learnt nothing from infancy to youth, that is, till they were eighteen or twenty, but to dance and play on the Harpsicord; and that afterwards they had heard speak of Balls, Feasts, and Visits. Behold them at that Epocha, obliged to answer numberless messages every morning, and do nothing but write Billets, and read the Journal de Paris. Do you think they would then have written *Cinna* and *Athalie*?

You are in the right, and we have been refused the gifts of genius a little too lightly.

(a) I might easily have proved, without all these reasonings, a woman may possess this uncommon and sublime Art, had I been permitted to add another name to those already cited.

The

The conversation of Aurelia and Luzincourt was interrupted by a Visitor, and Luzincourt took leave without finding occasion to speak his sentiments. He loved Aurelia, but dared not to tell her so. Certain of having obtained her friendship, he feared if he declared his passion, he might lose a thing to him so precious. Absent from her he was all hope, and determined within himself to open his heart to her; present with her he lost all his confidence, and durst not speak, unless on indifferent things.

At last he determined to write, began ten Letters, and satisfied with none tore them all: remembering he was soon going to have a five Act Comedy played at the French Theatre, he said to himself, Should it be condemned, I must give up the happiness to which I aspire; should it be successful, Aurelia may, perhaps, be inclined to favour my passion. This idea determined him to be still silent, although the effort was very painful.

While he was giving the finishing touches to his Comedy, Damoville, to keep awake the public attention, announced to the world, he had just finished the last Canto of an Epic Poem; his friends very gravely asserted, it was a perfect work. Every body wished to see this new *Chef-d'œuvre*, and readings again began. The Poetry was called sublime, the Pictures delightful; the plan could not be judged of yet, for detached parts only had been heard; but it was universally allowed, the Poet had at last as much genius as Virgil; and so great was the fame of this work, that the foreign Princes, with whom Damoville held correspondences, testified a desire to read it. Damoville accordingly sent his Poem, and the most
flattering

flattering Eulogiums, Pensions, and Portraits, were his rewards.

In this the moment of triumph and glory, Damoville was obliged, very unwillingly, to interrupt his readings. His ancient Protectress and intimate friend, Madame d'Herblay, died; his attachment to her was so well known that he could not dispense with being most profoundly afflicted; accordingly he disappeared, and shut himself up for a fortnight, after which he again went into company.

He came one evening to Aurelia's, and found her alone with Luzincourt. Aurelia mentioned his absence: I became a recluse, replied Damoville, that I might think of nothing but *her*. I have written *her Eulogium*, will you hear it?

But how, with grief so violent, could you write?

I have had that fortitude, and, if you have a moment to spare, I flatter myself you will be interested by this short discourse; you will find it expressive of simplicity, and real grief; that is, you will perceive all I have felt.

Damoville fetched a deep sigh, and, after a moment's silence, coolly unfolded his Manuscript, and with dry eyes and a firm tone of voice, read the funeral Eulogium of the intimate friend whom he had so recently lost. This Eulogium was written with great care, art, and want of feeling; it was interspersed with short anecdotes, and happy sayings and sentiments attributed to the defunct; the whole seasoned with exclamations, and a score of trivial and unintelligible maxims of friendship and grief; a kind of Philosophic and Metaphysic Galimatias terminated this master-piece of sentiment, which, as it was easy to see, was com-
posed

posed according to all the rules of Oratoric and Academic Art.

Really, said Aurelia, I cannot conceive how it is possible to form a plan, write floridly, and compose a discourse in the first moments of deep affliction; I should think one neither could labour nor meditate, and must own that grief, expressed with so much art and wit, does not seem to me very profound.

Art! I assure you there is no art here.

It is true, there is no great order in the ideas, nor connection between the sentences; but that is not the kind of negligence I wish: I do not know what is wanting, but I know I have not wept. This I must alledge to you, for surely it is not my fault: believe me, whoever is truly grieved, is incapable of writing a fine discourse. I know that, at present, as soon as an Author sees the person he loves the best in danger of death, he is less occupied by melancholy than by the care of preparing, at all events, an Eulogium worthy to eternize the memory of the beloved object; but this fashion cannot last, for, while those who follow it endeavour to persuade us of their extreme sensibility, they prove the exact contrary: thus, for example, had I not known you did not love Madam d'Herblay, I should have learnt it from your Eulogium.

How, that I did not love her?

You forget that you have told me so a hundred times; ask Luzincourt; you have often spoken of her to us as of an intriguing woman, every way contemptible; but she was then alive and well, and her funeral Eulogium was not in question.

I am not astonished you have not wept; but this is an abuse of confidence on your part, that—

I again

I again protest, that if I had not known your secret, I should not have wept.

I do not think so ; I shall this evening sup with twelve or fifteen people, to whom I will read my Eulogium, and am certain that every body will melt into tears.

Damoville was again deceived, he read his Eulogium to a large company, not one of whom wept. It is true, it was a thousand times repeated in his ears, nothing could be more interesting or affecting.

Luzincourt supped with Aurelia the same evening, and the conversation turned on a Man of Letters and an Academican, who was just dead. Every person who had any pretensions to succeed him in the Academy, was mentioned, and Damoville's name was at the head of the list ; but Luzincourt heard, with surprize, the Viscount de Valrive named among the rest. Desirous of knowing if he really intended to become a candidate, as soon as he saw him, he asked. I pretend, to such a place ! replied the Viscount ; what are my qualifications ?

You have wit, knowledge, and love of learning, which is all the Academy requires of a man of condition ; and it does not often require even that.

If the Academicans, as they have done, should chuse a person named by themselves, and their choice should fall on me, I should be exceedingly flattered, and think I might accept the honour, without making myself ridiculous ; but were I instead of that, to lay a claim to, and solicit it, while the public are ignorant, not only if I have knowledge, but if I even am acquainted with the principles of my language, what could they think?

No,

No, this never shall be my conduct; it seems to me very evident, that any man, be him who he will, who is the Author of a printed work, may, without much pride, become a candidate. It is well known, superior talents are not absolutely necessary to gain admittance; and an Author may say, I have written a book, read, and judge; but what plea has a man of condition, who never has shewn his abilities, except in conversation? Yet he must present himself, visit all the Academicians, and formally solicit the vacant place. To make a demand, a right must be established; should he then say, "Gentlemen, I protest I have as much understanding as is necessary to gain admittance among you; I have not yet written any book, but I will write charming ones. Here are three or four Men of Letters Candidates, as well as myself; but I assure you, they are not equal to me; and every one of my acquaintance tells me, you must of course give me preference." Such are the best and surest reason he can give; whether he does or no, matters little; for his conduct, visits, and solicitations, incontestably say all that.

We find men of rank, Academicians of real merit, who yet have never written any books.

I confess it; but do you think they made all these reflections?

Luzincourt was obliged to own the Viscount's reasoning was just; and that, in effect, it was a discouraging and melancholy circumstance, for a Man of Literature to find himself opposed by a man of fashion, who has no other titles to produce than the good opinion he has of himself, and the Eulogiums of his friends.

Autumn advanced; Luzincourt's Comedy was received, and put in rehearsal. During this time, Damoville printed his Epic Poem. The public impatiently waited for the appearance of this vaunted work, and not one person was heard to mention the Comedy of Luzincourt. At last, in the month of January, the poem was announced in the Journals, and the very same day the Bookseller's shop was crowded, and two hundred copies were bought in the space of twelve hours; but the Bookseller himself preserved, entire, the rest of the edition, during his life; and before the end of the week, the immortal work was consigned to oblivion.

Luzincourt's Comedy had the most complete and brilliant success, for it presented a picture of manners as real as it was witty. It was impossible to say the Author did not know the World, or that his Characters wanted reality; Envy had but one resource, which she always employs to advantage on like occasions; that is, to make applications, and give real names to imaginary Beings. The Author's strokes had been general, but particular views were attributed to them; incapable of affirming he was not a faithful Painter, the only resource was to make him an odious one.

By such accusations a clamour was actually excited against him in one part of Society; some were told, You were the person he meant; and others affirmed he had not spared his friends. Do you not see, said one, how much such a Character resembles the Viscount de Valrive; the same turn of expression, the same manners. True it is, he has given this character ridiculous foibles, which the Viscount has not; but in that lies the infamy of the act, which is monstrous! atrocious!—

And

And who is that contemptible Coquette, who plays so important a part in his Comedy?

That is Madame de Champrose. Who can mistake her manners, and the turn of expression so peculiar to her? The likeness is striking, but, at the same time, dishonourable; she never before was thought a mischievous intriguer; and such are the frightful features he has given her. This is dreadful.

Thus was poor Luzincourt treated, only because he had given a true Picture of Life, of which other Authors had no idea. One of his Characters had the charms of the Viscount de Valrive in conversation; another had expressions like those of Madame de Champrose. Such were what was called striking Portraits.

Aurelia informed Luzincourt of what the world said. She sent for him one evening, and told him, I have just seen a lady who is outrageous against you. Madame de Sezac.

For what cause?

She recollects herself in your Portrait of the Coquette; says you used to visit her formerly, and is convinced you meant to draw her Character.

Then at present it no longer belongs to Madame de Champrose.

No; for Madame de Sezac, has tricked her out of it; she maintains it cannot be disputed, as she will prove.

Just as Aurelia said this, Damoville entered, and addressing himself to Luzincourt, You have brought a fine affair upon your hands, said he, I have just left a lady, who never, as long as she lives, will pardon your Coquette.

I have just heard replied, Luzincourt, of this new artifice; but I assure you, I thought no more of Madame de Sezac, than of Madame de Champrose.

I am not speaking of Madame de Sezac.

No! Of whom then?

Of Madame de Blagny.

Madame de Blagny! I do not know her; I never saw her.

No matter for that; she is certain you meant her, and all the company at her house is of her opinion.

Luzincourt sighed. Console yourself, said Aurelia, the purity of your intentions should make you despise such vain clamours and ridiculous injustice. Let them compare your Picture of Life with those which most other Authors draw, and your Comedy will be found less vicious, your Characters much less revolting; it will be seen, whether the world be as contemptible and perverse as certain writers pretend; yet your work excites universal anger, and why? Because, with a deep knowledge of the human heart and manners, the Author wanders not from nature; he presents not only possible things, but real; paints no chimerical Beings; produces no Monsters; all is true, natural, and striking; and among such Portraits, each person might easily find himself.

These reflections could not totally dissipate Luzincourt's dejection; Hatred wanted power to intimidate, but not to afflict him; and his enemies were more numerous, because no Author had ever shewn a more perfect or uniform impartiality; never did Envy or Resentment dictate his Criticisms. and never did Policy, or the trifling interest of the moment, prevent him from boldly condemning

demning what he thought condemnable, with such restrictions as reason and justice prescribe.

Such equitable and moderate conduct will never gain Partizans; it may obtain universal esteem, and may give to a work of mediocrity, in other respects, an attraction which shall cause it to be read, a merit the more to be desired, for being uncommon; but this will gain no puffers, but a multitude of enemies. Thus, for example, Luzincourt was no blind admirer of Jean Jacques Rousseau; he condemned his errors, his inconsistencies; reproached his want of principle, and often of taste; but he admired in his soul, the genius and superior talents of that extraordinary man; and especially, his noble independence and sincere contempt for intrigue.

In speaking this, Luzincourt offended the enthusiastic Partizans of Rousseau, and at the same time incurred the hatred of his enemies. A similar misfortune attended him, when he spoke of the philosopher of Ferney. Voltaire's enemies reproached Luzincourt for having praised his benevolence, and the noble use he made of his fortune. Gentlemen, replied Luzincourt, I have been at Ferney, where I found neither a Philosopher nor a happy Sage; but I found a man who was beloved by his vassals, because he was good to them. This I have seen, and this I ought to say.

The same party was still more angry with Luzincourt, not only because he had not equalled Crebillon to Voltaire, but because he had not maintained Crebillon had more genius and originality. Gentlemen, replied Luzincourt, I may be deceived, and particularly on this point; but such is my opinion; this I have thought; this I ought to say; this I have said.

Such answers, far from being satisfactory, irritated more ; but *friends* laid yet another train. What Arrogance ! cried they ; what Pretensions ! what Pride ! A simple Moralist ; who is neither Philosopher, Encyclopedist, Gluckist, nor Piccinist ; who, in fact, is nothing ; shall he presume to speak on Literature, to decide, judge, and criticise Voltaire.

Alas ! Gentlemen, replied the modest Luzincourt, I know very well it appertains to you, only, to *decide* and *judge*, and I protest it is not my intention to either *judge* or *decide*, as you understand those words. I neither set myself up for a Reformer, nor declare War against whoever does not think like me. I do not even pretend my opinions are new ; I have given them without confidence and pride, because they will one day be adopted, I assure you, by a great number of very sensible people ; and permit me, gentlemen, to add, neither Genius nor a great deal of Wit, are necessary to form a judicious Criticism : Good Sense and Equity are the main requisites.

Luzincourt answered in vain ; they heard him not, but continued to affirm he was equally proud and malicious.

But such injustice did not prevent the Public from admiring and esteeming his works ; they were unmercifully abused, by some sets of people, but they were read, applauded, and translated.

Luzincourt, at last, determined to declare his sentiments to Aurelia ; he wrote, sent his letter, and waited at home for an answer, on which the happiness of his life depended. Agitated by a thousand different fears, he strided backward and forward in his chamber ; he had been more than an hour in that state, when Damoville entered. The visit surprized him, for all connexion between them

them had long been almost entirely broken off; but vanity and malignity brought back Damoville, of which Luzincourt had soon a cruel proof.

I come, my dear Luzincourt, said Damoville, to inform you of a happiness to which I hardly durst pretend, or, at least, of which I but feebly flattered myself.

What is it?

First, there is a vacancy in the Academy; Dorsenne died last night.

I have no doubt you will be the successful Candidate.

I have, indeed, some right to hope so.

This, without compliment, may be predicted.

But that is not what just now touches me nearest, I love Aurelia; of which you cannot be ignorant, for I have observed your penetration.

Well, said Luzincourt, with inexpressible perplexity.

Well——She has long known my sentiments. Known them long!

This morning, however, I have written, and pressed her to inform me of my fate. Here is her answer.

So saying, Damoville took Aurelia's letter from his pocket, and read thus aloud:

"You have a rival, who is a Man of Letters.
"I esteem you both, but I love fame only.
"There is a vacancy in the Academy; he alone
"whose merits may entitle him to this place, I
"shall think worthy of me; therefore can give
"no further answer till this is decided."

Luzincourt, after having read this billet, felt an emotion of anger and indignation, which it was impossible to conceal.—Such are women, cried he; it is not Fame they love; they know it

not; Vanity, puerile and contemptible Vanity, seduces and guides them.

Your anger surprizes me, replied Damoville, with a sarcastic smile: What! are you, Luzincourt, the redoubted Rival with whom I am threatened?

Luzincourt, driven by this speech to madness, said every thing extravagant, which Rage, Love, and Despair could suggest. Damoville triumphed, and contained himself, without difficulty, within the bounds of moderation, which it is very easy for the successful to do; and soon left the unfortunate Luzincourt overwhelmed with grief, which every new thought served but to aggravate.

I cannot doubt, said Luzincourt, of Aurelia's preference for Damoville; her Billet clearly expresses, that the Academy's choice shall be her's. She is certain they will chuse Damoville. I well know she is unacquainted with the whole of his character; I, alas! have had the generosity never to say a word, whence she might suspect how contemptible I think him; yet she does not think well of his works, and she esteems mine, I am sure she does; she has given me proofs of confidence, of friendship.—I have only been able to obtain a cold esteem, while my Rival has won her heart.—He has found the means to please her, that is evident.—She is blind, and wishes to continue so.—With so much wit, penetration so natural and so quick, how was it possible she should be seduced by a man so unworthy of her? She condemns herself, no doubt, but inclination triumphs over reason.

Such were the mournful reflections that tore the heart of Luzincourt. One moment he promised himself never to see the ungrateful Aurelia more, the next would resolve to go and vent every reproach

approach he thought she deserved. At last, an unexpected Messenger came and brought him to a determination.

Aurelia sent him a note, in which she desired to speak with him immediately. He ran, he flew, he was instantly with her, he found her alone, and was astonished he could not observe the least alteration of countenance. As he ran, he had composed a most affecting generous discourse, by which he proposed to dissipate the extreme anxiety which he imagined Aurelia must feel; but when he saw her so calm, so serene, he felt the inutility of his discourse, and found it was he who stood in need of such assistance.

He had not the power to speak a word; and Aurelia asked him, with a mild air, if he had not seen Damoville? Luzincourt, confounded by such a question, made no reply. His proceeding I find has been very noble, continued Aurelia, negligently; he has shown you my note, though he suspects you are his Rival; there is something frank and great in such a conduct.

Aurelia stopt, as if she expected an answer, but she did not obtain one. Luzincourt was ready to break out, but he contained himself; and this first emotion over, determined to dissemble his anger and vexation. He could not permit himself to tell her what were his real sentiments of Damoville, for he imagined, should he have the weakness to betray his former generosity in that respect, Aurelia would attribute all he could say to jealousy; he was firmly resolved therefore to be silent.

Aurelia, after waiting a moment, said to him, Well, when will you begin your Canvas?

What Canvas, madam?

Your solicitations to the Academicians.

This is too much, madam, replied Luzincourt, driven beyond himself. Can you add raillery to cruelty?

Hear me, Luzincourt, replied Aurelia, mildly, hear me, and be calm. Think on my situation; I will describe it. I love Literature, and have a strong passion for Fame: two things I have determined to do, first to marry again, and next to marry a Man of Letters; but I wish him to be the man of most merit. Among the men of Letters with whom I am acquainted, there are only you and Damoville whose reputation can satisfy my vanity. You both love me, and I am left to chuse. I am not blinded by passion, I have the free use of my reason; though I will confess plainly, I feel in my heart some emotions of preference, which, were I to yield to them, would decide for you.

What do I hear! cried Luzincourt, can it be?

It certainly is so, replied Aurelia; but added she, smiling, you are not the nearer for that; on the contrary, I suspect my heart; I fear to be prejudiced, and shrink from such a decision. I will not judge you, but will leave it to forty Elders of the nation, a Council of Sages, who will assemble and deliberate purposely to put me out of pain, and to fix my opinion and irresolution. Once more I repeat to you, I am irrevocably bent on giving my hand to him, whose merit shall entitle him to a place in the Academy.

Is it possible you can speak seriously?

I protest I do.

What! You love me, and you refuse to listen to that love which pleads for me?—

O! Do not deceive me, do not play upon my credulity.

Speak

Speak no more of my sentiments ; wait till the Academy has pronounced ; observe, positively, I require you should become a Candidate.

But are you serious ? What is your design ?

My design ? Why do you ask ?——I have said I love you ; if you think me capable of deceit you do not esteem me, and in that case you need not be condemned by the Academy to be forgotten.——

You make me tremble, replied Luzincourt, falling on his knees. Pardon the perplexity and astonishment, which your unaccountable discourse and sentiments occasion.——No, I doubt not your sincerity, but this rapturous confession is at once my felicity and torment ; you love me, I ought to be, and I am happy ; but you rob me of hope : you promise your hand to my Rival, for he will be chosen, every body expects and knows he will, and so do you.

No, replied Aurelia, I do not think it, if you solicit you will obtain the place.

Remember, madam, I have not one friend among the Academicians ; on the contrary——you always spoke with respect of the Academy in your works, as I remember.

Certainly ; and so I always shall ; but a few Epigrams on a body of men are not much felt. Such levities are easily pardoned ; but there is a more serious wrong, of which I have, perhaps, been guilty ; it is very possible, that there are principles and opinions in my works, which the Chiefs of the Academy do not approve.

You perplex yourself in vain ; if your morals are pure, and your principles not dangerous, they cannot be disapproved by the Academy. I know Damoville is more beloved than you are,
but

but that is of no importance, affection and friendship are out of the question; justice is the thing required.

Yes; but observe, madam, this is the only tribunal where friends and enemies may openly appear; think of it's former decisions.

Yet it has given proofs of great impartiality; it was ridiculed by M. de Montesquieu in his Persian Letters most openly; nay more, he satirized Men of Letters, without exception; yet this was the work which gained him a seat in the French Academy (*a*). This impartiality was the more remarkable, for that the Academy had an excellent pretext to reject the Author of the Persian Letters, notwithstanding the superiority of his abilities, the work being full of dangerous principles and traits on Religion.

Be that as it will, I am desirous you should begin your Canvas this very day.

I obey, but do not comprehend you, madam.

I believe, replied Aurelia, smiling; and your obedience will have the greater value. It grows late, go begin your visits, and return here to supper.

Luzincourt wished still to remonstrate, but Aurelia would not listen; and he left her unable to divine her motives, or doubt her sincerity.

Luzincourt returned in the evening more dejected than ever. The reception he had met with in his visits, had not left him the least ray of hope; he complained to Aurelia, who still held the same language. He knew not what to think, but his agitation was extreme. Whatever caprice might occasion this conduct in Aurelia, he could

(*a*) It was his first work.

not renounce all hope, being certain of a secret preference.

The day of decision at length arrived, and Aurelia would have her two lovers to dine at her house, that they might learn in her presence, on whom the Academy had conferred their votes.

After dinner, Aurelia made them both promise to submit without murmuring to their fate. Damoville, certain of his ground, made a pompous display of fine sentiments. Luzincourt could neither speak nor think. The moment of destiny drew near, and fear and apprehension succeeded to the various sentiments, which he had till then flattered his heart; it seemed at this moment clear to him, that Aurelia and his Rival understood each other; and that her purpose was only to add to the glory of Damoville, by giving him an opponent, who might render his triumph more complete in the eyes of the Public. The miserable Luzincourt saw himself basely deceived, played upon, betrayed, and kept a mournful silence. Aurelia seemed maliciously to behold and enjoy that dreadful perplexity which he could not dissemble.

At five o'clock Aurelia received a letter, and went into an inner room, whither she soon sent for Damoville and Luzincourt to come to her. As soon as they appeared she advanced towards them, and said, I was desirous of announcing to you myself the decision of the Academy.

Luzincourt's colour went and came. Damoville knew too well what that decision was, to suffer the least inquietude; he pressed Aurelia, however, to pronounce his fate.

That I shall do, said she, and not think I shall astonish either of you, by telling you that you
Damoville.

Damoville had *all the Votes*——but it is now time to fulfil an engagement dear to my heart.——I promised my hand to him, whose *merits might entitle him to the place you have obtained*, and this is the man.

How! interrupted Damoville, what is it you mean to say?

That the Academy has chosen you, but that I chuse Luzincourt.

Luzincourt, quite beside himself, fell at Aurelia's feet.——And do you think, exclaimed Damoville, in a tone of rage, do you think, madam, you have nothing to fear from the resentment of a man whom you have so perfidiously deceived.

I have not deceived you, replied Aurelia, coldly; please to recollect, Sir, the words of my Billet, they are these; *There is a vacancy in the Academy; he alone, whose merits may entitle him to this place, I shall think worthy of me.*——Luzincourt's modesty and your vanity, only could produce your mutual error: had you done yourselves justice, this Billet would have deceived neither of you.

As to any thing further, continued Aurelia, I shall soon calm your excessive choler. I have long known you Damoville; Men of Art like you, are not so difficult to be understood as you imagine; and besides here are Letters, which put your character out of doubt.

So saying, she took out a pocket-book, opened it, and shewing Damoville the papers it contained, asked him if he did not know the handwriting.

Heavens! cried Damoville, by what treachery came those Letters into your hands.

You

You talked just now of resentment, said Aurelia; judge if a woman's is not to be feared.—I am defamed in these Letters addressed to Madame d'Herblay, and many other people are treated in them with the like freedom. Madame d'Herblay, your confidant at that time, found reason to complain of you in the end, and quarrelled with you only to be avenged. Thinking I intended to marry you, she sent me these a fortnight before her death. You now perceive, you knew not all the reasons I had not to weep at your *Eulogium* on her; and I flatter myself, my insensibility will at present appear less wonderful.

Aurelia then sat down, and was silent. Damoville, confounded, annihilated, stood motionless.—After a moment's pause, Damoville addressing Aurelia, said—Conclude, madam, and convince me how fatal the resentment and hatred of a woman may be; shew my Enemies these Letters, publish them, and sink me for ever. I am at your mercy!

I dare assure you, said Luzincourt, Aurelia is incapable of so doing.

Be calm Damoville, answered Aurelia, you are safe. Madame d'Herblay was then necessary to you, she hated without knowing me, and to please her you have not hesitated to speak ill of me; you have satirized and blackened me, but I have neither hatred nor resentment. You want principles; you think that straight-forward Virtue is prejudicial to Fortune, and are malicious and intriguing from calculation. I wished not revenge, but to give you a useful lesson, which may be at all times beneficial: I wished to demonstrate to you the absurdity of the cowardly and timid system you have followed. What are the fruits
of

of all your artifices? Do you now think, that by intrigue and cabal, you may at once engage the Public to read your Works, determine Foreigners to translate them, and vanquish a Rival, who owes his reputation only to his abilities. Adieu, here are your Letters, take them, I kept them only to return them.

Damoville seized the pocket-book which Aurelia presented instantly, and hastily escaped and disappeared.

Luzincourt now gave way to all the transports which love, gratitude, and excessive joy might inspire. I deceived you, said Aurelia, to prove you, for I was highly interested to know you; I have long studied your character, and am at last certain, that in making you happy I shall make myself so.

In the evening Luzincourt tore himself from Aurelia's presence to find the Viscount, with whom he passed a great part of the night conversing on his happiness. He had immediately written to his father, who truly rejoiced; and came to Paris, that he might attend so dear and worthy a son to the Altar, where Luzincourt received the hand of Aurelia.

As they left the Church, his father took him in his arms, pressed him to his bosom, and exclaimed, Oh! my son, I foretold thee that an upright conduct, a contempt of intrigue, and a respect for Religion and Morality, distinguished estimable Authors, and bequeath permanent reputation; that the love of true glory could alone give desirable success, and that soon or late, happiness must be the consequence of Virtue and Genius.

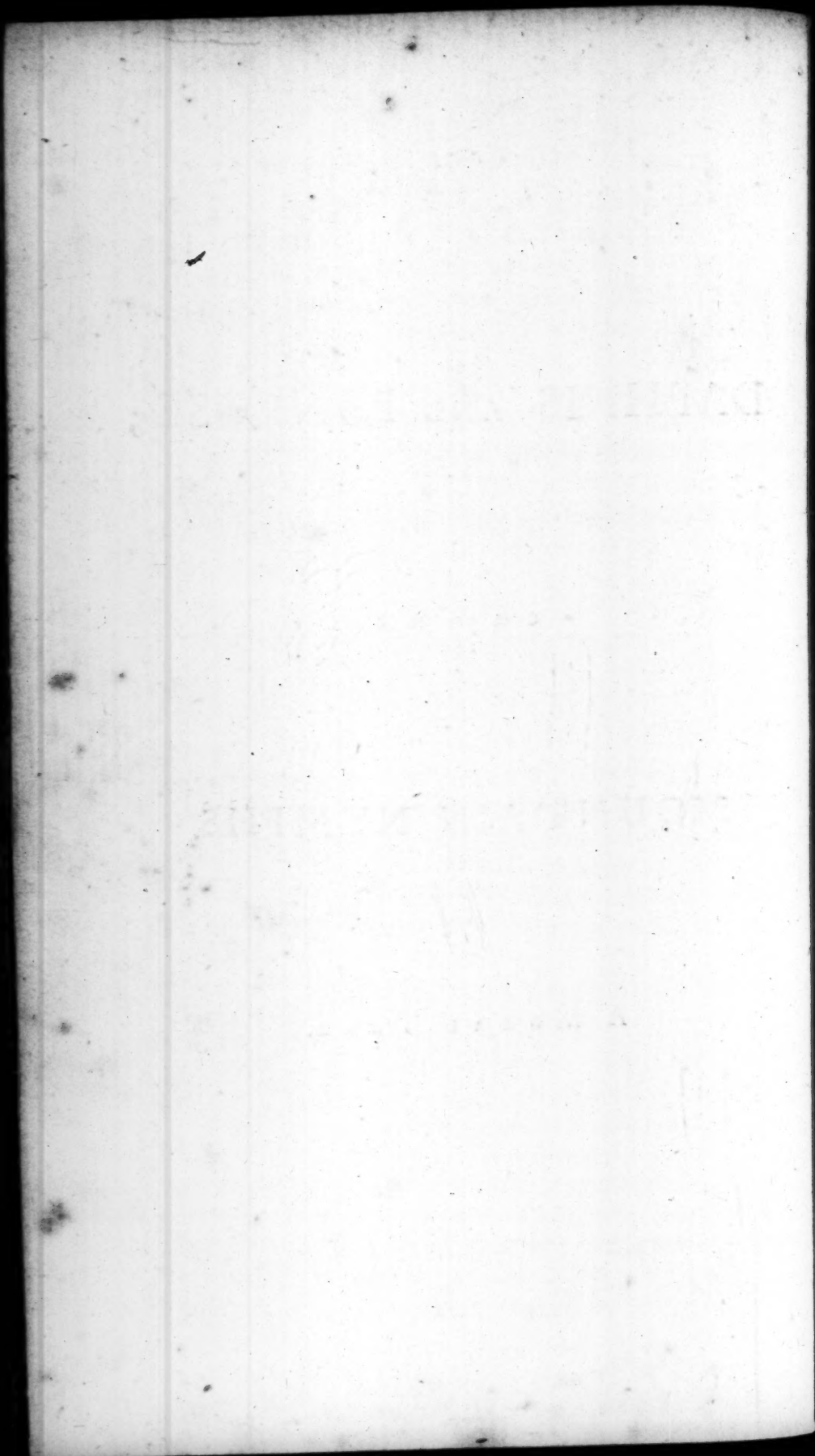
DAPHNIS

DAPHNIS AND PANROSE;

OR THE

MOUNTAIN NYMPHS.

A MORAL TALE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

I WISHED to prove Love was but an Illusion, that promised happiness, which it could only trouble or destroy. The Allegories of Mythology I thought might render these moral truths more striking, wherefore I thought for a Subject in fabulous story, and I found one which perfectly agreed with my plan. It is the following :

“Daphnis, a young Sicilian Shepherd, and Son of Mercury, loved a Nymph, with whom he obtained from heaven a decree, that whoever should first violate the conjugal vow should be struck blind. Daphnis forgot his oath, attached himself to another Nymph, and was immediately deprived of sight.”

Dictionnaire de la Fable, par Chompre.

As I have long known fabulous history contained a multitude of incidents not common, and many interesting Persons, Heroines, Nymphs, and even Divinities in the same predicament, I was certain of at least presenting a new picture, which in this kind of writing is a merit seldom enough seen. I do not pretend, however,
to

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

to have made any very deep researches for this little Tale. A volume in twelves satisfied me, which was the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, a book that is in the hands of most young people ; and is esteemed with reason by every body, for the prodigious quantity of facts it contains, and because that it alone may afford a sufficient knowledge of Mythology to those who take the pains to read it. But these are so few, that I have thought it necessary to place here the *Dramatis Personæ*, as at the head of a Comedy, for the better understanding of the Tale, which is often done by various English Authors. Richardson at the beginning of his *Clarissa*, gives a list of his Characters ; and I do not see why we should not adopt a custom which increases perspicuity ; like as we have borrowed from these same Novels, that of retrenching *our*, said he, answered he, and replied she.

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VENUS.

CUPID.

MERCURY. The Son of Jupiter and Maia.

DRYAS. { The Daughter of Faunus (a), and
 Goddeſs of Shame and Modesty.
 Men were not permitted to attend
 her Sacrifices. She was in the
 rank of rural Gods, was honoured
 in Cities, but inhabited only Mea-
 dows, Woods, and Mountains.

DAPHNIS. { A Sicilian Shepherd, the Son of
 Mercury, and Lover of Panrose.

PANROSE. { One of the Oreades, that is to ſay,
 Nymphs of the Mountains.

CYNISCA. { The Daughter of Archidamas. She
 obtained the firſt Prize from the
 Charioteers in the Olympic
 Games, on which ſhe was decreed
 great Honours (b).

The SCENE lies, for the moſt part, in Sicily, and
 I have choſen to place it on Mount Ætna, of
 which I ſuppoſe Pan was one of the Oreades.

(a) Faunus, the Son of Picus, eſtabliſhed the Public
 Worſhip to Saturn, his Grandfather, and placed his Father
 Picus, and his Wife and Siſter Fauna, in the number of the
 Gods. He was, himſelf, honoured as a God; his Wife
 was held the firſt Goddeſs of the Fauns, a ſpecies of Divi-
 nities, particularly conſulted on future events. Fairies
 have replaced the Fauns. *Diſt. de la Fable.*

(b) This Cyniſca was the Daughter of Archidamas,
 King of Sparta. The *Dictionnaire de la Fable* does not
 mention this circumſtance, but all the ancient Authors,
 who ſpeak of Cyniſca, do.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

A Description of MOUNT ÆTNA,

IT was from Mount Ætna that Pluto carried off Proserpine, who was gathering flowers and was forming them into garlands. Cyane, who endeavoured to oppose him, was changed into a fountain. From Ætna may be discovered the river Acis, which bears the same name to this very day. The Gulfs of Scylla and Charybdis are also in Sicily, as is the Fountain Arethusa. The Lake of the Palicii is found on Mount Ætna, the origin of which was as follows: The Muse Thalia, beloved of Jupiter, and dreading the wrath of Juno, prayed the earth might swallow her up, and her prayer was heard. In this situation she became the mother of twins, were called Palicii, because they were born twice; the first time from their mother's womb, and the second from the womb of the earth; two Lakes arose formidable to the perjured and the guilty, in the spot where they were born on the summit of Ætna; the Sicilians sacrificed to [the Palicii as Divinities. Poets have feigned, that the forges of Vulcan were in the bowels of Ætna, and that the Cyclops laboured there continually, to make thunder-bolts for Jupiter.—*Dict. de la Fable.*

I have

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

I have only here given such explanations as were necessary to understand the Tale, a few others I have added as notes, at the end of the work; I have not used by far all the interesting and little known incidents I found in the Dictionnaire de la Fable, as any person may see, who will take the trouble to look under the article Lybas; whose history would have furnished me with an excellent Episode, had I wished to lengthen this trifle, and which certainly would make a fine subject for an Opera. The articles Phyllis, Peristera, Phaloe, &c. would have done the same. How many novelties might I then have presented, had I, instead of scrupulously keeping myself to my little Dictionnaire, availed myself of those seventeen or eighteen volumes which contains the ancient Mythology (*a*); but were I either Painter or Poet I would again read, and attentively, that I might not be obliged to copy subjects which have become so common as to be known by every body.

(*a*) The Iliad, Odyssey, Æneid with Notes.—The Metamorphoses of Ovid.—Herodotus, and the two first volumes of Diodorus of Sicily.—Mœurs des Grecs, by Menard, &c.

DAPHNIS

DAPHNIS AND PANROSE,

OR THE

MOUNTAIN NYMPHS.

A MORAL TALE.

Palce l'Agnà l'erbette, il Lupo l'Agne,
Ma il crudo Amor di lagrime si palce
Ne' sene mostra mai satollo.

Aminia di Torquato Tasso.

NIGHT, gloomy and tranquil, reigned over the universe; the God of Day, on the bosom of Thetis, forgot Olympus and mankind, and left his sister to enlighten the world. The insensible Goddess regrettingly lends her light; despises and hates Love, whom yet her soft and tender rays favour. Already the unhappy Orion, victim of rash passion, shines in the Heavens; he waits the moment, when Diana, in her slow and measured course, makes her approach. Already is seen the Nymph beloved by Jupiter, and her Son the youthful Arcas; the affectionate Andromeda is by her Lover's side; the bright Star of Venus appears; all announce Love; and the Heavens and the Earth retrace and paint his power.

The haughty Diana sighs at the sight; but, casting her eyes towards the delicious Isle of Paphos, she there discovers a momentary consolation, her

her enemy Love bathed in tears, on his mother's knee ; the Bowers and Brooks echo back his sobs and plaints ; his anger is the anger of a capricious child ; by seeking to appease, he is made more impetuous and more obstinate ; Venus in vain caresses and clasps him in her arms, he struggles and rebels, his grief increases, and his vexation becomes wrath.

Venus, irritated in her turn, puts him from her, and reproaches him for his frowardness. Unconquerable and cruel boy, said the Goddess, mildness, gentleness, and indulgence, make thee only more intractable and fierce——But I guess too well the cause of this deep grief ; thou, doubtless, canst not commit all the disorder, canst not scatter all the perplexity thou desirest.——To divide Gods and Men are thy sports and pleasures ; never do thy perfidious tears flow, but from the inhuman regret of being unable to do all the mischief thou didst meditate.

Love, thus reproached, became more calm, and with submissive and affectionate looks, approached his mother, whose arms were already held out to receive him. The Goddess tenderly wiped away the tears of Love, with the veil which floated round her beauteous shoulder. Ungrateful boy, said she, I ought not to love thee ; but who can retain anger, and behold the tears of Love ? Thou complaineest and weepest, and I forget my wrath : 'tis strange, but true, the pleasure of pardoning thee, is a sufficient recompense of all thy ingratitude.——Speak, tell me thy sorrows, my heart will participate them.

Well then, replied Love, listen, mamma, to my sorrowful recital. You know how much I have done for Daphnis, the beloved Son of Mercury.

cury. What Shepherd of Sicily may be compared to Daphnis? Apollo himself and the Muses, scarce dare contend with him in song. The God of Eloquence bestowed on him his own shining and sublime talents; but Daphnis owes to me alone, the happy gift to captivate. Alas! Useless is the gift. Daphnis, I own, sees every Shepherdess of Sicily dispute with her companions the glory of pleasing him, and a thousand charming Nymphs claiming his heart. But wherefore! One alone has been able to allure and fix his vows, and over her my arrows have no power.

Among the light Nymphs who inhabit the redoubted Mountain, where, day and night, are heard the thundering clamours of Vulcan's forges, Panrose, the most beautiful of the Mountain Nymphs, and equal to the Goddesses, is beloved of Daphnis, and yet preserves her freedom; in vain, for her Daphnis languishes and consumes; the haughty Nymph disdains his homage, refuses to listen to his songs, flies Daphnis, and despises Love.

Oh! if Beauty ought to sacrifice on my Altars; if by me she reigns, and if her glory is my work, what have I a right not to expect from Panrose? Yet ungrateful as she is, she owns not my benefits, and braves my power. The lofty Diana and the stern Dryas are her Divinities; them she prefers to me; the Daughter of Faunus has vanquished me; has found the art to attract and detain Panrose in her rural Grotto; there she is revered and consulted; there she listens with pleasure to the gloomy lessons of the severe Dryas, while her heart remains insensible to all the delights of Love.—Oh Venus! Oh my mother! Ought I to submit to such insults, to such excess of shame?

As

As he ended this bitter complaint, the God threw himself into the arms of Venus, and an inundation of tears overflowed his divine countenance, while his tender mother mingled her crystal drops with his.

So when the footsteps of Aurora are first lightly imprinted on the mountain-top, we behold the bright Queen of Flowers bathed in mellifluous dew, which, in liquid pearl, she sheds on the newborn buds beneath her feet. And thus did melting Venus shed her mild tears on the bewitching face of Love.

Be comforted, my son, said she, tenderly, fear nothing. What! Art thou not certain to seduce, if once thou canst be heard? Thou who canst take so many thousand different forms. Why hast thou offered thyself to the timid eyes of Panrose under a shape she fears? thou art never so dangerous as when thou art disguised. How often hast thou thus deceived the Immortals? Nay, Jupiter himself; and shalt not thou find it much more easy to impose upon Dryas, and delude Panrose. Hide thy murdering Arrows, thy Bow and Quiver, but more especially hide thy wings!—And thy triumph is certain.

Love smiled, and joy brightened in his eyes; he kissed his mother, spurned the earth's bosom, and directed his rapid and audacious flight towards the fortunate brinks of the Fountain of Arethusa.

Already had Aurora shed her vermilion dye over the golden horizon; Nature seemed animated and quickened by her mild rays; the Flowers opened their bosoms and perfumed the air; the fickle Lover of Flora agitated the foliage, and played among the rushes; the Sky-Lark rose from his earthly bed to meet the Sun; Echo forgot her melancholy,

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and answered his shrill and enlivening accents; Langour fled, and all was life and feeling.

Aloft as he wantoned in the air, Love cast his eyes over Sicily, and saw the Orcades (a) dispersed over the summits of Ætna; Panrose was easily distinguished, and Love, for a moment, stopt his flight to contemplate the Nymph. Thus does the terrible Eagle, hovering above the clouds, cast an eye of avidity on the innocent Lamb ready to become his prey; and thus did the God of Paphos triumph, while he admired the open and ingenuous air, the grace and celestial beauty of Panrose.

The Nymph called her companions, who all assembled at the sound of her voice; and the bright and agile Troop descended the mountain, turning their footsteps towards the Grotto of Dryas.

Love, following then the advice of Venus, changed his form, took the shape, the features, and the simplicity of the youthful Coronis, the cherished companion of Panrose; and thus disguised, the audacious God penetrated the sacred Grotto, the entrance to which had been to him, till that day, interdicted.

Here, in this peaceable place, this revered asylum of innocence and happiness, every thing offended the eyes of Love; the Grotto, the work of a Goddess, wore the aspect of an august Temple; magnificent, yet rural. Columns of Alabaster, adorned with Garlands of Laurel and Elichrysum, sustained the edifice; the walls were of Parian Marble, dazzlingly bright, on which a divine hand had traced in Bass-relief the stories of virtuous women, who had been an

(a) Mountain.

ornament

ornament to their sex, and honour to their country.

In one part were represented the generous Heroines, who had devoted themselves to their country's good, the Daughters of Antipæus presenting themselves as sacrifices for the prosperity of Thebes; and the courageous Hyacinthides offering the same example. From the fatal Pile that had consumed the Daughters of Echion, were seen two Youths, with crowns on their heads, rising from their ashes: a famous and glorious miracle, wrought in honour of sublime virtue, and to console an unfortunate father (1).

Besides these Heroines, were placed all the interesting Victims of Filial Love: the seven Daughters of Alcyon, unable to survive their Father, preparing to bury themselves beneath the waves; the charming Erigone immolating herself at the Tomb of Icarus; the beautiful Hypsipyle exposing herself to loss of life and throne, to preserve Thoas from the fury of the Lemnian Women.

Here is beheld the valiant Harpalyce, like Pallas in the midst of Combats, braving every danger Death can present, who is seen under a thousand different forms: but she beholds her father only, guards him, places her fair body before him, eager to receive the blows destined for his destruction, and at last bears him from his enemies victorious into Thrace. Among this heroic troop, are also seen the tender Sisters of the young Hyas, of the imprudent Phaeton, and the Meleagrides (2).

The amiable Goddess of Modesty, delighted particularly to trace forms of those victorious Nymphs, who had resisted and escaped the snares

of Love; Panrose, Arethusa, Syrinx, and the beauteous Daphne; Tucia and Claudia, dear to Vesta; Anaxabia protected by Diana; Bolina, insensible to the love of the most charming of all the Gods; she is pictured in the moment, when, to avoid the pursuits of Apollo, she casts herself into the sea; here she thinks to find certain death; but her Lover himself is obliged, while he bewails, to admire her virtue; he implores Jupiter; the Nymph is restored to life, and, worthy of Olympus, is received to immortality (3).

Dryas forgot not to give tender mothers and faithful wives a place in her Temple. Here were represented at the most interesting moments of their lives, Penelope, Artemisa, Andromache, Alcyone, and the generous Alcesta; the unhappy Argia, performing the last duties to her Husband; Laodamia expiring at the sight of the Ghost of Protefilas, and following the adored Shade to the Mansions of Death. Farther on are seen Arganthon and Caneus consumed by grief; the unfortunate Clytia renouncing day, which she detests; and the courageous and faithful Evadne, casting herself into the flames that consumed her husband (4).

Among the multitude of women, whom maternal tenderness had made illustrious, were the affectionate Pyrene, and the Nymph who gave birth to Cyenus—Fatal Argonauts; your voyage robbed the tenderest of mothers of life! Amphinome could not support the absence of Jason, and plunged a dagger into her bosom. Callipatria, as affectionate, but a more happy mother, dared to brave every danger, to follow her son to the Olympic Games, and enjoyed the pleasure of beholding him crowned (5).

At

At the farther part of the Temple, Dryas has erected Statues to the Deities dearest to her heart. Friendship, the august Vesta, and the two immortal Sisters, who preside over Purity of Manners (a). Love sighs, and chafes to think he is not preferred to these peaceable Divinities. He is more angry still, to see Dryas surrounded by all the Nymphs of the Waters, the Woods, the Meadows, and the Mountains (6).

The Goddess is seated on a verdant and flowery Throne; the majestic Lily and the humble Violet, spring and grow around her and beneath; a snow-white Veil hides part of her face, and falls undulating on her shoulders, and around her waist. Love himself is forced to admire the ruddy, yet soft freshness of her countenance; her graceful motion, and the mild majesty of her front. He desires to approach, and behold her nearer, but a sensation new to him withholds him; he stops, while by a charm he cannot comprehend, the Goddess at once invites him and deters.

The Nymphs now disperse throughout the Grotto, except Panrose, who seats herself at the feet of the Goddess. Love, inseparable from Panrose, still attends by her side, under the form of Coronis. Dryas gives the Nymph useful lessons: my dear Panrose, said she, beware of the snares of Love; it is not when he shews, but when he hides himself, he is most to be feared! Thus it was he surprized Melantho, Leucothoe, the innocent Calista, and the fair Pomona (7). He triumphs only in delusion and deceit. He promises happiness; but he only can disturb it, or destroy.

(a) Callianassa and Callianira. Dict. de la Fable.

Thus spoke Dryas : Panrose promised to follow her advice, and Love laughed.

The unsuspecting Nymph recollecting her companions, and leaning with security on the arm of the dangerous Coronis, quitted the Grotto of Dryas. Scarce had she left this august Asylum, when an uncommon sensation invaded her heart. Silent and lost in thought, she followed the footsteps of Love, who led her far from her companions. The paths he chose were all strewed with flowers ; but while she wandered along this unknown road, Panrose sometimes beheld dreadful Precipices and bottomless Gulfs, that made her shrink and shudder with horror !

Oh ! Coronis, said she, at length, with a timid and trembling voice, whither Coronis dost thou lead me ?

We are on *Ætna*, replied Love. Look at yonder smoke which rises in dark clouds : we approach the summit. Fear nothing charming Nymph, for what have you to fear ?

I know not, said Panrose, and yet never till now did I feel such emotions ! Where are our companions ? Come, let us seek them.

Panrose would have called Polixo, Dymas, Phaloe ; but, spent and fatigued with the length and rapidity of her flight, she had not the power. Love invited her to repose in a bower of Myrtles and Roses, not far from the horrid Cave, where the black and monstrous Cyclops forge the thunder-bolts of Jupiter.

She stopped, and sat down upon a green bank. — She could not conceive what passed in her soul. — In vain did she endeavour to drive the Image of Daphnis from her imagination. Every song he had made on her, the melting sounds of
his

his voice, and the youthful Shepherd's lyre, were unceasingly echoing in her ear, Songs so sweet, so melodious, that never Nymph durst hear, except as she fled. Thus flies the fearful and light-footed Deer, who hears far off the Huntsman's horn, and the distant shouts of the Pursuer.

Plunged in a profound revery, Panrose was silent; Love beheld her with malicious smiles, and at last addressed her thus:

Oh! Panrose, how delightful are these scenes; what ideas do they retrace? Here it was that the lovely daughter of Ceres gathered flowers, and formed them into crowns of Roses, when the redoubted Sovereign of Hell first presented himself to her view. Here did Love melt the heart of this ferocious, inflexible, and cruel God.

Here, in vain, did the prudent Cyane oppose the transports love inspired: she lost at once her form and life, and became only a fugitive rivulet. Yonder you see her meandering through the flowery mead. Oh! how sweet it is to come and meditate upon her banks. Methinks I hear her plaintive voice murmuring, tell us, Oh Nymphs, beware of resistless Love.

Farther off you discover the Fountain Arethusa. By metamorphosing the Nymph, Diana hoped she might evade the pursuits of Alpheus; but he, protected by Love, soon was re-united to his Arethusa. Behold how the Fountain spurns backward it's waters, curls, falls again, and precipitates it's white froth into the vast and profound sea! It is Love who gives the waves this impetuous motion, who hurries on the unwilling Arethusa, and conducts her towards her lover.

Cast your eyes to the side of yonder Rock; it was at the foot of that majestic Cedar, by which

it is overshadowed, that the affectionate Galatea conversed with her Acis. Behold yonder River, an eternal monument of regret to the Nereid, and of the power of Love (*a*).

But what sounds are these assault our ears? It is the decline of day, and the Shepherds driving their flocks to the folds, sing sweetly their amorous ditties, while each approaches the Hamlet, where dwells the Shepherdess he loves. Oh! what soft delights must they feel, if we may judge from their apparent joy. Hark! hear you not those charming Concerts, those sounds of Flutes and rural Lyres, mingled with the melodious voices; the Woods, the Rocks, the Vallies, all respire the name of Love.—If this God were the Author of so many pangs; were it true that he were such as Dryas has depicted him, would they celebrate him with such joyous transport?—But what is the matter Panrose?—You seemed moved, agitated.

Do I not hear the voice of—Hark, Coronis!

What voice do you hear? replied Love, smiling.

Of—A Shepherd, said Panrose, with a blush.

But what Shepherd? reiterated Love.

Oh! Coronis, said Panrose, Yesterday, my dear Coronis, I could mention him without fear or perplexity; but now—I know not wherefore.—I dare not pronounce his name. O Gods!—the voice approaches; fly Coronis.

It is too late, cried Love.

(*a*) Polyphemus crushed Acis beneath a Rock, and Galatea changed the blood of her lover into a River. There is at present a river Acis in Sicily.

Daphnis

Daphnis instantly appeared, sprang towards the lost Panrose, and fell at her feet. In vain did she endeavour to avoid him. Love detained, Love held her; the Nymph complained of the violence, but yielded to it, nor was she angry at it.

Having, however, listened to Daphnis for some moments, Panrose at last freed herself from the arms of Love.

Stop Panrose, cried Daphnis, stop; since you wish me dead, since you hate me, praised be the Gods that I am not immortal.—Yes, if you refuse to hear me, I will plunge into yonder bottomless abyss, and terminate a life which it is impossible I should longer support.

He said, and Panrose vanquished by terror, tremblingly returned; and guided by Love triumphant, was re-conducted to the Bower. She listened to the tender plaints of Daphnis, and a thousand times repeated an affectionate friendship, was all she ever could entertain for him, and that she should eternally be insensible to Love. The Shepherd, however, was content; and Panrose, as she parted from him, promised to return on the morrow to the Bower, in which they had been surprized by night.

No sooner did the morning dawn, than Panrose, full of disquietude, oppressed by melancholy forebodings, went to seek for, and open her heart to Dryas; the Goddess sighed, and mourned for Panrose. Lovely Nymph, said she, the deed is accomplished; Cupid has seduced your heart. Oh! may the dangerous Son of Mercury, may Daphnis feel the worth of his victory, and may the torch of Hymen light you to Happiness! But that God, prudent and peaceable, ill agrees with Love; he requires lasting sentiments, those which
Love

Love inspires all are fleeting (8). Obstacles, fears, inquietude, are the food of Love ; it is a light flame, that is extinguished if it be not constantly blown.—But let us not inquire into the future. Receive, my dear Panrose, this pledge of tenderness from Dryas ; this Veil which my hands have woven, wear it always, never put it off for a moment ; it cannot fix Love, but it will render you more beauteous in your husband's eyes.

Panrose, moved by her goodness, received kneeling the divine Veil which the charming Goddess of Modesty gave her, and threw it respectfully over her. The Veil fastened to her front hid her flowing hair, and her elegant and majestic shape ; but it gave her a new and more inviting grace ; and though it concealed in part her charms from the eye, it added to her beauty.

Panrose, notwithstanding her promise, could not determine herself to return to the Bower, but she fled her companions ; their pure and simple joys increased her trouble ; she sought solitude, and strayed mournfully along the Mountain, till at last she arrived near the Gulf of Scylla. Panrose shrunk with terror, when she heard the dreadful shrieks of the wretched daughter of Phorcus.

Oh miserable Nymph ! cried she, to what horrid state art thou brought by Love ? Alas ! from what fearful ills had indifference preserved thee ; had thy heart never known Love, we still should have seen thee sporting on the Strand among the Nereides, and by thy beauty effacing all their charms.—Thy groans are echoed at the very bottom of my heart, never before did they make an impression so deep and sad.—Oh ! fatal and
terrible

terrible example!—Let me fly this place of horrors!

So saying, the Nymph quickened her steps, and soon arrived on the Banks of the revered Lake, awful to the perjured, whose sacred brinks the faithless lover, and the perfidious friend dare not approach; its shores are deserted and solitary; amiable Innocence and Virtue alone may stray along them without fear or danger (*a*).

The Nymph stopt, and rested at the foot of a willow, when, in an instant, Daphnis, guided by Love, appears in sight. He approaches, flies, he is on his knees, and vows eternal constancy. Panrose affected and troubled, knew the value of vows pronounced on the borders of this Lake; and no longer able to doubt her lover's sincerity, was restrained by bashfulness alone from confessing her feelings.

Daphnis, desirous of knowing his destiny, pressed the Nymph to pronounce—Speak, oh Panrose, said he, speak; must Daphnis give up happiness and life, or do you deign to authorize his hopes?

Panrose made no reply, but her cheeks were dyed with a deep colour of the carnation, her eyes were down cast, and taking gently her veil, she threw it over her face. The happy Daphnis understood this answer (*9*).

Oh adorable Nymph! cried he; oh transporting avowal! that makes the happiest of mortals—Yes, Panrose, in this place, the witness of my felicity, will I raise an Altar to Modesty, and on that divine Altar will I place the Statue of Love (*10*).—Oh ye immortal and generous

(*a*) The Lake of the Palicii.

Brothers!

Brothers! implacable enemies of Perjury and Crimes! ye terrible Divinities, whom Sicily adores, hear my vows! By your pure and dreaded Waves, I swear eternal fidelity to Panrose! and as, should I forfeit this sacred oath, I should be no longer worthy to look on Panrose and day, oh! mighty Gods! that instant when I am false, snatch from me the light of heaven, and strike me blind!—This chastizement, more fearful than death, would yet be too slight a punishment for such a crime!

Soft tears of delight coursed each other, down the beauteous cheeks of Panrose.—She rose, approached the borders of the Lake, and kneeling by the side of Daphnis, said—Oh, immortal Gods! By the same oaths which Daphnis has pronounced, let me stand bound.

Love, at this instant, quitting the form of Coronis, appeared to Panrose in his true shape; promised her pure and lasting happiness, and would himself preside at the nuptials which soon united the Lovers.

Panrose was not long, ere she regretted the tranquillity she had lost; more affectionate than ever, she was not so happy. Daphnis always assured her of his love; his language was the same, but he had no longer that expressive manner which persuades. Panrose durst not complain; Daphnis thought her satisfied, and this was an additional wrong. The amiable Nymph confided only to Dryas her secret sorrows in her breast; she dropt the bitter tears, which the Goddess herself advised her to hide from Daphnis.

And now the indiscreet Messenger of the Thunder-Bearer Fame, swift and prompt, after trumpeting her tidings through Greece, directed her rapid

rapid flight towards Sicily, and alighted on the summits of *Ætna* (a).

There she published, that new Games were to be celebrated in Elis, and that the Daughter of Archidamas, the beautiful and haughty Cynisca, was going thither to contend at the Olympic Games, for the Prize of the Chariot Courses, which the Greeks had lately instituted.

This news inspired Daphnis with a curiosity he could not surmount; and the timid Panrose had not the power to oppose a resolution which made her wretched. Daphnis departed, and left her overwhelmed with grief. In vain she sought to forget her sorrows, inquietude preyed upon her, and cruel gloomy jealousy devoured and withered her heart, till at last she determined to follow Daphnis.

Not daring to address Love, the Author of the ill she endured, she invoked Jupiter, Sovereign of Men and Gods: said she, deign to transport me to Daphnis; and deign farther, to render me invisible to all eyes, as long as I shall desire so to remain.

Her prayer was heard, and, in the same instant, she found herself in Elis, in the vast and brilliant Arena of Olympus; the Chariot Races were going to begin. Panrose, invisible among a multitude of spectators, saw only Daphnis, and flew towards him. At first she found nothing but joy, to find herself beside her lovely husband, but this momentary happiness cost her dear.

(a) Fame the Messenger of Jupiter, alights in the highest places, to publish all sorts of News. She had not the power to be silent.

Suddenly

Suddenly was seen, proudly entering the Lists, the warlike Daughter of Archidamas. Her chariot was superb, in the form of a sea-shell, the golden rays of which dazzled all eyes; a purple robe, a sash embroidered with gold, and a diadem of pearls formed her dress, at once simple and magnificent; her awful and majestic beauty attracted and fixed the attention. She boldly conducted her four horses, foaming at the bit, to the starting-place; then casting a disdainful and haughty eye on the Princes and Heroes of Greece, who dared dispute the Prize with her, she looked certain of victory; every heart was for her, and her very rivals were astonished they should ever have thought of contending with her.

In the midst of the vast circle, round which the Chariots were to run, an Altar was raised, on which was placed a brazen Eagle, with outspread wings; a hidden spring was touched, the Eagle moved and clapt his wings, and at the same moment the shrill trumpet giving the signal for starting, the Chariots were whirled along the Arena: the beauteous Cynisca led them all, animated, not terrified by the clamorous sounds of the instruments, and the shouts and applauses of the spectators. In vain did the admiration of her abashed Rivals degenerate into jealousy; in vain would they intimidate her by their cries; and, unable to overtake, seek, at least, to terrify and discourage her; but her serenity was not to be moved: insensible to the clamours of Envy, she pursued her glorious course, and thought only of the immortal laurels with which she should soon be crowned.

She arrived at length at the Goal, leapt from her Chariot, and embraced the ancient Oak, the sacred tree which terminated the career,
and

and which, till that memorable day, the hand of women never had touched. A thousand joyous shouts pierced the air, with the sound of voices and instruments, which celebrated her name. Cynisca is drawn in a triumphal car to the Tomb of Endymion; is seated on a sumptuous Throne, dazzling with silver and gold; decorated with purple of the Tyrian Dye, and festoons of the vine and laurel, there she received the Prize she had won.

New games now began; the Prize of Song was now to be disputed, and Daphnis entered the Lists. Panrose always invisible, followed his steps; the Nymph, agitated by mortal inquietude, tremblingly saw Daphnis approach the beauteous, the dangerous Cynisca. She had but too well read the fickle heart of her husband, but she endeavoured to deceive herself, wished to doubt of her wretchedness, and feared to calumniate the man she loved, by giving way to jealousy.

Daphnis, however, took the lyre presented him, began to sing, and the first word he pronounced was the name of Cynisca. The distracted Panrose shuddered; Daphnis stood by her side to celebrate her Rival; she heard the same passionate expressiveness which Daphnis formerly had, when he complained of her cruelty. Alas! said she, thus it was he once sung Panrose.

The delighted Greeks applauded with transport, but Daphnis, insensible to Fame, thought only of Cynisca. He obtained the Prize, he received the Myrtle Crown, and impetuously advancing towards Cynisca, laid the Reed and the Lyre at her feet (11).

At this fatal moment a thick veil shadowed his eyes, and robbed them of sun-shine and day; he gave a shriek—Avenging! Gods! cried he—

The

The sound expired on his trembling lips: Panrose flew to catch him, and the faithless and the miserable Daphnis fainted in the arms of the Nymph he had betrayed.

Mercury, affected by his Son's destiny, enveloped him and Panrose in a cloud, caught them from the eyes of the astonished spectators, and thus transported them near Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, to the delicious Vale of Tempe.

Mercury gently laid his son on the flowery green sward, for Daphnis still remained entranced; Panrose kneeling beside him, bathed his face with her tears. The Nymph is no longer invisible, Mercury beholds her with astonishment, admires her beauty, and her still more touching grace.

Oh Love! said he, cruel Love! these are thy caprices: if thou, Panrose, couldst not fix the heart of Daphnis, what Nymph shall dare depend on the fidelity of her Lover?—My son is as guilty as unfortunate. Alas! I cannot revoke his fate, I cannot change his heart, I cannot even restore him to sight; he must expiate his crime; such is the sentence pronounced by the avenging Gods, by whom he is pursued. But for you, oh charming Nymph, it is not just that you should groan beneath galling chains, which an ungrateful Lover has broken, and I will propose the means of restoring your tranquillity.

Not far from this valley, at the foot of Olympus, is the Fountain Argyra, the cold waters of which have the virtue of making Lovers even lose the very remembrance of an unhappy passion (a); but it may not be approached, except

(a) I before spoke of this Fountain, in the Tale of Alphonso, and have only added to the Fable the Allegory of the road which leads to it.

by fortitude not to be shaken. Love himself guards and forbids the entrance, and does not shew himself accompanied by sports and pleasures, full of innocence and charms, like as when he wishes to seduce; you will see him menacing, imperious, terrible! Armed with his keen darts, he will repel you with violence; while snaky-haired jealousy, her poniard uplifted, will second his efforts; and while amiable but deceitful Hope will hold out her arms, only to bear you from the happy path, which following, would put you to an end of all your pains. But be not intimidated, these dreadful and seductive objects are but fantastic illusions, vain phantoms, which will retreat as you advance, and vanish like airy dreams, if you have the courage to pursue your route. I am not permitted to guide your steps towards this salutary Fountain, I only can point out the road.

Ah! said Panrose, heaving a deep sigh, I certainly should have fortitude to undertake and end this fearful journey, but Oh! Son of Jupiter, cast your eyes there, look at the dreadful state to which un pitying destiny has reduced your Son; what must become of him, should I cease to love him?—Yes, Daphnis, yes, dear and unfortunate husband, let me preserve feelings that distract my heart, but which, at least, shall soften the horror of thy situation.—Alas! the wretched Panrose only can console, by deceiving thee.—But to preserve thee from despair, every thing becomes possible.—Oh! Mercury, hear my prayer.—After the Chariot-race, the beautiful Cynisca was borne in triumph, and her voice was heard aloud, rendering thanks to Olympian Jove. Alas! I saw Daphnis was affected by her accents;

accents; Oh! grant to me that voice that charm-ed him, that when he awakes from this lethargy of sense, Daphnis may still believe himself in company with her he loves; and that an adored hand dries his tears, and guides his steps.—My presence would now only be a cruel and insupportable reproach, and I would not have the barbarity to add to his woes, by seeming to succour them.—Let him attribute to my Rival the tenderness he owes only to me.—Yes, let him—If I can only make him happy, I care not what I suffer.

Generous Nymph, said Mercury, your wish is granted; henceforth you shall have the voice of the Rival, who never can deserve to be preferred to you. But what torments will your Lover's error make you undergo! Oh! Panrose, may you reap the fruits of love so pure, so faithful, so affectionate!

So saying, the God extended his arm, lightly touched Daphnis with his Caduceus, and again restored him to sense. He rose; his eyes were open, but impenetrable darkness was around, and the hills and vallies echoed with his mournful cries. Console yourself my son, said Mercury. Love, the cause of your affliction, affords you a rich amends.

Thus having said, the God spurned the earth, sprung above the clouds, and disappeared to the eyes of Panrose.

Daphnis thinking himself alone, abandoned, vented his despair in the most affecting complaints. The listening Panrose shed a flood of tears; a word from her would calm his grief, yet could she not resolve to break silence, so mortally did she fear the transports, with which the sound of her voice

voice would inspire Daphnis; his grief made her wretched, and his joy would rend her very heart.

Pity at length, however, vanquished jealousy. Daphnis, said she, you are not forsaken. Love the most affectionate, watches over and guards you from harm.

Gods! interrupted Daphnis, what do I hear? —Is it not an illusion? Is it, can it be the voice of Cynisca? —You are silent —Oh! speak whoever you are, speak, let me hear the harmonious raptures of that voice. —You answer not! Alas! I am deceived.

No, Daphnis, replied the wretched Panrose, here is one who will never forsake you.

It is she, cried the extatic Daphnis, it is Cynisca —Oh! thou whom I adore, divine Cynisca, thou alone canst change my destiny; deprived as I am, of heaven's light, thou alone canst make me live. —Yet imagine the horror of my situation —I am with thee, yet cannot behold thee. —But thou lovest me, I hear thy voice, and ought to bless my fate. —Where art thou Cynisca, deign to let me touch thee, suffer me to prostrate myself at thy feet. —Oh! Gods, dost thou give me thy hand? Do I press it to my heart? Do I water with my tears that beloved, and charitable hand, that guides an unhappy wretch deprived of light? —Why dost thou sigh, Cynisca? —Ah! weep not for me, I never was happy till this moment.

Daphnis, said Panrose, I confess there is a secret inquietude which troubles and torments me. —I dare not rely upon thy faith, another Nymph once beloved by thee —

No, hastily interrupted Daphnis, no, I loved her not; I knew not love till I knew you; be certain

tain I did not, charming Cynisca——Oh ! weep not thus——

Alas ! said Panrose, I weep for that unfortunate Nymph ; and surely Daphnis, thou oughtest to weep for her too.

She will be ever dear to me, replied Daphnis, sighing ; but in breaking the ties by which we were united, I restore her liberty, and a new passion may console her.

What hast thou dared imagine, cried Panrose, no, never.——Ah ! cruel man——couldst thou think it possible to forget thee ?

Adored Cynisca ! replied Daphnis, what gratitude does this generosity inspire ! But judge not the heart of Panrose by your own ; compare not thy affection to any, but what thou thyself canst create.

Thus could not Daphnis say a word, which was not to the feeling Panrose like the harrow to the bosom of the earth.

No sooner had night put on her black veil, than the invisible arm of Jupiter transported the sleeping Daphnis and Panrose to the feet of *Ætna*. The Shepherd, when he awaked, imagined himself still near Mount Olympus ; and the Nymph, in pity, encouraged the mistake.

Panrose, faithful to the duty she had imposed on herself, served every day as a guide to the dark Daphnis, from the rising to the setting Sun ; but she led him only to those places, which all retraced the memory of former bliss : sometimes the Shepherd seated himself at the foot of a tree, on which his once raptured hand had deep engraved the name of Panrose ; sometimes he reposed in the Bower, where the Nymph first heard his vows ; yet did the faithless Shepherd never speak but of
the

the daughter of Archidamas. In the arms of Panrose, he vowed eternal fidelity to Cynisca.

A thousand times did the wretched Nymph think to betray her secret, and a thousand times was she restrained by the fearful apprehension of seeing Daphnis in despair; she was secretly determined sometime to let him know it, but she felt how much she should gain by deferring it; how much stronger the gratitude of Daphnis should be, and this idea animated and sustained her fortitude.

She flattered herself too, that time would enfeeble his love for Cynisca; but in this she was deceived. Panrose often irritated, ever discontented and unhappy, never seemed passionately fond of Daphnis; he was not certain his passion was returned, and he was agitated and preyed upon by this fear. Love satiated sleeps, when he is secure; he is nourished and kept awake by incertitude.

Oh! Cynisca, Daphnis would say, I owe thee every thing, yet thou partakest not the passion thou dost inspire; thy coldness often drives me to despair, thou hearest with indifference my songs in thy praise. I sing only of Cynisca, the name of Cynisca is ever on my lips, and yet thou art not moved.—Do I then owe to pity alone, all the generous cares thou hast deigned to dedicate to me?—Ah! if it be so, abandon the unfortunate Daphnis; if thou dost not love, do not imagine thou canst console.

Ungrateful Shepherd, replied Panrose—No Daphnis, thou canst not conceive the excess of thy ingratitude.

Oh! rapturous reproach, cried Daphnis. Dear divine Cynisca, with a single word thou hast dissipated all my fears; yet, alas! wherefore hast thou

thou never the expressions of love, except to complain of thy Lover?

Such were the conversations of the Nymph and the Shepherd.

Twice did Panrose behold returning Spring, and still did she continue in the same unhappy condition. At length, after suffering with so much constancy, she suddenly took the resolution to reveal her secret.

Away she went to the banks of the Lake of the Palicii, approached the green Altar, which Daphnis formerly there had reared, and kneeling to the Statue of Love, invoked that cruel God, the Author of all her sufferings.—Oh Love! said she, deign to dry up the source of my tears, by restoring me the heart of Daphnis; deign once more to appear in my behalf; behold it is fidelity that implores thee, answer to it's soft but steady voice which now calls.

Love heard, and appeared on a fleeting cloud, which resting over the Altar, he thus answered the weeping Nymph.

Oh thou, who art the glory and ornament of my Empire! Oh Panrose! wherefore cannot I grant thy prayer? But though I can render Lovers faithless, I cannot again light up a flame which is once extinct; yet if Love had the power to perform this miracle, it ought to be for Panrose. Yes, generous Nymph, I wish it, but dare not promise.—Go, seek thy Lover. Jove gives thee power to restore him to sight the moment thou wishest it. Day again shall appear to Daphnis.

Love ended, and plunging into the cloud on which he rode, disappeared to the eyes of Panrose. What! cried the transported Nymph, shall
Daphnis

Daphnis again look upon the sun; shall he owe that unexpected happiness to me; and shall he at the same moment learn all I have done for him? Can I any longer doubt? No, dearest Daphnis, that would be to wrong thee unpardonably; I shall regain all my power over thy heart, and should be unworthy Love and thee, did I hesitate a moment to be thus assured.

She said, and instantly flew to the Bower of Myrtles and Roses, where she found Daphnis; with a trembling hand she seized the hand of her Lover; she led, or rather hastily dragged him to the Banks of the Lake Palicii, to the Statue of Love; then breaking silence, said—Daphnis, behold the light, and know the hand by which thou hast ever been guided.

The blood froze in the veins of Daphnis; Panrose again had assumed her own voice, and that voice so mild, so sweet, and so tender, spoke like thunder to the guilty soul of Daphnis; the film vanished from his eyes, and he sunk with still deeper terror, when he beheld the awful Lake of the Palicii.—At the sight of Panrose, astonishment and confusion rose reddening in his countenance; then instantly assumed a deadly pale, which spoke but too plainly the fearful perplexity that overcame him, and the cruel remorse that gnawed his heart. Thus motionless he remained, with moist and down-cast eyes.

O! Daphnis, said Panrose, quit this perplexity; it offends my love; when I brought you on these awful Banks, I wished not to retrace the memory of those holy and sacred ties by which we are united.—Think not I ask new oaths; I am henceforth certain of thy heart, and should regard a promise, which now would be useless to

my tranquillity, as an insult, which would but debase us both; I find in my own affection, all the confidence which my husband can desire, for the security of my affection as well as his.

So saying, Panrose approached Daphnis, and held out her arms.—The Shepherd raised his eyes to heaven, with the utmost expression of grief; a deluge of tears overflowed his face, and a mournful silence, for a moment, impeded speech. At length, kneeling to Panrose, he cried—No, never will I have the baseness to take advantage of your generosity only to deceive you. Oh! virtuous deliverer of the unfortunate Daphnis, know my fate, and know your own. To you I consecrate my life; a thousand times, were it possible, would I devote it to your safety and peace; every thing that gratitude and admiration can inspire, I feel!—But—

Daphnis stopt.

Proceed, Barbarian, exclaimed Panrose; proceed, finish, tear the heart from this poor bosom, tell me thou canst not love.

Daphnis made no reply.

Is it possible! cried the Nymph.—What canst thou still prefer Cynisca to Panrose?

Hold, cried Daphnis, overwhelm not one who has already but too much cause of complaint. What I now feel for Cynisca, is but what I felt for thee before the date of my misfortunes; but the feelings thou now inspirest, though less passionate, are, however, more profound, and will endure as long as life. Cynisca, in spite of myself, lives in my imagination, but thou wilt reign for ever over my heart.

Panrose

Panrose listened, grew pale, and shivered; the icy blood crept along her veins, and froze her heart, which Hope abandoned now beyond return.

What do I hear; said she; what new day breaks upon my mind, and dissipates former vain illusions? —Have then I hitherto made felicity depend on a blind and brittle sensation, which imagination only can produce, which suffers destruction without a cause, and which the best founded gratitude cannot restore? —Daphnis, let us for ever abjure these fatal errors, and let a tender friendship for ever console and reward us, for all the fearful ills we have suffered. Come, follow me; let us break the Statue of Love, and on the Ruins of his overthrown Altar, we may, in the face of the Gods, without fear of perjury, vow a mild and uniform affection, which shall descend with us to the tomb.

T H E

PALACE OF TRUTH.

A MORAL TALE.

THE charming Queen Altemira married the most beautiful of all the Genii, the amiable and tender Phanor. The very evening of the bridal day, the Queen was very desirous the Genius should conduct her to his Palace. Phanor sighed, and tenderly regarding Altemira, said, I abandon it for your sake. You reign over faithful subjects, and over my heart; let that Empire content you. It is not possible I should take you to my Palace; but since you cannot inhabit it, I shall return thither no more, and do not ask me farther.

How my Lord! interrupted Altemira, must I never see your Palace?

I dare flatter myself, replied Phanor, smiling, you will one day see it.

But when? replied the Queen ardently.

In sixteen years, if you then wish it.

In sixteen years! Heavens!

From that time to this let it be forgotten: for your repose and mine, I must keep this secret.

The Queen was excessively curious, and complained, wept, and pouted, but Phanor was inflexible.

flexible. The vexation of having a husband so discreet, was the only one Altemira knew; the wedded pair loved each other entirely; and had it not been for the curiosity and eternal questions of the Queen, concerning the mysterious Palace of the Genius, they would have been perfectly happy.

Altemira gave birth to a Princess, whom the Genius, as may be easily imagined, endowed with all possible grace and perfections. Scarcely had Zoelide (the lovely Princess was so called) attained her fourteenth year, ere the Queen and the Genius were careful to chuse her a future husband, worthy of her charms; and their choice fell on Prince Philamar, who adored Zeloide. The young Princess was consulted, and she owned she preferred Philamar to all who had ever sought her hand.

The Queen, who beheld with inexpressible satisfaction the moment approach, when, according to the promise of the Genius, she might indulge her curiosity, determined not to marry her daughter till she had seen the Palace, and returned from her husband's territories; and the moment, so ardently wished, at length arrived.

Sixteen years had the Queen now been married, and she pressed Phanor to depart without delay. To-morrow, answered he, you shall be transported thither, if, after having heard what I shall relate, you persist in the same resolution. This evening you shall hear my story. The Queen desired Zeloide might be present; Phanor was loath to consent, but at last yielded to the eager prayers of the Queen. Towards the close of the day, he went to Altemira's apartment, and seating himself between the two Princesses, he thus began his tale.

The History of the GENIUS PHANOR.

I was born with most lively passions. Our art, which renders us so superior to mortals, can produce no alteration in the heart; and the Genius, my father, saw, with chagrin, that several centuries would be necessary, to render me prudent and happy.

In the mean time, I became deeply enamoured of a Fairy, much older than myself, and more eminent for understanding than beauty: this choice did me honour. Prudina, so was the Fairy called, was held in great estimation, and was cited as a model of circumspection, prudence, and virtue. So penetrating was her wit, she saw my passion before I knew myself, and informed me I was in love with her; at first I was going to tell her, with the utmost simplicity and openness of heart, she was mistaken; but she seemed so confident, I thought it best to examine myself a little farther.

While she scolded me for a passion which she called childish folly, Prudina discovered so much mildness and friendship, that the consequence of these lectures was, I found it possible I might in time obtain a place in her affections, and this hope begat the love which she rather foresaw than discovered. At last, I took courage, and pressed Prudina for an explanation, and she owned she herself had fallen into the snares she had counselled me to avoid.

Enchanted with my good fortune, I spoke of marriage; but Prudina declared she would not wed, till she had first had proofs of my constancy, promising,

missing, at the same time, to give no one the least item of the hopes she indulged me in. She spoke highly of the charms of secrecy, and, as bragging was not my foible, she easily obtained all she asked on that head, and our good understanding was wholly unknown to all.

One evening, as enveloped in a cloud, I traversed the air, towards the Palace of Prudina, I heard cries so grievous, that pity obliged me to stop. I beheld a cavalcade of horses and carriages, with a multitude of Slaves bearing flambeaux, and, in the midst of this multitude, a young man of exquisite beauty, who appeared the Master of the others, in all the agonies of despair. His followers all repeated his complaints, and rendered the scene still more affecting.

I made myself known, and addressing the charming youth, demanded the cause of such extraordinary grief. I am, said he, the Prince Zimis, and have from my infancy loved the Princess Eliana; our parents had agreed to our union, when the cruel Genius Phormidas, unhappily for me, saw and became enamoured of my love. Eliana treated him with so much rigour, that he appeared to have lost all hope. I took advantage of this momentary repose, and, accompanied by the train you see, was conducting my Princess into my own kingdom to celebrate our nuptials.

As we were passing through a gloomy forest, we were suddenly surprized by the appearance of Phormidas, who assaulted us, and, in spite of courage and resistance, tore my dear Eliana from my arms. Vainly have I endeavoured, for three days, to follow the traces of the ravisher; fatigue at last, has stopped us here, and here I feel, will despair terminate my life and miseries.

This recital greatly affected me; I comforted the unfortunate Zimis, and assured him his Princess should be restored. Return, said I, into your own kingdom, before the break of day, you shall again possess Eliana; my art is superior to that of Phormidas. Adieu! confide your vengeance to me. This said, I launched into the air, and soon lost sight of the Prince and his train.

I dedicated the night, destined to love, to benevolence; and, instead of the Palace of Prudina, flew to the Throne of the Sovereign of the Genii, to whom I related the interesting story of Eliana and her Lover, and conjured him to deliver the young Princess from the tyranny of Phormidas.

Our august Monarch taking me by the hand, said, follow me, I will give you some information concerning the fate of the Princess, and leave to you the glory of ending this adventure.

So saying, he conducted me into a magnificent salloon, ornamented with a multitude of glasses, one of which he touched with a gold ring. We must first see, said he what is at present become of Eliana, that our succours and activity may equal the danger of her situation.

As he spoke, I saw the glass begin to colour, and it soon represented a young lady of perfect beauty; that is Eliana, said the Genius, but observe how she is employed.

At this instant, the magic Picture became compleat, and I saw, not without extreme surprize, Eliana alone in a garden, sitting in a swing, which, in it's equilibrium, rose even to the clouds, and weeping in so affecting a manner, that I was greatly moved. My astonishment made the Genius smile: you will soon discover things much more extraordinary, shaking his head with a mysterious air.

Here

Here receive this Talisman, it will transport you whenever you please to the place where Eliana is detained; but arm yourself with coolness and courage, for you will need them both. If you terminate this singular and perilous adventure gloriously, I promise to grant whatever reward you shall ask.

So saying, the Monarch left me; and thus in possession of my Talisman, I instantly wished myself with Eliana. The very same moment, I saw myself in the midst of a superb garden, heard the sound of voices, stopt, looked round me, and by the clear light of the moon, perceived at some distance, the beautiful Eliana, whom I had seen in the magic Glass. She was precisely in the same situation, swinging with the most furious force, which madness appeared to me utterly inconceivable.

The princess was conversing with a very pretty little Sylph, who was speaking; it is pleasant enough, said he, to swing sometimes, but to swing always, whatever can be said to persuade you from it, still swing, swing, swing, during all the prime of youth, this is cruel, I confess.

Oh! Zumio, replied the Princess, how happy are you, that you can preserve your gaiety; you, it is true, like me, are deprived of liberty, but then you are not treated with so much barbarity. —Oh! were you in my place—Oh! cruel Genius! Oh! more inhuman Fairy! to what strange punishment am I condemned!

The Princess could not continue this touching complaint, for at that instant, her swing took so rapid, so impetuous a motion, that she wanted breath and utterance.

I now learnt, the unfortunate Eliana was enchanted in this fatal swing. I drew near to her, told her what was become of her Lover, promised to restore her to liberty, and entreated her to inform me of all that had happened. Alas! my Lord, said she, I fear you have not power to break the enchantment, which vengeance and jealousy have imagined but that you will be shocked by the conditions, which must be fulfilled ere this can be accomplished.

My history, in few words, is as follows. The cruel Phormidas, after tearing me from the arms of my husband, brought me to his Palace. I endeavoured to kill myself, and should, no doubt, have proceeded to some fatal extremity, had not suddenly the roof of the Palace opened, and a woman or rather a fury, appeared, drawn in a car of ebony by four monstrous bats.

Phormidas was at my feet; he instantly rose, with a confused countenance, and the terrible Fairy, with a menacing and dreadful voice, pronounced these words:

Perfidious Phormidas, is it thus I am betrayed? I, who for thy sake, deceive the most beautiful of all the Fairies, and dost thou prefer a mortal to me? No, ingrate, it is impossible to impose upon me; but if thou wouldest obtain pardon, give me up that princess, whose life I promise to respect. Remember she detests, and I adore thee, and that I am capable of performing every thing to be revenged.

Phormidas, terrified, crouched to his former chains, and delivered me to the Fairy. Immediately the Car mounted above the clouds, and here, in less than three minutes we arrived, where I endeavoured to soften the Fairy, threw myself at
her

her feet, and conjured her to restore me my Lover.

After a moment's silence the Fairy raised me. Princess, said she, I am not vindictive, but I am capricious ; and if you will indulge me in a whim, which has just seized me, I shall readily forget what has passed. I am ridiculously fond of swinging ; look, here is a swing, sit down in it, that is all I ask.

Though this idea appeared to me strange, yet I thought myself very happy to be so easily pardoned, and obeyed without hesitation ; but scarcely had I seated myself in this fatal swing, when the Fairy, with a terrible voice, thus spoke.

I condemn thee to swing for thirty years, unless one of my Lovers should cease to admire me, or should deceive me without my discovering the deceit.

Instantly the swing of itself took so violent a motion, that the shock made me faint. Zumio, the amiable Sylph whom you see with me, came to my assistance ; when I recovered the use of my senses, I gave way to the most violent despair ; yet recollecting the last words of the Fairy, I felt hope revive a little ; for, said I, since she has more than one Lover, she must necessarily be often deceived.

Certainly, replied Zumio, she would ; but did she not possess a turquoise ring, which becomes as yellow as gold whenever one of her Lovers commits the least infidelity, or his affection ceases for her. The Fairy constantly wears this ring in the day, and fearing lest it should be stolen from her during sleep, she every night encloses it in a brazen casket, which she locks up in a subterranean Grotto dug in her garden, the entrance

to which is defended by twelve monstrous Crocodiles, six Basilisks, and four Dragons, whose frightful jaws, resembling the most fearful Volcanoes, vomit devouring flames, and send forth stones of fire.

As the Princess ended, the Sylph thus continued. Such, my, Lord, are the perils that await you; but what glory would equal your's were you victorious! Know these enchanted gardens are full of the most beautiful Princesses in the universe, whom the jealous Fairy here detains, and has condemned to different pangs and punishments. Had the Fairy only robbed the world of her Rivals, her barbarity would have been sufficient: but she has carried off every one who gave her the least kind of umbrage; envious of wit, beauty, talents, and even virtue, it is enough to draw down her hatred, that any one should acquire eminence or become very successful. As for me, continued Zumio, I am also one of her prisoners, though formerly her favourite Page: I carried her most sacred Billets-Doux; unhappily for me she suspected my discretion, and has confined me in this melancholy place.

I interrupted Zunio; for Heaven's sake, said I, satisfy my curiosity, and tell me the name of this Monster, this abominable Fairy.

Ah, my Lord! replied Zumio, you will be much surprized, for she is as specious as she is wicked; and when I had my liberty, I saw her company courted by the first among the Genii, who had the simplicity to believe her, on her word, that she possessed every virtue: in fine, Sir, the Fairy, by whom we are persecuted, is Prudina.

I was petrified at the name; it was impossible for words to express my surprize and indignation;
fury

fury soon succeeded a state of stupor, and I exclaimed impetuously; yes, I promise you swift vengeance, your cause is now mine. Princess, adieu; farewell Zumio, two hours hence you are free.

I departed, and by virtue of my Talisman, was instantly at the entrance of the redoubted Cavern, which inclosed the ring of my perfidious Mistress. I will not give you a detail of the combats I had to sustain. I was animated by vengeance, wrath, and hatred, and should never have been triumphant, had I not been immortal and a Genius. I exterminated the Monsters, reduced the gates to powder, seized the casket, and snatched the precious ring which I found, of a most beauteous citron colour, put it on my finger, whence I promised it should never part.

The garden instantly resounded with a thousand cries of joy, a thousand repetitions echoed LIBERTY, LIBERTY, ALL THANKS TO THE GENIUS PHANOR; LIBERTY, LIBERTY.

I left the cavern, and found the garden full of Ladies differently drest and almost all young and handsome; they ran, they wept, they embraced each other, and again cried with all their force, LIBERTY, LIBERTY, ALL THANKS TO PHANOR. Day began to break, and I distinguished among the crowd the beautiful Eliana leaning on the arm of Zumio. She saw me, ran and cast herself at my feet, and exclaimed, behold our Deliverer! Instantly was I surrounded by all her companions, some clasping my knees, others my hands and arms; some frantically kissing me, and one among the rest lightly leapt upon my back, and with a shrill and piercing voice, cried aloud in my ear, Liberty, Liberty. This burthen was repeated

repeated so constantly, and with such inexpressible transports, that notwithstanding all my glory, I was half distracted with the noise, when suddenly the Sovereign of the Genii appeared, riding on a white Elephant ; he imposed silence on the clamorous assembly ; then turning to me, said, Phanor, you are the arbitor of Prudina's destiny, do you pronounce sentence upon her.

Sire, replied I, she is unveiled ; I wish no greater vengeance, but design to pity these unfortunate victims of her jealousy ; restore them to their Country and their Lovers, and command that each shall be transported to the spot the heart most wishes.

Scarce had I spoken, ere the Genius raised his Sceptre, and they all disappeared ; the Genius then again addressing me, said, I promise to reward you, and am ready to fulfil my engagement ; think well ere you ask, and when you are determined come to my Palace.

After bestowing this prudent advice upon me, the Genius left me, and I was preparing to quit the fatal place for ever, which brought afflicting ideas to my mind, when I perceived Zumio behind a tree, conversing with one of the prettiest little women I ever beheld. I was exceedingly surprised, and Zumio approaching me said, you find me here still my Lord, because I am determined to attach myself to you, and never leave you. As to this young beauty, she will tell you her own story, if you desire to hear it.

Certainly, cried I.

The amiable stranger smiled ; I sat myself down by her, and pressed her to speak to me confidently, and tell me why she determined to remain in that garden.

All

All my companions, replied she, have either Husbands or Lovers, whom they ardently desire again to see. I admire their constancy, but have no wish to imitate it. Since, however, my Lord, you desire a recital of my adventures, I shall willingly oblige you.

With a lively imagination, great sensibility, and excessive delicacy, it is easy to touch my heart, but difficult to fix it. At the beginning of an attachment I see the best side of every thing, and make a God of my Lover; but when chance and circumstance ravish the illusion from me, I see I have loved only a chimera; and I detach myself, or rather awaken from an agreeable dream which vanishes before truth; and the world has the injustice to call this effort of reason inconstancy. I change not through caprice but lassitude, and am deceived and undeceived.

About two years since, unhappily for me, I became the Rival of Prudina; a new attachment had occupied me for above three months; the Fairy took a fancy to my Lover, which cost me my liberty; she carried me off, conducted me hither, and while, as she held me by the hand, we crossed this garden, I wept in the utmost despair. Be comforted Agelia, said she, my revenge will not be cruel; you have something amiable and desirable about you, and if you had not quite so much levity, would really be enchanting; therefore, as you interest me in spite of myself, I shall rather endeavour to correct you than punish.

This mockery of the Fairy did not deceive me. We continued walking, till at last the bowers, the trees, the garden, all disappeared, and we found ourselves in an immense Plain, bounded only by the Horizon. The view was much like that one
has

has on board a ship at sea ; but the motion and noise of the waves, and the reflections of the sunbeams on the surface of the water, give life to this picture. Whereas, on the plain where we were, there was nothing to interrupt the astonishing and perfect uniformity of the monstrous scene before us. The Plain contained neither tree, shrub, nor flower, but was wholly covered with a beautiful green grass all of one species, without any other kind of herb. A profound calm, an eternal silence reigned in this vast solitude ; where not a bird nor an insect could be seen, and where the sky was always of a perfect blue without a cloud.

The first aspect of this immense heath, produced a most agreeable sensation ; struck with admiration, I stood motionless in a trance of rapture.

I am quite charmed, said the Fairy, to find you are so pleased with the scene ; it ought naturally to calm the too great susceptibility of a warm imagination ; but this effect can only be hoped from time and meditation. Wherefore I would have you remain here, where you will never find the least change, the heavens will always be equally serene, never will they be obscured by the least cloud ; you will have neither night nor morning, no inconstancy of seasons, but day will ever shine thus bright.

So saying, she condemned me to walk with a steady and majestic step, over this enchanted velvet Lawn for thirty years ; at least, said she, according to her usual form, unless one of my Lovers should cease to admire me, or should deceive me without my discovering the deceit.

She spoke and disappeared, and I instantly found myself obliged to walk exceedingly slow, without a possibility of turning to the right or the left,

left, of hastening or slackening my pace, or of stopping or sitting down to rest.

This obligation of walking always in a right line, and the same slow pace, seemed very painful at the first instant; but I was far from feeling all the horror of my situation. I at first beheld this rich and immense carpet, encircled by a clear and dazzling azure horizon, with ecstasy. Is it possible, that blue and green, the sky and grass, can form so extraordinary, so magnificent a picture! But thus do grandeur and simplicity form the sublime.

Such philosophic reflections, the memory of my Lover, and the hope the Fairy might be deceived, without her discovering the deceit, made me support my solitude with great patience for some hours; but my admiration of my vast prison soon cooled; disgust succeeded enthusiasm; the majestic immensity of eternal verdure, which had so much surprized me, became insipid, monotonous, and tiresome, and I had nothing to divert my attention but an unfortunate passion.

Even the remembrance of this passion was insensibly effaced; my lifeless fancy lost all strength of colouring; my thoughts became vague, my reveries languid; all illusions left me; Love fled my solitude, and I was alone in the vast and busy world.

When reason dissipates dangerous errors, victory brings ease, and one is happy, no doubt; but though it is glorious and flattering to vanquish one's passions, it is shocking to feel them quitting us, and annihilating themselves, because the fire of imagination is become extinct, and the heart withers. Yet how to avoid such a horrid situation, or what passions without fortitude can endure?

ture? They must either be overcome by Reason, or devoured by Time.

In this cruel state, I mournfully trod my never-ending line. I wept no more, no longer had the power of afflicting myself; but I gaped, became spiritless, and sunk beneath insupportable lassitude: the only real wish I felt, was once again to see animated nature, trees, houses, and mountains; the sight of a cloud would have delighted me; a storm, thunder, rain, would have given me unspeakable joy. How much did I regret night, the moon, and star-light; in fact, the least change of any kind whatever, would have been perfect happiness; and I felt, that the ingenious and jealous Prudina, in condemning me to this strange punishment, had found the most cruel method of chastising the inconstancy with which she reproached me.

Judge of my joy, my lord, continued Agelia, when, thanks to your valour, I found I had the power to run or stop, and that I was in the midst of this garden; you ought to imagine at present, wherefore I am here, and why I have not been impatient to join a Lover who has ceased to please me; and by whom, ere this, I am doubtless forgotten, having been eighteen months absent; should he by chance remain faithful, I never could support his complaints and reproaches; all countries, therefore, are to me indifferent, since I cannot return to my own; and provided I neither see vast plains nor lawns, I do not care where I live.

When Agelia had thus spoken, I rose, and describing in the air a circle with my ring, changed the Palace and Gardens of Prudina into a magnificent Castle, situated on the summit of a mountain; we found ourselves standing on the terrace, whence we had the most charming and variegated view.

view. Agelia seemed transported again to behold rocks, cascades, precipices, ruins, hamlets, flocks, and the ocean; for I had united every thing which nature affords, of the pleasing and the majestic, plains excepted. Agelia was in raptures; here reign, said I; if my presence is disagreeable, speak Agelia, and whatever it may cost me, I am gone; your repose is dearer to me than my own happiness.

Agelia, at first, replied to this kind of declaration with equal tenderness and embarrassment; then taking a tone of pleasantry, she preserved her gaiety for part of the day; and, towards evening, fell into a mild melancholy, which gave her new charms, and rendered her so lovely, that my heart was gone past retrieving.

After supper, I led her to the terrace, where perceiving the sky fown thick with stars, Agelia shuddered, stopped, and looked up at the heavens in ecstasy. Oh enchanting sight! cried she.

I instantly fell at her knees, and daring, described the sensation she inspired. She heard me without interruption; I saw she was affected; saw her tears began to flow, and pressed her to reply. After a moment's silence, Phanor, said she, drying her tears, I am not insensible of your favours, and especially of your tenderness, but give me time to know you farther, and examine my own heart.

So saying, she left me. I consulted my precious ring, my torquoise, and learnt, with transport, I was beloved. The next day, I conjured Agelia to give me a farther explanation. Really, said she, I am fearful both of deceiving you and myself.

No, charming Agelia, exclaimed I, falling at her feet, no, you love me; I cannot doubt my happiness——

I stopt,

I stopt, for I perceived Agelia thought my security exceedingly ridiculous ; and, in fact, it had greatly the appearance of vanity. Agelia pouted, and treated me with reserve, with disdain. I repaired my imprudence, and pretended I had lost all hope. Agelia became less rigorous, and confessed, at last, a mutual passion ; and deigned to fix the day, when Hymen should join two hearts which had been so suddenly united by Love.

On the eve of this happy day, I was walking on the terrace with Agelia ; her eyes were fixed on the ocean, which bathed the walls of the castle ; she seemed absent, and I had remarked, with uneasiness, she had appeared so for two days, and that she was less tender than usual ; yet I could not suffer any great uneasiness, because my ring preserved it's usual colour. After a moment's silence, Agelia said, you ought, since every thing is possible to your art, to sink these mountains, and make those rocks vanish ; for I find the landscape is overcharged, and the eye has no repose ; you have multiplied your cascades too much ; those precipices terrify the imagination, and the noise of torrents and the roaring of the sea give us pain.

What then, Agelia, cried I, sighing, have these places ceased to please ? these scenes which you thought so charming ? Well then, since such is your will, they shall vanish, though to me they are dear ; for here it was, Agelia first promised to unite her destiny to mine.

Agelia made no reply ; but gave me a look of tender passion, and I kissed it with transport. At this instant, she fixed her eyes upon my ring, and with a negligent and absent air, drew it from my finger. This gave me some emotion ; but unwilling

willing to excite her suspicions, I durst not oppose or wish to examine it nearer.

I cannot abide the torquoise; said Agelia; this is a beautiful blue, but it's frightfully mounted, I declare it is quite horrid.

So saying, she raised her arm, and without giving me time to prevent, or rather to foresee her intention, threw this inestimable treasure, this ring, the possession of which was so precious, so dear to me, into the sea.

The excess of my surprize rendered me motionless; Agelia beheld me with a mischievous eye. At length I broke forth, overwhelmed her with reproaches? accused her of perfidy, and uttered without scruple, every extravagance which anger the most violent could suggest. Agelia listened with great tranquillity; and when I had ended, I confess, said she, the properties of that vile ring were not unknown to me; I have had some confused suspicions for several days past, and have had the art to worm the secret out of Zumio.

Ah perfidious Zumio! cried I.

He has not wilfully betrayed you, replied Agelia; I persuaded him I was in the secret; he has not wanted discretion; he has only been deceived by a woman; and this is a misfortune, which neither human prudence nor magic itself, could ever yet shield Philosophers, nor the most sublime of the Genii, from sometimes experiencing. As to any thing further, my lord, if it is on my account you regret so bitterly your turquoise, your grief is ill founded, for I assure you, I have not the least wish to deceive you.

Wherefore, cruel woman, have you ravished this precious Talisman from me, which would have

have prevented all doubts, and rendered assurances of fidelity superfluous?

Yes, my lord, I know the ring left me nothing to say; but I love talk; and besides, you must allow such kind of security would not be very flattering to me. Can you say it would have been generous and delicate secretly to consult this ring at every instant, to know if you ought to believe my protestations of affection? I have no Talisman, and yet I believed you. If you ask me what love is, I will tell you: at the moment when you obtained a confession of my passion for you, you should have taken this pretended treasure, this odious ring, have cast it from you, and said, "The love and confidence you inspire, render *this* useless."

I listened and stood confounded; at last I fell on my knees, implored Agelia's indulgence, and my pardon.

Indulgence! cried she, you know not its value; did I not generously pardon you all the wrongs I have just repeated? When I threw your ring into the sea, you ought to have recollected it had not changed its colour; but the passion, the unworthy fury you have been just guilty of—

Hold, Agelia, you pierce me to the heart.

No, my lord, I will take no advantage of your present want of power to read my heart, my word is as certain as all the Talismans in the world; I love you no longer, and I never shall love you more.

The coolness, the unconcern, with which Agelia pronounced these words, did not permit me to doubt the reality of my misfortune. I loved her passionately, and gave myself up to the most dreadful despair. I fell at her feet, bathed them with
my

my tears; for pity's sake, said I, deign to leave me a little hope.

Hence you may learn, replied she, whether you ought to regret your ring; truth is to you so painful you cannot support it, and therefore conjure me to deceive you.—We ought, no doubt, to endeavour to free ourselves from illusions which are likely to injure us, but wherefore destroy those which afford us consolations?—Take my advice, my Lord, and never hereafter employ your art to form a Talisman like that from which I have freed you; if you do, you will but prepare yourself new torments. Study men, suspect them in general, but believe implicitly in your mistress and friend.

The Counsel was prudent, yet unfortunately for me I did not profit by it. Agelia was inflexible, nothing could regain her heart, and I, overwhelmed and despairing, retired to a solitude at a distance from her, where I passed several months totally occupied by my grief. Zumio followed me, and though he was the innocent cause of my misfortunes, his attachment, gaiety, and natural gentleness, made his society agreeable; besides he knew Agelia, and I could converse with him of her.

Zumio had been a great traveller; his relations were pleasant and graceful; and, in order to divert me, he told me every evening of the interesting things he had seen in his travels. Among the rest, he often spoke of a Princess named Arpalisa, on whom he made such pompous eulogiums, that he excited my curiosity. I asked him if she was as handsome as Agelia?

Pshaw! said Zumio, had you ever seen the divine Arpalisa, you never would have been in love with

with this little Agelia, who is agreeable enough I own, and does not want wit sometimes ; but being at the bottom a wild, capricious, thoughtless thing, cannot be compared to the Princess I mention, who is a most accomplished model of all perfection ; you would be dazzled with her beauty, and enchanted with the depth of her understanding, her virtues, talents, and the extent of her knowledge.—Such greatness of soul !—Such sensibility !—Oh ! were you to hear her discourse on friendship !

Zumio was exhaustless on this subject, and his every-day-repeated praise, at length inspired me with a strong desire to see this miraculous Princess.

Notwithstanding, however, all the prudent counsels of Agelia, I heartily regretted the loss of my ring : I had a favour to ask of the Sovereign of the Genii, and after much incertitude and many reflections I went to him, and conjured him to build me a Palace, in which, by a Charm, every one who entered it, should be obliged to declare their secret thoughts whenever they spoke. I asked, likewise, in quality of the possessor of the Palace, to be the only one exempt from that general law : for, said I, a Lover ought to be discreet, and I would not willingly expose myself to the least impropriety of this kind. Let me, said I, in this Palace, behold objects as they are ; let me hear sincerity ; let those who speak express their real sentiments ; and let those who wish to deceive, not be conscious that they say the very contrary of what they mean to say ; let them not hear themselves, but let them rest persuaded, they really speak the flattering words by which they mean to impose on their hearers ; for without this
double

double Charm each would be silent, and I should never hear any thing but interrupted phrases.

The Genius sighed; imprudent Phanor, said he, what is it you ask?—But my oath is sacred; return to your own territories, and, instead of the Palace you have hitherto occupied, you will have the one you had the folly to desire. Here is a Box, continued he, which will preserve you from the laws of this dangerous Palace; while you keep it, you will say nothing but what you intend to say; or if you wish to lend it to any other, it will have on them the same effect; but I can only make one of the kind, it is impossible I should give you another Talisman of that effect.

I received the Box from the Sovereign of the Genius; and after testifying my gratitude, departed immediately for my new habitation.

Here I found a Palace, the aspect of which dazzled and delighted me; it is formed of a substance which has all the brightness, duration, and transparency of the more pure and brilliant diamond; the architecture is at once both light and majestic; the ornaments are enriched by rubies, pearls, and opals; and on the golden doors of this magnificent edifice this inscription, The Palace of Truth was then to be seen.

As I entered, I touched the gates with my ring, and pronounced these words, "Let whoever hereafter enters this Palace, remain here three months; and I swear by my Art an irrevocable oath, never to abolish this Law."

I then opened the gates of my Palace, and ordered admission to be given to whoever pleased to come and remain in it.

From the very first day, I found how dangerous an habitation was the Palace of Truth. I question-

ed my slaves, and they being obliged to answer with perfect sincerity, I conceived so much indignation and contempt for them, that I turned them all away; and I must confess, I have not since found any more faithful or more attached to me. I lost too much of my friendship for Zumio; I saw him as he was, and found he was equally deficient in taste and understanding; he often indulged himself in conversation in points, and a play on words, which now no longer amused me, and which I was astonished to think had ever given me pleasure. I discovered a thousand little defects in him which I had never remarked before, and found besides, he was extremely impertinent; he contradicted me continually, was seldom of my opinion, and spoke with a freedom and impoliteness that were equally revolting.

As he still said, however, he had a friendship for me, I did not come to an absolute rupture with him; but I scolded or snapped at him continually, and he insolently replied my pride was insupportable. I commanded him to be silent; he would shrug his shoulders, mock me, alternately shew anger or vexation, and thus we passed our days, either sullenly, or wrangling with each other.

Quite tired of this tête-a-tête, I continually hoped some travellers, invited by the brilliant aspect of my Palace, would wish to enter; but passengers contented themselves with admiring it; they approached it eagerly, but as soon as they read the inscription, as eagerly left it, and pursued their way.

One day as I stood with Zumio on a balcony, we saw a magnificent Chariot at a distance, driving towards the Palace. I knew by my Art this Chariot belonged to a King, accompanied with
seven

seven or eight Courtiers. As it approached, Zumio said, at last I hope we shall have a visitor, for which I shall be very glad, for I have been most dreadfully dull ever since I have been here.

As Zumio spoke, the Chariot advanced to the gates; the King read the inscription, and his first movement was to enter; but the Courtiers grew pale, shuddered, and detained him. The King persisted for some time; at last he suffered himself to be persuaded, and withdrew; the Courtiers once more recovered their breath, turned the Chariot precipitately away, and soon were out of sight.

So they are gone, cried Zumio, with chagrin; but while you will persist to leave that cursed inscription over the gate, we shall never see a soul; but you are so wilful—I really never met with a Genius so obstinate and stupid.

Your insolence is beyond all bounds, Zumio.

Oh! what you want truth and compliments both at once; your folly is really incomprehensible, and at some moments you are as inconsistent and foolish as you are proud.

Shocked at his excessive impertinence, I was going to drive him from me, when I perceived a figure that fixed my whole attention. A venerable old man, with a majestic presence that inspired respect, and a mild placidity in his countenance, which interested the heart in spite of itself, approached with a book in his hand, reading, and walking slowly.

When he came opposite the Palace gates he lifted up his eyes, and read the inscription. Oh thou, said he, whom for these forty years I have sought! Oh! celestial truth, am I then in my
K 2
latter

latter days permitted to see thee unclouded, and as thou art ?

So saying, the old man entered the Palace.

So here is one at last, said Zumio, and instantly left me to go and meet the stranger. I followed my little hair-brained Sylph, and we soon met the old man. Zumio flew, come in, come in good man, said he, you are very welcome, especially if you can rid us of our horrid dulness. You are old, have been in various scenes of life, and can tell us a good many stories ; but first, pray what is your name.

Gelanor, replied the old man ; in my youth I lived among men ; I have been a great traveller, and for these last twenty years have devoted my days to solitude.

Ah ! I perceive, interrupted Zumio, you are a Philosopher, we shall not be much the merrier for you.—Nor will you find much entertainment here, for Philosophers are curious ; you, no doubt, imagine I may study mankind in this place, but that is your mistake ; you will find nobody here but this Genius, my Master, and me : he, as you perceive, is not very communicative ; besides, there is nothing original in his character. As for me, it is true, I have a deal of wit, many virtues and accomplishments, and it will take you some time to know me.

I know you better at present, replied Gelanor, smiling, than you seem to know yourself.

I now spoke in turn, and asked him what was his opinion of himself ?

I am good, said he, but imperfect ; yet cannot conceive, after having led a life of reflection, and of endeavours to know my own heart, how I can still have so many defects and foibles. This idea, however,

however, is so often present to my mind, that it preserves me from pride, and makes me indulgent. My public and private actions are irreproachable ; but I often experience interior sensations which are humiliating ; and were I to render an exact and circumstantial account of all the ideas which present themselves to my imagination, I am afraid I should not be found much wiser than others.

When he had said thus, I approached Gelanor, and embraced him with most respectful affection. Oh, my father ! said I, I cannot express my admiration ; you are a true Philosopher, and I shall ever honour, shall eternally respect all those who resemble you.

Some days after this conversation, I determined to obliterate the inscription from the gates of my Palace. I then quitted Gelanor and Zumio, and, without telling them my project, guided by that curiosity which Zumio had inspired, departed for the kingdom of Princess Arpalisa. Fearing Zumio's indiscretion, I would neither take him with me, nor impart my design.

I soon came to this celebrated Princess, who would not receive me till evening ; and I was then introduced into a superb saloon, lighted in a most agreeable manner ; the wax lights were all within crystal, covered with white gauze, or set in vases of alabaster ; which artifice produced a softness, somewhat like clear moon-light. The Princess was seated on a Throne of gold, over which was a pavilion decorated with drapery of silver gauze, garlands of roses formed elegant festoons, and crowns suspended over her head.

Arpalisa was clothed in magnificent robes, garnished with precious stones. Her appearance was dazzling, and her beauty seemed to me

gular and majestic; though she was not very young, I admired her shape, her noble air, the surprizing fairness of her complexion, and was charmed with her conversation.

The next day my admiration was more increased, when, by the orders of the Princess, I was conducted into a gallery full of paintings, and informed they were all the performances of Arpalisa: they were on the most interesting subjects; Temples to Friendship, Sacrifices to Friendship, Friendship triumphing over Love, Time crowned and embellished by Friendship, or Altars to Benevolence, Benevolence enlightened by Virtue, Compassion exciting Benevolence, &c. &c. In fine, it was not possible to leave this Gallery, without a full persuasion that Arpalisa was the most sensible and virtuous Princess in the universe.

From thence I was led to the Laboratory, and returning, my Conductor told me, in confidence, that the Princess employed her time with equal advantage, in Astronomy and Mathematics. As I had a particular love for those sciences, I was enchanted at the discovery; and the high opinion I had before conceived of the Princess, was almost incapable of increase.

There was a Concert in the evening, and a Symphony of Arpalisa's composition was performed. The Princess then sat down to the harpsicord, and sang; her voice did not appear very remarkable, but, in fact, it was almost entirely drowned by the accompaniments; but an excellent Musician, who sat by my side, assured me, she sung in a superior style; and I found he had reason to say so, for every body was in raptures.

After supper, they made extempore Poetry and Enigmas, which gave the Princess an opportunity

nity of shewing her wit. I could not recover from my amazement; what I heard was incredible, and I found it would not be possible long to preserve my liberty in the presence of so accomplished a Princess.

Every body retired at midnight, and I remained alone with Arpalisa, and her bosom friend Telira. The two friends were reclined on a couch, and tenderly folded in each other's arms; the picture was delightful; I contemplated it in silence, and listened while they said every thing the sublimest friendship could dictate. Arpalisa gave me so lively, and so affecting an impression of her love for Telira, that I was moved even to tears.

I could not forbear to testify, in part, the admiration she inspired; I praised her talents, her knowledge, and introduced the subjects of Astronomy and Mathematics; but Arpalisa, with a tone of the utmost modesty, stopt me, by saying, I am exceedingly vexed, my lord, you have been persuaded I employ my leisure on subjects so little proper for a woman; and were it true I had a taste for such sciences, I would make it a law with myself never to own it. Pedantry and affectation are utter strangers to my heart.—And my pretensions really are very few.

This uncommon modesty finished her conquest. I was in transports, and returned to my chamber only to think of Arpalisa. I passed a part of the night in writing to her, and making verses upon her. I invented the most ingenious and brilliant feasts; she seemed sensible of my attentions; I declared my passion, and she owned, that my power and rank out of the question, she partook my passion; but by an insurmountable delicacy, she never

could resolve to marry a Genius: for, after a while, added she, you might attribute that to ambition, which was the pure effect of love. Oh that you had been born less illustrious!

Such sentiments enchanted, yet drove me to despair.

At other moments, Arpalisa would vaunt the mild content of her present situation. I have no ambition, said she, Friendship is the charm of my life; Love I have never known, and dread to know; for I have a heart too fond, a sensibility too delicate; I am happy and peaceable, and must not flatter you; I cannot resolve to sacrifice such pure and perfect content. No, my lord, incapable of feigning, incapable of the least coquetry, I would not give you deceitful hopes. Quit this Palace, fly me, for your own repose—and for mine.

Love at last, however, was triumphant, and Arpalisa consented to give me her hand.

Frudina had rendered me so suspicious, I was determined not to wed even the divine Arpalisa, till I had first heard her in the Palace of Truth. I doubted not her sincerity, yet it was impossible I could sacrifice to her the proof of my Palace. I told her I could wed only in my own territories, but took care not to mention a word of the charm. She consented to accompany me, and only required Telira should go with her; for, said she, I could not endure separation from so dear a friend. We departed, and soon found ourselves in the avenues to my Palace.

The aspect of this redoubted place, gave me the most lively emotions. I am going, said I, to discover the true state of the heart of her I love; if she be such as I imagine, how much shall I reproach

reproach myself, for having thought the proof of this Palace necessary; and if she be not, what an angelic illusion shall I lose.

At last we entered the Palace, and I cast a trembling eye on my Princess; but what was my surprize, when I discovered the celestial, the seraphic Arpalisa, was forty-eight years old; was loaded with paint, had pencilled eye-brows, false hair, and a made-up form; in fine, that she was bald, red-haired, old, and crooked.

Zumio who had come to meet me, did not know her in the Palace of Truth; and burst out a laughing, as soon as he beheld a figure so ridiculous, leaning familiarly and triumphantly on my arm. I was so much disconcerted, that I hastily quitted the Princess, without troubling myself about what she might think of my behaviour.

Zumio followed me; I give you joy of your good fortune, my lord, said he; you have, indeed, found out a most rare beauty. I really wonder how you could make such a conquest; your choice, however, proves how substantial your taste is, and you never need fear rivals, or the torments of jealousy.

A single word deprived Zumio of all his pleasantries; I only named Arpalisa, and he stood confounded and annihilated.

After a moment's silence, my lord, said he, I easily conceive your chagrin and disgust; but though the beauty of this Princess be borrowed, if her complexion, shape, and flowing hair, were all artificial, yet I flatter myself we have not been deceived in her soul, her understanding, and talents; and as she has said she loves you, I am persuaded you will find she spoke truth.

If so, said I, Zumio, if I have had the misfortune to make such a woman love me, what will become of me? My only consolation, my only hope, is to find her perfidious.

An attendant now came, to tell me the Princess was inquiring for me, and decorum obliged me to go.

I found her alone in a chamber, and extended on a couch; she had a handkerchief and a smelling-bottle, and, as soon as she perceived me, began to make the most strange contorsions.

What ails you, madam? said I, are you not well?

She made no reply, but continued her contorsions, and I repeated my question. She then cast a languishing look at me, and said, I am pretending to be in a fit.

I see you are, replied I.

Well, and are not you affected?

How can I chuse? But why are you in a fit?

Because you left me so coldly when I entered the Palace; and I want to persuade you my sensibility is excessive, and that I passionately love you.

And do you really love me?

I! not the least in the world. I love nothing.

Here the Princess thinking she had spoken the most tender things possible, pretended to weep and dry her eyes, and I recovered. Freed from all inquietude, I now thought proper to prolong a conversation which diverted me; and taking Arpalisa by the hand, You quite melt me, said I; who can be insensible to so many charms, and so much love?—But how your hand shakes!

Yes, said she, I do that on purpose, to make you believe I have little convulsive motions.

But it must be very fatiguing.

Not

Not in the least, habit has made me expert.—
But you shall presently see something more; I
have not played half my tricks yet; before we
have done, you shall see me faint.

Pray tell me what is become of Telira.

Oh, we have quarrelled.

What already?

Yes, and I mean to persuade you, that Telira
is in part the cause of the situation in which you
now see me.

Why, what has passed between you?

Oh! you never heard such insolence; she told
me I was deceitful, vain, envious, insensible;
that my pride was unmeasured, my ambition in-
fatiable. I replied, I had never really loved her;
that it was all affection, and that had she been
handsomer and more amiable, she would have given
me offence; that I had not the least regard for her,
nor would make the least sacrifice to serve her.

It is inconceivable that this should vex her.

Oh! she left the room in a fury.

Did you ever repose confidence in her?

I never had confidence in any person. I desire
no friends but dupes and slaves; not but I have
often confided my secrets, but then it was merely
through vanity; and I always disguised or altered
facts, and added circumstances, for lies cost me
nothing when they would give me consequence.

You are quite adorable, and so benevolent!—

Yes, I love pomp and show excessively.

When we are united, you shall dispose of all my
treasures. How many wretches will you relieve
with my wealth?

Oh! I will certainly keep it all myself.

Divine Arpalisa, how you enchant me! What
an astonishing union of Virtue, Wit, and Know-
ledge;

ledge; for it is in vain you would deny you are as learned as beautiful; your Courtiers told me all; they assured me the evening before we departed, there was not in the whole nation so profound a Mathematician as yourself..

They are paid to say so, and are disgraced if they do not. I am exceedingly ignorant, though I wish to be thought otherwise.

How modest!—And then your Paintings—

Are every one done by Zolphir.

And the charming Symphonies—

Are all composed by Geraustus.

You are really unique in this world.

It is certain no person ever had more art, or carried dissimulation farther; for I have imposed upon the most knowing and clear-sighted people.

Arpalisa, in pronouncing this phrase, certainly intended a most modest answer; for she took so humble an air, with down-cast eyes, and made such comic and ridiculous grimaces, that I could with difficulty restrain myself from laughter. Her tone of voice, and the faces she made, agreed so ill with what she uttered, and formed a contrast so singular and pleasant, that I found it impossible to sustain the conversation any longer. I rose to leave her; she called me with a feeble voice, telling me, at the same time, she was going to close her eyes, faint, and fall into dreadful convulsions. I got away, and went to relate my adventure to the Sylph and the Philosopher.

You pretend, said I to Gelanor, this Palace can only give me pain, and that it can never be of use to me while I am attached to the world; that in a word, it is only fit for one who is already undeceived by reason and freed from the power of the passions; but do you not now see its use?

use? For had not I brought Arpalisa hither, I should have married a woman at once old, ugly, deceitful, ambitious, and wicked.

But my Lord, replied Gelanor, you might, without setting foot in this Palace, have easily seen this woman nearly as she is, had you been less subject to take things on trust, and had you less vanity. Learn to see with your own eyes, to judge from facts, and not from the opinions of others; do not so easily believe it is impossible when you think proper to act the Lover, you should not be beloved; and I may assure you, that you will in no part of the world become the dupe of such women as Arpalisa.

Do you think it no advantage, said I, a little touched, to hear a Philosopher speak to me with so much freedom?

When you do not reject truth, replied Gelanor, she will always approach you; she is not shut up within these Palace walls, but is omnipresent upon earth, and is seen more or less disguised, according to the weakness, pride, or sincerity with which she is sought; mortal eyes could not support her presence in every incident of life, and thus it is she is seen in this Palace, where she destroys all sweet and innocent illusions as well as dangerous errors; she here wears so savage a form, so pitiless, so hard, so rude, that she wounds and disgusts even when she might be useful.

These reflections did not make me change my opinion; experience only could make me wise.

I questioned Zumio what had passed in the Palace during my absence. Ever since your inscription had been erased, answered Zumio, we have had plenty of visitors; and the crowd is now great; the company is numerous, but the bands
of

of society are broken; disputes, endless quarrels, and gross rudenesses are continually heard. Politeness is absolutely banished, they rail at each other without art or indulgence; they cannot calumniate, but the most biting rancour makes them amends; they hate openly, exclaim, scold, and continue an eternal uproar, of which you can form no idea.

And how do the women behave?

More ridiculous in general than the men; the slightest subjects engender mortal hatred, and they discover falsehood so meditated, and artifices often so puerile, as scarcely to be credited. One tells us, she hopes we shall believe the sight of a Spider makes her ill; another, that she is going to make us believe she shall fall into hysterics at the sight of a Cat; and even when they have no particular views to answer, some will practice deceit, for so they think they do, merely for amusement: but, continued Zumio, coquets are most of all disgusting, for they discover so much effrontery, sentiments so perverse, tricks so absurd, so—

What, interrupted I, has not one virtuous woman entered the Palace?

Pardon me, my Lord, there is one.

Zumio stopt, and seemed embarrassed. What is the matter Zumio, said I, what ails you? Speak I insist upon it.

I am in love, and am mortally afraid you should become my Rival.

And would not you sacrifice your Love to me?
No, indeed.

No! You who have assured there is no sacrifice you would not make to secure my happiness.

I exaggerated greatly. I am much attached to ^{not} you, but I should hesitate to deceive you for Rosamond.

The

The confession is expressive and passionate.—
And Rosamond is very charming.

There is not her equal in the universe; her heart is honest and unpolluted, and deserving the love of a Sylph.

And you love her?

The purity of her sentiments please me, and she has told me she has an inclination for me.

If you are beloved, what have you to fear? For should ambition seduce her, she will be obliged to speak truth, and cannot therefore persuade me I have the preference.

Oh! I am certain of her heart; I am only fearful she should turn your head, and that you then might trouble our repose.

Oh! fear nothing Zumio, I am no tyrant; besides, I do not wish to become your Rival; and I protest I can converse without trouble or danger, however charming she may be, so long as you shall have her affections.

Since you are resolved to see her, let me go first and speak to her.

Why so?

Because—

Nay, answer.

Because I wish to prejudice her against you, by telling her your faults.

You are very obliging, but I will not give you that trouble; tell me only if she knew the effect of this Palace.

Undoubtedly she has been here these six weeks, and it is scarcely possible to live in it two days, without finding that out.

Followed by the sorrowful and jealous Zumio, I went to find Rosamond, but met Arpalisa. As soon as she saw me, my Lord, cried she, what kind
of

of a place is this you have brought me to ? What strange people are assembled in this Palace ? I went into the Saloon for a moment, and there I found the very worst kind of company, women so stupid, men so coxcomical.—Such rudeness ! —I never beheld such manners ; if you knew the insolence I have been offered—I was in despair to see every body admiring a young Lady they call Rosamond. I endeavoured to dissemble my vexation, but could not ; and so I called aloud, Gentlemen, come here, look at me, think of me, pay your addresses to me, and leave that young beauty, whom I detest, since she pleases and attracts all the men.

No sooner had I addressed them thus, than they all burst out a laughing, and hooted, and mocked, as if I had said the most ridiculous thing in the world ; on which I told them I was the Queen of the Palace, and that to-morrow I should be your Bride ; on which their hue and cry began again, and were even insolent enough to call me old mad woman.—Give me vengeance, my Lord, and drive this Rosamond from the Palace.

Then she has particularly offended you ?

She is the only one who offered me no insult, but my hatred is not the less strong ; she obtained new praises for her mildness and modesty, and besides she is so beautiful.—I have endeavoured to defame her as much as possible before you ; therefore tell me, my Lord, whether what I have said to you has made any impression upon you.

A very strong one I assure you ; and I will go and seek Rosamond immediately, to tell her what I think of your justice and moderation.

Go not near her, my Lord, she will seduce you ;

Pray

Pray be calm, Zumio, conduct the Princess to her apartment.

So saying, I waited not for an answer, but flew to find Rosamond, who was in fact what love and envy had painted her; her beauty was angelic, and her modesty and understanding wonderful. I looked, listened, and envied the happiness of Zumio; but as thanks to the Box which the King of the Genii had given me, I could dissemble my thoughts, I did not inform Rosamond of the strong impression she made upon my heart; I contented myself with only reading her's; she told me she was neither coquetish nor inconstant; that Zumio was the first object she had loved; that she had not any violent passion for him at present, but that she felt her love would soon equal Zumio's.

I quitted Rosamond, enchanted by her beauty, wit, and character. In the evening I was out of temper, and especially with Zumio; he complained; I became more vexed, and drove him from my presence, but called him back a moment after, not to do him justice, but to prevent his being with Rosamond; I felt my own tyranny, which Love would not of itself have produced; but Zumio aggravated me, by the rudeness and severity of his expressions and reproaches.

The sage Gelanor in vain endeavoured to make peace between us; alas, said he, were you not in this Palace, and otherwise in the same situation, Zumio would disguise his injurious fears and excessive resentment, and appear mild and moderate, and you would then be equitable and generous. Remember, my Lord, he is forced to speak what he thinks; remember he is under
the

the dominion of love and anger, and that to-morrow he will not think as he does to day.

Do you not see, exclaimed Zumio, that Phanor only wants a pretext to banish me the Palace, that he may drive me from Rosamond; for do not suppose, that he, like us, is obliged to speak what he thinks; his art preserves him from any such necessity: he will not own it, because he is naturally suspicious; but I have found him out in more than twenty falsehoods: thus while he reads our hearts, in spite of ourselves, his own is locked up. What cowardice! What unworthy meanness!

This reproach, which I but too much merited, drove me so furious, that had it not been for Gelanor, I should certainly have committed some fatal crime. Stop madman, cried the Philosopher, stop, complete not your dishonour by avenging yourself on a defenceless Rival.

The authoritative voice of virtue brought me to myself; but Gelanor could not convince me of my error without vexing me; I left him hastily, and went and shut myself in my own apartment, that I might indulge, without constraint, my chagrin and ill humour.

I became gloomy, impatient, morose, fled society, wandered mournfully in my Palace, and sought for Rosamond against my will; she avoided me when I endeavoured to approach her; I saw so much perplexity and disdain in her countenance that I durst not speak.

I found her one evening alone in the garden, sitting in a Bower, plunged in a deep revery. I advanced, and perceiving she had been weeping, I asked her the cause of her inquietude? She sighed; Zumio, replied she, has just left me; I
saw.

saw he was dissatisfied with me, and that afflicts me.

Dissatisfied! said I, with extreme pleasure, why?

Rosamond made me no answer, except by a look of indignation. In vain did I press and question her; she was obstinately silent; hope entered my heart, Zumio was dissatisfied, Rosamond durst not speak; I imagined she read my heart and was affected; all my resolutions, all the obligations I had to Zumio's attachment were forgotten. I fell at her feet, and declared my love in the most passionate terms. I could obtain no answer, but neither could I observe the colouring of anger on the beauteous cheeks of Rosamond; on the contrary, I thought her eyes spoke satisfaction. I again solicited an answer with fresh ardour; Rosamond still mute, made a motion as if to rise and fly me. I fearing to displease would not constrain, and therefore left her.

Full of hope, or rather not doubting my happiness, I sought for solitude to think on Rosamond. I had walked thus two hours, when Zumio suddenly appeared, animated by the most violent rage. So, perfidious Spirit, cried he, you have seduced Rosamond. I have observed for some days past her silence and thoughtfulness, and at last the Die is cast; she has declared she loves me no longer, but that she adores you.

Zumio! What is it you tell me! Dearest Zumio I am sorry for you.—But oh! be generous enough to sacrifice your Love.

I am obliged to sacrifice it, but at the same time my friendship for you is gone.

Nay, Zumio——

You

You merit not a friend ; nor will I ever forget or forgive treachery so black.

I have not been guilty of treachery Zumio, for you never confided in me. You suspected me before I thought of Rosamond ; had it not been for your unjust jealousy, your injurious reproaches and passions, Phanor had never been your Rival, but you insulted, vexed, aggravated me, and so highly offended me that for a moment I forgot our friendship. I have been weak, but not perfidious ; besides, in robbing you of Rosamond's heart, I have broken no sacred engagements ; she had not promised to give you her hand. Hope was all she had granted. Triumph then, dear Zumio, over your resentment, and make not my wrongs greater than they are. Rosamond is changed, forget her, and do not interrupt my happiness by complaints which so much afflict me.

Having thus spoken, I approached Zumio to embrace him ; but he repelled me with detestation. *I abhor you*, said he, and immediately disappeared.

My surprize was extreme ; I was happy, I excused his anger, and without troubling myself more about it, flew to find Rosamond. She received me at first with great perplexity ; but how great, how excessive was my joy, when she blushing owned she loved me, and me only ; that she had never felt for Zumio more than an emotion of preference, but that she had a real passion for me.

What, cried I, do you love me for myself ? Are you certain ambition has no——

How could you dare think it, interrupted Rosamond ; banish such suspicions, my Lord, they are insults. I never had other ambition than that of pleasing you ; and if you had no Palace but a
cottage

cottage too offer me, I should prefer you to all the Kings and Genii of the universe.

Imagine the transports I must receive, at hearing an answer like this in the Palace of Truth. How much did I congratulate myself on the possession of this Palace, which procured me happiness so pure; for, said I, could I have persuaded myself any where else, there was nothing exaggerated in such a reply.

I tore myself from Rosamond, only to give orders for the nuptials, which were to be celebrated on the morrow. The news soon resounded through the Palace. As for Arpalisa, she had known the Charm above a fortnight, and had shut herself up in her apartment, there to hide from all eyes her fury and her shame; and there to wait, as she did with inexpressible impatience, the expiration of the three months, which she was obliged to remain in this enchanted Palace. Zumio, become my enemy, was with her; for my own part, being totally occupied about Rosamond, I was neither in a situation to repent a wrong, nor feel the misfortune of being justly hated.

How long did the night appear! The torch of Hymen was not to burn for me till day, and then I was to wed the most beautiful and lovely lady upon earth. Certain of her virtue, the goodness of her disposition, the purity of her mind, sure of being passionately beloved, I again found that bliss which, for a moment, Agelia taught me to taste. Rosamond, less lively, less poignant than Agelia, had neither her caprices nor singularities, but seemed to promise more solid and lasting happiness.

No sooner were the first rays of Aurora seen, than I, unable to restrain my impatience, rose and flew to Rosamond's apartment. I took a
basket,

basket, garnished with flowers and precious stones, into which I put a billet, which I was desirous she should receive when she awaked; and I entered her chamber, without either being seen or heard; Rosamond was asleep; and, after having placed the basket at her feet, I stopt a moment to consider her beauties.

I was about to retire, when chance directed my eyes to a table which stood by her bed-side; but what was my stupefaction, when I beheld, upon that table, the Box, the Talisman, which the Sovereign of the Genii had given me, to preserve me from the magic of the Palace of Truth.

I thought myself deceived at first by an accidental resemblance, for searching in my pocket, I there found a box; I again recovered my breath, took confidence, examined carefully, and thought that I found in my pocket was the true one. Taking up the other, however, which lay on the table, for further conviction, I could no longer doubt my misfortune. I perfectly saw by comparing them together, that Rosamond's was the Talisman, and that the other was only an imitation.

Confounded and despairing, I could form no probable conjecture concerning this adventure, but took the Talisman, put the counterfeit on the table, again snatched up my basket, in order to evade suspicion, and silently retired.

I will not attempt to describe my rage and grief. I knew not how or when Rosamond had procured my Talisman, but it was evident there was treachery at the bottom. So then! cried I, all the power of magic is unable to cope with the perfidy of women; even here in this Palace, women can find means to deceive.

As soon as Rosamond was up, I went to her ; my agitation was extreme ; struck with the alteration she saw in my countenance, she asked me the occasion of it with anxiety.

I have made some melancholy reflections, said I ; am obliged to own I am jealous of Zumio.

You are unjust then, and do me wrong.

These few words transported me, and had almost rendered me all my happiness back, when Rosamond thus continued :

You may depend on my fidelity ; my virtue is real and not to be shaken ; you are going to become my husband, and I would prefer death to the infamy of betraying you. I made no promise to Zumio, commit no crime in renouncing him, and only sacrifice Love to Ambition.

Heavens ! cried I, what have you uttered ?

Wherefore this transport, said the astonished Rosamond, do you not believe I love you ?

Ought I to believe so ?

Alas ! no, I do not love you, I love Zumio ; but my virtue might easily triumph over that inclination, for I will see Zumio no more, but attach myself to you ; gratitude and duty are all-powerful over my heart ; you are vain, I am virtuous, and I can easily persuade you I dearly love you.

I could contain myself no longer ; my rage broke forth, and I discovered to Rosamond I had discovered the Talisman she had purloined.

Oh ! cried she, Zumio is revenged of an ambitious mistress and a perfidious friend, and heaven is just. Yes, my lord, ambition seduced my soul ; informed of your passion by Zumio, I regretted the rank and power which such a marriage would confer on your consort ; Zumio enraged, overwhelmed

whelmed me with reproaches, and irritated me; I commanded him to leave me; you soon after appeared; and unwilling you should know my thoughts, I determined to be silent; scarce had you quitted me, ere I saw shining among the green herbs, the fatal Talisman, which, in all likelihood, had fallen out of your pocket when you so patiently threw yourself at my feet; by a very singular chance, I happened to possess a box of rock crystal, very like your Talisman, and at first I thought it was my own box; but examining further, I discovered the mystic characters which are engraved upon the lid; I then no longer doubted it was a Talisman. Zumio had told me, the enchantment of the Palace had no effect on you; and I guessed that this box was the preservative which might, perhaps, guard you from the effects of this dangerous charm; I immediately ran to my chamber, sought for, and found my own box, and with a diamond's point, traced, and perfectly imitated the mysterious cyphers. This operation over, Zumio came, and on him I first tried the virtue of your Talisman; I told him I did not love him (*a*), and found the box gave me the capability of disguising my thoughts. Zumio left me in despair; I went to find and met you. I had but one fear, which was, that you had discovered my theft, though scarcely two hours had passed since it had happened; but soon found you had not. While you expressed your transports, I adroitly slipped my crystal box into your pocket, and kept your's. I knew the cheat must in time

(*a*) The Author has for a moment forgotten herself; one magic property of the Palace was, the speakers imagined they disguised their thoughts as usual. T.

be discovered, if we remained here, but I flattered myself I should easily prevail on you to quickly quit this Palace. I had been tempted by opportunity, spurred on by ambition, and wanted time to make all the necessary reflections which should have deterred me from this enterprize.

You now know all, my lord. I reproach myself for having deceived you ; I reproach myself more for having sacrificed Zumio ? but I have discovered no malice, have not debased myself ; and though deprived of the Talisman, and obliged to speak truth, I still can say I love virtue ; and that I never should have violated it's sacred duties, had my artifice succeeded, and had I become your's.

Forced thus to esteem the ambitious Rosamond ; penetrated with regret, overwhelmed with despair, and more in love than ever, I cast myself at her feet. Oh Rosamond ! cried I, it is impossible for me to vanquish the passion you cannot participate ; I am not beloved ; but deign, at least, to give me the right ever to love you ; deign still to reign in this Palace ; let Hymen for ever unite your destiny to mine. Behold me ready to conduct you to the altar ; oh come !

My lord, replied Rosamond, my character is not heroic, neither is my soul mean ; in wedding for ambition, I would have done my duty, and made you happy ; I have no longer that hope, and I renounce you.

I admired this estimable delicacy of Rosamond, and vainly essayed to vanquish it ; she persisted in her refusal ; again saw Zumio ; told him all that had passed ; took the resolution, the same day, to quit the Palace of Truth, and Zumio declared he was determined to follow her. I flatter myself, added he, that when we have left this accursed

Palace, Rosamond may persuade me she has only been guilty of a light wrong towards me, the remembrance of which I ought to lose. Adieu! my lord, and everlastingly, if you remain here, for I vow never to return.

What, Zumio, will you abandon me?

I no longer hate, since Rosamond no longer loves you; but my resentment against you is still strong; were I able to conceal it, as I have still much attachment for you in my heart, and likewise much compassion, I might be capable to console you, and excite your gratitude and admiration, by sacrificing a woman, who, it must be owned, would have sacrificed me; but you read my heart, I can disguise nothing; it is not possible to shew myself more generous, or less vindictive than I really am; besides, should I hereafter repent the having made such a sacrifice, you would instantly know it, and I should lose it's fruits; therefore, adieu my lord, and if you wish to preserve friends, take my advice, and chuse another habitation.

Zumio left me, and I had the bitter grief to see him depart with Rosamond, and on this fatal day to lose both my mistress and my friend.

Gelanor staid; curiosity retained him in a place, which furnished a Philosopher with so many subjects for reflection. Touched to see my profound grief, he pressed me to abandon my Palace. No, Gelanor, said I, no; here will I stay, till I have found an amiable woman of virtue and sensibility, who may recompense me for all the evils love has brought upon me.

One day, while I was walking in a grove of myrtles and orange-trees, Gelanor came to seek me. Here are two guests, said he, a man and a woman

woman of a delightful form, who have unthinkingly entered the Palace, and are exceedingly afflicted to learn they are obliged here to remain three months; they are consulting together, and I believe, mean to ask your permission to be married here; but in all likelihood, a quarter of an hour's conversation will rob them of that wish, for no more time is necessary in this Palace to make the most tender lovers fall out.

As Gelanor spoke, we perceived the young man coming; I approached him, and asked if he still persisted in his resolution to marry his mistress.

Yes, my lord, replied he, and that resolution is less liable to fail, because it is not inspired by love.

How! are you not then in love?

No, my lord; I once was passionately in love with the same lady, as she was with me, but an extraordinary accident tore my mistress from me, only to persecute her; this I knew, but knew not into what part of the world she was carried. Love obliged me to go in search of her, and I left my country, vowing never to return till I had found her whom I adored. My travels lasted more than three years; Love followed, or rather guided my path, for the first year; but the way at length became too wearisome for him, and he left me; I, however, did without him, and continued my route; but I soon travelled slower, and stopped oftener, till at last, I stopt too long, and became faithless.

Honour and friendship brought my vows to recollection again; I continued my travels, and found the woman I had so passionately loved, but who now was no more than a dear and interesting friend. She was deeply affected by all I had done for her: incapable of deceiving me, she

confessed she no longer had the power of participating that love she supposed she inspired; for that during so long an absence, another object had touched her heart. At present, added she, I am free, and feel I am never more liable to the seductions of love; let sincerity, Oh Nadir! be thought the best proof of my gratitude; and if, after this confession, you love me still, to you I am ready to devote my life; you have lost a passionate Mistress, but you have found a faithful wife, and a most tender friend.

Her candour enchanted me, and I, in my turn, ceased to dissemble; I opened my heart to this generous, amiable friend; pressed her to unite her destiny to mine, and obtained the promise of her hand, when we should arrive in our own country.

We immediately departed, and in about a month, approached the loved land that gave us birth, when, happening to see this magnificent Palace, curiosity invited us to enter; but since we are obliged to pass three months here, let me conjure you, my lord, to permit us here to be for ever united.

I consent, said I, if your Mistress desires it.

Here she comes, my lord, condescend to ask her.

I turned my head, and saw the lady approach—— I shivered, my heart beat violently, I started to meet her——Heavens! cried I, it is Agelia—— I was not deceived, it was she herself; surprize, confusion, feelings unaccountable, mixed with grief, vexation, and joy; emotions all violent and diverse, rendered me unmoveable. Agelia was silent for a moment, then laughing outright; and so, my lord, said she, you are incorrigible—— For I now know the virtue of your Palace.——

What,

What, and is this the fruit of all my lessons and advice ?

I could not support this pleasantry, and especially the gay and unconcerned air with which Agelia spoke ; distracted, despairing, I made no reply, but precipitately retired, to conceal feelings which it was impossible to dissemble. I never, hitherto, had really loved any but Agelia ; and this passion, which was so true and so strong, was instantly re-kindled ; I saw her again, found her more amiable, more charming than ever ; her manners were so natural, and her mind so candid, that even in the Palace of Truth, she lost nothing of her allurements and graces.

Nadir was no longer in love with her ; Agelia felt only friendship for him ; Hope again seduced me ; I spoke to, I conjured Agelia to prefer me to the indifferent Nadir : recollect, said I, he no longer loves, and that I adore you to distraction.

My lord, replied Agelia, love soon passes away, but the remembrance of actions remains, and this it is which makes attachments durable. I might forget the love of Nadir, but never that he has been three years an exile from his native land ; that he has three years traversed the universe, to seek and assist me.

And will you have the barbarity to espouse Nadir before my eyes, and reduce me to despair ?

Such despair is but the caprice of a moment. Can you seriously ask me to sacrifice so faithful, so generous a friend ?—You who had not the trifling merit (trifling, because it is involuntary) to regret for any reasonable space of time, the mistress whom you had lost by your own fault ; the inhabitants of this Palace are not remarkable

for their taciturnity ; I have questioned them, and you may well suppose, know the anecdotes of Arpalisa and Rosamond ; speak not then to me of a passion I no longer feel. Open your eyes, my lord ; you are born virtuous and amiable ; but while you preserve this injurious suspicion and inconsiderate curiosity, which characterize you at present, you neither can know repose or happiness. Think what this fatal infatuation of wishing to penetrate the secret foldings of the heart you love has already cost you, without mentioning me ; remember Rosamond, who was charming, honest, virtuous, sensible of benefits, capable of gratitude, and, in any other place but this, of making you perfectly happy. Remember the amiable little Zumio, who so sincerely loved you, and whom you drove from you. Oh cease, my lord, to wish thus to destroy necessary illusions ; abandon this fatal Faience, or for ever renounce friendship, love, society, and, in fact, all the sentiments and pleasures which render life sweet and agreeable.

This discourse made the more impression on my mind, because Agelia, with firmness not to be shaken, persisted in her resolution to wed Nadir ; Unable to support the cruel sight, I came at length to a determination ; and wishing, at least, to gain the esteem of Agelia, heaped benefits on Nadir ; left the Palace, and promised her, that neither suspicion, curiosity, or jealousy, should ever bring me thither again.

You had better, replied Agelia, promise, that neither those passions nor any other cause, shall ever bring you here again.

That I cannot, answer I ; but, to prove to you I do not intend to come often, or stay long, I here give you, dearest Agelia, the Talisman, which

which the ambitious Rosamond once purloined; this box, as you know, is a certain preservative against the enchantment of the Palace; you are obliged to stay here three months, and in that time it may be of some utility to you; take it, keep it, I for ever renounce it.

I will accept it, replied Agelia, if you will permit me to give it to Nadir; deceit is always painful, and to be deceived, is often the greatest of pleasures. If I am satisfied with Nadir, I fear not that he should read my heart; permit me then, to confide to him this Talisman.

It is in your hands, do with it what you please, to your happiness I sacrifice it! but now, obliged as I am to speak what I think, deign, for the last time to hear a faithful avowal of the passion you inspire. Never, Agelia, have I loved any as I have loved you; never shall I forget you. Adieu! pity the unhappy Phanor; for your compassion and esteem, are the sole consolations that can alleviate my grief.

As I spoke this, I saw the tears of the lovely feeling Agelia begin to flow; too much affected to reply, she gave me her hand, which I bathed with my tears.—At length I tore myself from her, quitted her for ever, left the Palace of Truth, whither, from that moment to this, I have never returned.

Such, added the Genius, is my story; such is the secret I have had the fortitude, for sixteen years to conceal. Never, dear Altemira, have I doubted your virtue or affection; the Palace of Truth cannot add to the esteem I have for you; it might enfeeble, or at least disturb for a moment, that sincere attachment by which we are at present

sent united; and, if you will be advised by me, we never will take this dangerous journey.

No, Phanor, replied the Queen, I wish to enjoy the happiness, in the Palace of Truth, of repeating to you I never loved any but you.

The Genius was not at the bottom vexed, that the Queen was so firmly resolved, since it proved so well her virtue; he only required she should seriously reflect for six months; and if, said he, at the end of that time you have not changed your opinion, we then will go.

The six months being past, the Queen wished to depart, and take with her her daughter, and Prince Philamir, who was to espouse Zeolide. My daughter, said she, is certain of the heart of Philamir; but she desires he should read her's likewise, and, ere he receives her hand, be assured of her faith. The Prince knows the effects of the Palace, yet ardently wishes to go with us; Zeolide wishes to take her dear and amiable friend Palmis, so beloved by her and us, and whom I this evening intend to inform of the virtues of the Palace.

And I have a project, replied the Genius, to take thither three or four Courtiers, whom I should not be sorry to know, and whom I shall not inform of the secret of the much to be dreaded place whither they are going; for were I so to do, I imagine they should find some pretext to be excused taking such a journey; for which reason, recommend secrecy to Zeolide, Philamir, and Palmis.

The Queen and young Princess, the same evening, confided the secret to their friend, and Palmis at first, shewed more surprize than eagerness to take this journey. However, after some reflection,

fection, Palmis said, I have nothing essential to reproach myself of; I have a real and sincere attachment to you, and am ready to go.

To this promise Palmis added a confession; she owned she loved a young Courtier, named Chrisel, whose natural levity she feared. Chrisel was a man of fashion, and such a quality does not inspire love with confidence. Palmis wished her lover might go with them, and the Genius gave his consent.

The day of departure came; the Genius, the Queen, the young Princess, Philamir, and Palmis, were the only persons who knew the secret of the Palace of Truth; and in proportion as they approached it, their gaiety decreased; melancholy and inquietude invaded their hearts; Zeolide was the most tranquil, but Philamir became thoughtful and absent; the gloom of Palmis was visible, and the queen was alarmed at remarking the trouble of Phanor. The Courtiers, who knew not the cause, vainly endeavoured to enliven the lost gaiety of the Genius; the Queen and Zeolide, the Lover of Palmis, the amiable and brilliant Chrisel, never discovered more grace or greater desire to please; and when conversing with Palmis in secret, he painted his passion with so much feeling and fire, she could not help reproaching herself for her doubts and fears.

Among the courtiers who followed the Genius, was a man of an odd character, seldom met with in Courts. Aristeus (so was he called) had done the State great service, arrived at the highest honours by merit alone, he did not come to Court till his youth was past, and he brought thither a bluntness and moroseness in his manner, that gave him an air of originality, which had the

greater effect, because it formed so strong a contrast to the manner usually seen in such places. A frigid and satiric Courtier is not very likely to become a favourite; but his success for that very reason was at first as great as his singularity amusing; but finding afterwards his understanding equalled his ill-humour, they endeavoured too late to get him expelled; the Queen and Genius esteemed him, and he was established at court.

What is most extraordinary, when fixed there, he did not alter his behaviour; for he not only forbore false panegyric, but he was never even heard to praise; and though very capable of zealously serving his friends, he never said an agreeable or affectionate thing, or ever made a single profession of friendship.

As they now drew near to the Palace of Truth, the Genius had a private conversation with the Queen. I confess to you, said he, I cannot enter this Palace, which has been so fatal to me, without chagrin, nor can I dissemble. I stand greatly in need of your indulgence. What husband, who has been married seventeen years, can say he never has been guilty of an offence? — You will much afflict me, if you interrogate me too circumstantially on my past conduct.

Very well, my Lord replied Altemira, piqued, I promise to ask you no Questions.

And I will make a like promise, said the Genius.

No, my Lord, answered Altemira, I have nothing to reproach myself with, and do not fear your curiosity.

I honestly own, replied the Genius, I do fear your's, for I shall be obliged to reply with the most exact sincerity.

Confess,

Confess, said the Queen, you at present deeply regret you sacrificed your precious Talisman, which gave you the happy power to conceal your thoughts in the Palace of Truth to that charming Agelia.

Phanor sighed, and made no reply, and the Queen fell into a profound and melancholy revery.

At last they saw the bright walls of the magic Palace. More than one heart was agitated, but they felt too late all the consequences of so dangerous a voyage. The Chariots stopt; they descend, advance, and pass the fatal gates.

As they entered the Palace, the first object that caught the attention of the Genius was the venerable Gelanor, the virtuous Philosopher, whom he had left above eighteen years before in the Palace of Truth. Phanor hastily left the Queen, glad of a pretext to be at some distance from her; and ran to embrace the Philosopher, with whom he went into the Gardens.

Who, my Lord, said the old man, have you brought here?

My wife.

Your wife! Heavens! Have you thought of the consequences my Lord?

I am certain of her virtue.

Ah, my Lord! how many husbands within these nineteen years, have I known enter this Palace with the same security, and leave it for ever undeceived.

That fear cannot trouble me; Altemira knows the effects of this Palace, yet would come hither. I have little uneasiness concerning what I may know of her, but much for what she may learn from me.—But tell me, venerable Sage, satisfy

my curiosity.—Time has not yet effaced Agelia from my memory; and every thing here recalls her image.—Tell me, if after my departure, she married Nadir.

Yes my Lord; and the very same day, gave him the Talisman she had of you. Nadir, touched by so delicate and generous a procedure, determined never to question her, and thus they passed three months in the most perfect intelligence. Imitate their example, my Lord.

I am so disposed, if the Queen be so too.

While Phanor was conversing with the Philosopher, Zeolide was walking with the Queen, and the rest of the newly arrived travellers. The young Princess and Philamir were a little before. After a moment's silence, Philamir said, Ever since I have been in this place, I have found an insurmountable embarrassment. I dare not speak my feelings; I fear lest my expressions should not seem sufficiently tender.

Then they were exaggerated before we came here.

I fear they were.

Ungrateful man, while I have never shewn half the tenderness I felt.

Ah, Zeolide! What a rapturous confession! But tell me if you have ever loved me?

I never loved any but you, on you alone the happiness of my life depends.

I am satisfied, exclaimed Zeolide.—Yes, dear Philamir, we will prove, that even this Palace cannot be fatal to true Lovers; and that far from destroying it increases affection, by dissipating all the doubts which a lively and delicate tenderness too often feels.

As Zeolide pronounced these words, the Queen and Palmis came up; Philamir left them, and the Princesses separated themselves from the group of Courtiers that followed them in the gardens; and Philamir and Chrisel went into a thicket, at the entrance of which they saw a young woman sitting on a bank. She was handsome, and Chrisel would go and speak to her. The Prince soon found she was but just arrived, and that she no more than Chrisel, knew how impossible it was to conceal her sentiments. Philamir asked her name, she replied, Azema.

You have a fantastical coquettish manner, which is agreeable enough, said Chrisel, thinking he had praised her extravagantly, and astonished to see with what an air of surprize and disdain she received his compliment.—And so, said he, you are a woman, and do not love flattery?

Do you call that flattery? Perhaps you think me ugly?

Ugly! Did I not this moment tell you, I never saw so charming a creature before?

Really, Sir, you are a little whimsical, but this is a thing of small importance; for, notwithstanding my coquettish airs, I care not for you, Sir.

Candour and simplicity, faith.

Smplicity; really, Sir, you have a deal of penetration.

Well then, sincerity at least.

Sincerity! Lord, Sir, I never speak a word of truth. I assume an air of simplicity and ingenuity I own, but it is only to deceive.

Chrisel burst out into a laugh, and Azema turning towards Philamir, said, What is the reason, my Lord, that you are so obstinately silent?

Why

Why do you ask ; replied Philamir, smiling.
Because I should like to make a conquest of you.
And for my part, I do not know that I ever
met a more uncommon Lady.

You really please me very much, and I dare
say you are very credulous, and very loving.

Yes, I know how to love.

Most childishly I dare say. Are you very deeply
in Love ?

I am ; and on the success of my passion, depends
the happiness of my life.

I dare say——And I am glad of it.

And why so, pray ?

Because I am happy to set Lovers at variance.
Is she you love here ?

She is.

I will find her, and if she be handsome enough
to pique my vanity, will render you faithless. I
shall walk this evening in the Orange-Grove ;
and I tell you so expressly, that you may come and
meet me there.

So saying, she rose, and Philamir going to detain
her, said, do not hold me, do not you see by
my air of affectation, I want to make you believe
I think you a dangerous man, and therefore fly
you ?

Azema then, with a most modest and serious
air, made a very low courtesy and retired.

Really, said Chrisel, this little Lady is the most
extraordinary and odd kind of person I ever met.
Women are all coquettes and deceitful, but she
is the only one I have ever seen who was indis-
creet enough to own it ; her wish to seduce, and
her excessive imprudence, make her truly whim-
sical and original. Were I in your place, my
Lord,

Lord, I should be sure to meet her in the Orange-Grove.

Do you speak as you think, Chrifel?

To be sure——What, because you are in love with the Princess?——Pshaw! Childish! You cannot have such scruples.

Do you think, asked Philamir, it would be possible to turn the brain of a coquette like Azema?

Certainly, if you manage matters well, there is no doubt.

I? I have no such design——And yet I own, this appointment piques my curiosity.

The sudden appearance of Palmis interrupted the conversation; she had not yet an opportunity of speaking alone with Chrifel, therefore, as soon as she saw him she approached, and the Prince left them together. Palmis was agitated; she dreaded to question her Lover; and Chrifel, thinking about something else, did not remark her perplexity. At last Palmis, fetching a deep sigh, said, Why are you silent, Chrifel? Are you thinking of me?

No sooner did he hear the question, than assuming the most passionate manner possible, and tenderly kissing the hand of Palmis, Chrifel replied, oh! no I never think or trouble myself about you, I protest I do not.

How! Faithless man, cried Palmis.

Do you doubt my truth? Ah, Palmis, how unjust you are. Yes, said he, falling on his knees, it has been my study to deceive you. Ambition and vanity alone have attached me to you. Do justice, Palmis, to your lover, for he is incapable of affection; be comforted, be secure, and let these sincere protestations drive all doubts from

from your mind.—But why is anger so visible in your looks? How have I offended you? And wherefore to-day will you not believe me?—Do you wish me to swear?—Oaths cost me nothing.

Wretch, cried Palmis, I can listen no longer.

Tears impeded speech, and overwhelmed with excessive grief, she sunk on a garden-seat? Chrifel still kneeling, feigned to weep. Do not you see, said he, how I pretend to shed tears: really beautiful Palmis you quite weary me, and though you are naturally as unreasonable as insipid, I never before saw you so intolerably tiresome.

Begone, said Palmis, repelling Chrifel with indignation, you give me horror to hear you.

There is certainly, said Chrifel, something I cannot understand in all this; perhaps, said he, with an air of freedom, you wish to break with me; if so, speak; there is no necessity for all these tears, this tragic tone; let us remain friends at least; and this I wish, because your credit and favour may yet be useful to make my fortune.

Palmis made no other answer, than by rising with impetuosity; and as she flew from him, darted a look of contemptuous rage at Chrifel.

The courtier stood confounded, and as he reflected on this strange adventure, heard a tumult of voices. He walked towards the noise, and entered a verdant Amphitheatre full of passengers newly arrived, to the number of about thirty, sitting on the grass-banks, and forming a circle round Gelanor. Chrifel, as he entered, asked why they were all assembled?

My Lord, said Gelanor, for these nineteen years I have done the honours of this Palace; have neglected nothing to make it agreeable to strangers,
and

and have only required one thing in return, which is, to follow me to this place, and answer a single question which I put to each person.

And what question is that pray?

I only desire to know if they are happy.

Well, and have you found many people satisfied with their condition?

Their names are all written in a Book, and I am still at the first page; but, alas! we ought not to wonder at this, since Virtue and Reason alone can give happiness.

Have you began your Catechism of to-day.

Yes; I have questioned nearly half this Assembly. Will you, Sir, be kind enough to answer me?

Oh willingly. I have been very successful at Court, made a great fortune, ruined half a score women, who all before they knew me had excellent reputations; and yet I am not happy, am weary of myself, enjoy nothing, but wish for what I do not possess, with an ardour that consumes me.

Let us pass on to another, said Gelanor. What say you, grave stranger? addressing himself to a little olive-coloured man with a disdainful air.

I am called a Philosopher, said the stranger, in an imperious and dogmatic tone.

Then comrade, answered Gelanor, smiling, you are happy.

I happy! no indeed.

And what prevents you?

Pride. I associated myself with some others like myself, and among us we have formed a vast and hardy project. We wished to reign and domineer over the minds of men; and we had a celebrated Magician for a Chief, who gave us a Talisman, on which were engraved these three words, BENEVOLENCE, TOLERANCE, PHILOSOPHY.

SOPHY. My friend, said the Magician, the virtue of these three words is such, that to obtain your end, you have only incessantly to repeat them, and rest faithfully attached and submissive to your Chief. With this Talisman and my protection, you will want neither knowledge nor genius; you may daringly say, and write all the extravagances which shall enter your imagination, you shall have an exclusive authority to reason wrong; be inconsistent, trouble established order, overturn moral principles and corrupt manners, without losing your consequence; if you are attacked make no reply, beware of discussion. I permit insults only, and declamations void of meaning, but no reasoning; keep constantly repeating the same thing, **BENEVOLENCE, TOLERANCE, PHILOSOPHY.** Should it be proved you are neither benevolent, tolerant, nor Philosopher, be not frightened, only repeat and cry with more force and obstinacy than ever, these three sacred and magic words, **BENEVOLENCE, TOLERANCE, PHILOSOPHY,** and you shall triumph over all your enemies, at least as long as I shall live. So spoke this great enchanter, and his promises had their full effect; but, alas! we have had the misfortune to lose a Chief so worthy of our regret; and since his death, the Talisman has lost its virtue, and our empire is no more dissolved. Usurpers as we are, our Partisans are vanished, we can excite no more disorders, and are fallen into obscurity.

As he ended, this pretended Philosopher fetched a deep sigh.

Just then Zoram, one of Phanor's Courtiers, joined the company: hold, cried Chrisel, addressing himself to Gelanor, if you want to find a happy man interrogate this, whose mirth is so great

great it approaches folly, amusing himself with every thing impassioned, enthusiastic.—Are you not Zoram?

These are my pretensions, replied Zoram.

Pretensions! Why are thou not furiously fond of Music, Painting, Hunting——

Hunting fatigues me; the best music in the world to me is only noise, and I have no taste for painting; but I keep Hounds, hire Musicians, and buy Pictures; that is, I ruin myself, to persuade the world I am amused and happy.

Come, come, leave joking, and answer seriously.

I am satisfied, replied Gelanor; and now let me question this Lady, who is sitting in the midst of that agreeable group of children and young Ladies. You are the mother of a family, madam, said the Philosopher?

These who sit round are my children.

Are you happy?

The question is addressed to you; answer my children.

The moment she had spoke, her two eldest daughters, with tears of joy in their eyes, ran to her arms with the most tender expression of gratitude; and the children all cried at once, she is happy in us, and we love her with all our hearts.

Heaven be praised, exclaimed Gelanor, for my eyes have this day beheld a happy Being. Let me beseech you, madam, to tell me your name?

I am called Eudemonia.

Indulge me in a few questions. How long have you enjoyed the pure and affecting happiness, of which you now present so delightful a picture?

Ever since I have been a mother.

What kind of a life do you lead?

I live

I live retired; devote one half of the day to my children, and the other to study and friendship.

Have you many friends?

Very few; but those I have I can depend upon.

Are you rich?

No; nor never shall be.

Why so?

I despise pomp, and money can only procure me one pleasure that of giving.

Are you ambitious?

No, not even for my children; for reason and experience have taught me, honours and wealth cannot bestow happiness.

Gelanor took his book from his pocket, and with inexpressible joy in his countenance, inscribed the name of Eudemonia.

Chrisel and Zoram left the garden, and went towards the Palace; the little Court of the Genius assembled in the Saloon; Aristeus the satiric and surly Courtier already mentioned, was talking to the Queen, who was surprized to find he had lost much of his moroseness; that his manners were more mild, and that he could say obliging things. Zoram and Chrisel entered the Saloon; the Princess was going to her music, and tuning her harp, Philamir sat beside her, and the sorrowful unhappy Palmis leaned languishingly against a pillar, thought of the perfidious Chrisel, and was mournfully silent. Chrisel approached Phanor, who was thoughtfully walking. Being desirous of saying something civil of the Queen, he followed the Genius, and as soon as he was near enough Altemira to be heard, stopped, and with a look of great complaisance, addressing himself to the Genius, said, how much the Queen
shews

shews her age to day ; it is not possible to think her less than eight and thirty.

Altemira, though still beautiful, was no longer vain of her person, but smiled. You flatter me, said she.

I intended so to do, madam.

How do you like my dress ?

Not at all ; it is much too youthful for your Majesty.

After thus replying with a most obliging and gentle tone and manner, Chrisel, quite satisfied with himself, and with what he thought he had said, bowed, and rejoined Phanor.

Zoram advanced towards Palmis, and, desirous of awakening her from her revery, by inciting agreeable ideas in her mind, said, Good God ! madam, your eyes are sunk in your head, and how red your nose is ; you do not look handsome to-day at all. Nay, do not affect that disdainful air, nor think what I say is flattery, I assure you it is the very exact truth.

The Princess was seated, and preluding on her instrument ; Zoram, in order to maintain his reputation for a connoisseur passionately fond of music, hastily approached, with every demonstration of gladness. The Princess sang, and accompanied herself ; Zoram listened, and beat out of time, clapping as if he had been mad. Before the air was half over, he exclaimed, still continuing his hand applause. How tiresome this is, how intolerably tiresome !

Zeolide was a little disconcerted and stopped ; I am quite delighted, madam, said he, to see you the dupe of these affected transports ; it was to an enthusiasm that I have made all this noise.

The

The other Courtiers were in utter astonishment to hear him, and absolutely supposed poor Zoram was mad. Chrisel, who was particularly intimate with him, wishing to appear afflicted for his misfortune, put on an air of tender amazement, and exclaimed, Poor Zoram, how happy am I to see him thus ! I shall profit by it ; I will ask his place of Phanor this very evening.

So saying, he took Zoram by the arm, dragged him away, and they both left the saloon,

Zeolide then asked Philamir, laughing, if he, like Zoram, thought the air she had been playing dull ?

No, replied Philamir, for I was not listening ; I was thinking of something else.

The Princess blushed with vexation, and Aristeus said, I, madam, have not lost a bar of it, and I think the air a very good one, and your voice quite enchanting.

How now, Aristeus, interrupted the Genius, what are you becoming polite and gallant ?

I have no such intention, replied Aristeus, but I am neither so frigid nor unfeeling as I appear ; I am somewhat cross, and wish to be thought singular, for which reason I pass my life in snarling and finding fault, entirely from a spirit of contradiction ; besides, I have made it a law with myself, never openly to praise nor flatter, except indirectly, and on great occasions.

Ha ! I understand you ; pray tell me, have you never flattered me ?

You esteem me, because you believe I have not ; yet love me, because I really have ; you believe, simply enough, that a man with a gruff tone and blunt manners, cannot flatter ; you are suspicious of other Courtiers, but in full security with
with

with me ; but flattery can take various forms, nor is there more than one way to escape it's seductions, and that is to be insensible to them. You love flattery, and I give it you ; I naturally hate it, and had you despised it, I should never have had this meanness to reproach myself with ; but thus only could I obtain your confidence ; if I deceive sometimes, you force me to it ; and had not you corrupted me, I never should have used artifice ; I feel how much I am debased, I groan over it, am irritated against you, and serve without loving you.

Insolent !——Be gone, cried the Genius, with his eyes inflamed with fury, and dare never again enter my presence.

These dreadful words terrified the Princess, who hastily rose, and, followed by Palmis, went into the gardens. Alas ! said Zeolide, I begin to find how fatal this Palace is ; this unfortunate Aristeus, who has done the State so many services, is disgraced and ruined.——And have I any reason to be better satisfied ? How did Philamir answer me ? It was for him I sang, yet he deigned not to listen. What then did he think of ? Ah ! had I dared to demand, perhaps——Palmistake part in my pangs.

I see nothing you have to complain of, replied Palmis, coldly.

What ! the indifference, the cruel disdain of Philamir.

You are ridiculously susceptible.

That is a strange expression.

Alas ! I have not the power to chuse——Pardon me, madam.

You are not affected by my grief ; I see you do not love me——Ah ! no doubt, it is impossible
for

for persons of my rank to be beloved for themselves. How unhappy am I !

The Princess could not retain her tears as she spoke.—You are unjust, replied Palmis; do not calumniate human nature thus; if a Prince wishes to know whether the praises given him are sincere, and whether he be really beloved, let him ask his own heart; let him judge himself; if he disdains flattery, and is capable of friendship, he may be certain he has tender and faithful friends.

Well, Palmis, I detest flattery, and love you.

And I, madam, have no friend in the world as dear to me as you are.

Zeolide answered Palmis by kissing her with transport. Be certain, henceforth, added Palmis, your rank cannot injure the sentiments you are born to inspire. In our secret conversations, your friendship and confidence establishes a perfect equality between us; you are amiable, and have a feeling heart; I daily receive new benefits from you, and inclination and gratitude are the sacred ties by which we are for ever united.

Oh my dear Palmis! cried Zeolide, how happy do you make me !

You cannot now doubt of my attachment, replied Palmis, and yet I fear this Palace; remember, madam that without condescension, without those delicacies and attentions which come from the heart, friendship could not subsist.

Zeolide assured Palmis, that nothing hereafter could ever deprive her of friendship and love.

While the two friends were thus conversing, Philamir did not forget, that the coquette Azema had given him a rendezvous in the Orange grove; and it seemed so curious and amazing to read the heart of a woman of that character, that he had
not

not the fortitude to resist the opportunity : besides, I am certain, said he, Azema cannot seduce me ; Zeolide will know nothing of the affair, and consequently will ask no questions. The latter reflection determined the Prince, and he immediately went towards the grove. Here he found Azema negligently extended on the grass, and in such a manner, as to leave a pretty foot, and the half of a very pretty leg exposed. Her eyes were down-cast, she seemed lost in a profound reverie, and did not appear to perceive the Prince, who gently approached.

As soon as Philamir stood by her side, Azema gave a little shriek, and hastily rose.—What, said the Prince, have I frightened you?

No ; I am acting surprize and modesty ; I have been waiting for you above an hour, in the same attitude in which you found me ; and I flatter myself, added she, with down-cast eyes as if she was confused, you saw my foot and leg.

Philamir smiled, and said he had never seen any thing more charming, and Azema hid her face with her fan.—Why do you do that ? said the Prince.

To make you believe I blush.

I should be glad to know what you think of me?

You please me, and I wish to make you in love with me.

If I were not already really in love.

Well, what then?

Then—This moment might be dangerous to me.

Dangerous ! That is very pleasant.

I think there would be much danger in loving you. I have a warm heart.

And I a lively imagination, which tally excellently. I am certain I shall seduce you.

Your confidence makes me afraid.

I shall now, under pretence of being warm, take off my glove to let you see my hand and arm.

How delicate and white, said Philamir, seizing one of the hands of Azema.

I am now going to seem offended with the liberty you have taken, and pout, as you see; after which I shall put on a sentimental air.

Azema drew away her hand with dignity, and turned her back on Philamir.—Shall you pout long, said the Prince?

Long enough, to give you time to remark my flowing hair and a fine shape.

What beauteous-tresses! cried Philamir, diverting himself with the arts of Azema.

The Prince however, could not avoid observing she really had fine hair, an elegant shape, and one of the prettiest faces in the world. After a moment's silence, Azema said to him, If you had common sense, this is the instant in which you would fall at my knees, at which I should seem greatly affected.

Philamir could not resist the curiosity he had, to know how Azema would act tenderness, and accordingly did as she described.—Oh! ho! cried Azema, have I brought you down then?

Charming Azema tell me what passes this moment in your heart?

I am in raptures.—I have seen Zeolide, and I detest her.—Oh! what will her vexation be, when she shall know I have robbed her of her Lover, for know it she shall; and soon I will tell her of it myself, for it will delight me to see her despair.—She is so beautiful, and so good, that they

they speak of nothing here but of her bounty, charms, and virtue; but I will defame her; I will, if possible, rob her of her reputation.

Azema, as she spoke, was struck with the indignation she saw painted in the countenance of Philamir. What Prince, said she, do you suspect me of affectation? Think you there is any exaggeration in the heroic sentiments I endeavour so much to discover?

Oh! exclaimed Philamir as he rose, that all the Monsters of your species were obliged to speak with the same sincerity, that they might only have the power to inspire contempt and horror.

Philamir spoke, and hastily withdrew, reflecting as he went on this adventure. Into what snares, said he, might curiosity alone lead a person of my age, from a wish to see how far such a woman could go. I found myself kneeling to her; I despised her, was not her dupe, yet she amused me; appeared charming, and had she not discovered a soul so black and base, I had for an instant forgot Zeolide.

Thus reflecting, the Prince turned with melancholy step towards the Palace, when Gelanor came from a Grove, and said, Come hither, my Lord; come, and, if possible, prevent Chrisel and Zoram from cutting each others throats.

How!

As they were crossing the gardens about two hours since, they mutually accused each other of madness; but meeting with a guest, who informed them of the virtue of the Palace, they were terrified to think what they had said to the Genius and the Queen, and went privately to concert what measures were best to take. From this conversation they learnt, that they really had no

friendship for each other; each questioned, was forced to confess they had committed reciprocal wrongs formerly and recently, till at last they determined to fight, and are not many yards distant.

Bring me thither, said Philamir, and I will endeavour to reconcile them.

Ah! my Lord, replied the Philosopher, you know not how difficult it is to effect a reconciliation in this Palace.

The Prince came up, just as Chrifel and Zoram were making their attack; he ran between them, and the two Courtiers owned they did not wish to fight, and should be very glad if they could be reconciled again. Well then, said the Prince, forget the past, and embrace.

Chrifel immediately approached Zoram with a good grace, who met him with open arms. Zoram said, with a smiling countenance, I here swear eternal hatred.

And so do I, replied Chrifel.

What is it you say, exclaimed Philamir?

You hear his perfidy, said Zoram, and yet I have the same sentiments.

In the name of heaven, cried Philamir, be silent, and be calm.

My Lord, answered Chrifel, were it possible to dissemble, I would trick the traitor; but we are forced to speak what we think, and cannot conceal our mutual resentment. I see it is useless to strive against the invincible virtue of this Palace, for I am obliged to speak truth. I, who have carried the profound art of dissimulation so far; yes, I have lost the fruits of ten years study.

You Chrifel gave the first offence, replied the Prince; endeavour therefore to say a single word

in

in excuse to Zoram, who I am sure will have the moderation to be satisfied.

I cannot, said Chrisel; if I attempt to speak, I shall only add to the insults I have already uttered.

No; we must fight, said Zoram, honour will have it so; deign therefore, my Lord, to be a witness of the combat. I flatter myself, that at the very first wound, however slight it may be, you will run to part us.

So saying, they again drew their swords, and the combat began. After a few minutes Chrisel was touched in the hand. Enough, said the Prince, stop.

Very willingly, replied Chrisel; however my Lord, be explicit if you think it necessary. I am ready to go on. I am very much attached to life, but honour is still more dear to me.

Such also are my sentiments, added Zoram.

Honour is satisfied, said the Prince, therefore separate.

Chrisel and Zoram on hearing this left the field of battle, and the Prince returned towards the Palace.

The Genius and the Queen had likewise just had a most disagreeable conversation. Altemira, notwithstanding her promises, could not forbear to question Phanor; and his answers had so surprised and angered her, that the Monarch and Queen almost came to an open rupture, were each sullen, and did not speak.

Zeolide appeared so melancholy and cold, that Philamir feared she had heard of his adventure in the Orange-Grove. The supper was far from chearful; the unfortunate Aristeus durst not make his appearance, and Zoram and Chrisel shewed not the least eagerness to make their Court.

Palmis, overwhelmed with grief, was sorrowful and silent; the Queen and the Genius were plunged in a profound revery; and Philamir, devoured by inquietude, trembled as he spoke to Zeolide, who scarce deigned to make him a reply.

The next morning Philamir, who had passed the night in reflecting on his situation, determined to demand an explanation from the Princess. He went therefore in search of her, and as soon as he found himself alone with her and Palmis, he threw himself at her feet, and said, Oh! pardon me Zeolide; I see you know all, and therefore I am ready to confess.

Know all what? interrupted Zeolide.

My adventures with Azema.

I know nothing of it, but I now insist on knowing it circumstantially.

When Philamir heard this, he heartily repented his indiscretion, but he could not retract; he was obliged to satisfy the jealous curiosity of the Princess; was forced to own, that Azema might for a moment have seduced him, had she not shewn so perverse and black a heart.

Thus then, said Zeolide, had you not been in this Palace, and could this woman have concealed the atrocity of her mind, and the corruptness of her morals, she might have rendered you faithless.

Oh! Zeolide, cried Philamir, forget this momentary crime; my repentance is most sincere: I love you, and only you.

And I, replied Zeolide, haughtily shall disdain you ever after; you are no longer worthy of me, and henceforth I renounce you.

So saying, the Princess flew to the other end of the chamber, and shut herself up with Palmis in her own room.

Here

Here Zeolide gave a free course to her tears, and a thousand times repeated Philamir was an ungrateful faithless man, whom she would never see more. Palmis long kept silence, but at last was obliged to answer. Alas! madam, said she, what shall I say? Were I not here, I might pretend to feel as you do till you became cooler, and I by degrees could dispose you to listen, and insensibly return to reason.

To reason! How! Am I then unreasonable!

Yes, madam.

You must have very little delicacy.

I have more experience than you, madam.

Your manner of thinking, greatly diminishes the esteem I had for you.

I anger, I irritate you; I foresaw I should; you are under the dominion of passion, and I cannot use those means your situation requires.

This is insupportable.——But let me hear you try to prove how Philamir is excusable?

I should fail at present, permit me to be silent.

No; I will know what you think.

Well, since it must be so, I think that in this affair you have not common sense. Philamir is only twenty; a very pardonable curiosity, and not an intention to deceive you, led him to the rendezvous; that coquette is charming; he for a moment forgot himself, was wrong, felt he was, and repented. This is the only error love can reproach him with; he now knows coquettes, despises them most sincerely, loves you passionately, and well deserves his pardon.

Never shall he obtain it.

Will you be mad enough then to exact perfect fidelity from your Lover?

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Yes;

Yes; I will be *mad enough*.——Affection cannot subsist, if it be not sincerely reciprocal.

True; and therefore is the duration of love so short, it is not possible for a man to have as much delicacy as an affectionate and virtuous woman; and the most tender Lover must soon be discarded, if his mistress has neither indulgence nor credulity.

That is, you think me romantic.

Excessively so.

And do not pity me.

I am sorry to see you suffer; but when I compare your situation to mine, it is impossible to feel any great compassion.

Those who attach themselves to a coxcomb, merit but too well the misery you have felt.

And those who attach themselves to a Lover under twenty, ought to expect vexations much more real than what you complain of.

What a reproach! How unfeeling!

You first began.

I had no intention to vex you, I spoke what I thought without reflection.

And you have hurt me cruelly——which I shall remember after to day.

I shall never forget the insensibility you have discovered.

You are neither just nor reasonable.

This is too much, interrupted Zeolide; leave me; I expected consolation, and you aggravate my pains; leave me.

Palmis rose with vexation in her countenance, and left the room without answering a word.

And so, cried the Princess, melting into tears, Philamir has betrayed me, and Palmis loves me no longer. I have lost them both at once.——
But I have a mother still.

Zeolide

Zeolide dried her tears, and went to the Queen's apartment:—Altemira was the best and tenderest of mothers; Zeolide told her all her sorrows, and the Queen partook her griefs, and even her resentment. How guilty did Philamir especially appear! he had forgot Zeolide for a moment; but such, said she, are men. Alas! did you know my daughter, what confessions I have torn from your father's heart—But Philamir is to me a thousand times still more inexcusable; yes, my child, the greatest wrong that can be done me, is to afflict thee; thy pangs are the only ones I cannot support with fortitude, they distract my heart.

Oh my mother! cried Zeolide, in you I find all the tenderness I experienced before we entered this Palace, you are the only one whose language is still the same.

Yes, my dear Zeolide, there are no illusions mingled with the affections of nature; a good mother cannot speak more than she feels, nor paint tenderness more passionate than her heart proves.

Zeolide, penetrated with gratitude, clasped her mother's neck, whilst the tears of filial affection gladdened her maternal bosom, and softened each of their sorrows.

The two Princesses passed several days in the company of each other; at last they consented to receive the sage and virtuous Gelanor. The Philosopher incited a spirit of indulgence; the Queen admitted Phanor; Zeolide went herself in search of Palmis, and the two friends tenderly embraced each other. Explanations, however, in the Palace of Truth, could not dissipate all the clouds that had risen. Gelanor conducted Phi-

lamir to the feet of Zeolide. The Princess wished to assure Philamir she had forgotten the past; but was forced to tell him her love was somewhat lessened, and that she secretly preserved a little resentment and suspicion. The Prince was grieved, and was obliged to own too he was somewhat vexed; and had it not been for the remonstrances and advice of Gelanor, the two lovers would have fallen out again; but they preserved appearances, though nothing could re-establish their former perfect good understanding.

The Genius having interrogated Aristeus circumstantially, learnt, that if he had not been scrupulously virtuous, he had estimable qualities; at least, that he possessed probity and real patriotic sentiments.——In Chrisel he discovered a flattering and ambitious Courtier, but a faithful subject; and as for Zoram, he was more ridiculous than vicious.

Follow my advice, said Gelanor to the Genius; treat these Courtiers with indulgence, but grant them no more a blind confidence; let them henceforth find the only means to obtain your favour, is by rectitude and virtue, and they will become new men. When Monarchs have arrived at an age of maturity, and towards the end of their reign, they are then the real formers of Courtiers, and either pervert or make them virtuous.

Phanor followed his advice, and recalled his three Courtiers, who had been shut up in a corner of the Palace; but society was no longer agreeable; no person durst open their lips, lest they should say something impertinent; and when forced to break this obstinate silence, they trembled as they spoke, and seldom uttered a word which
was

was not either ill-timed or offensive. All execrated the Palace, and the only pleasure they could find in it was, to converse with the travellers with which it swarmed.

One evening, Philamir more discontented with Zeolide, and sorrowful than ordinary, went to seek Gelanor and relate his new cause of grief. He had never been in the apartment of this venerable old man, but was conducted thither by an attendant. As soon as he came to the door, he opened it, entered, and saw a young beautiful lady, in long mourning robes, sitting by the Philosopher's side, holding a book and reading aloud. Gelanor appeared embarrassed at the sight of the Prince; Philamir, surprized, advanced towards the charming lady, and asked her if she was just arrived.

I have been here these six weeks, she replied.

Six weeks! And nobody yet mentioned your name; you have, no doubt, lived concealed; it is not else possible you should have remained unknown.

My situation has obliged me to fly society, and I am fond of solitude; I see no person here but Gelanor, to whom I listen, by whom I am instructed, and I seek no other pleasures.

The Prince wishes to speak with me, Mirza, interrupted the Philosopher somewhat bluntly.

I am in no great haste, replied Philamir.

But I should wish to hear you immediately, said Gelanor; leave us Mirza.

The beauteous Mirza laid her book upon the table, and, after a very low courtesy, retired.

What a charming lady, cried Philamir; how modest, how graceful! wherefore is she in mourning?

She

She is a widow.

How long has she been so ?

About a month ; her husband was very ill when he arrived, and died in a fortnight.

I will engage that her understanding equals her beauty——Why are you silent ?——

And wherefore these questions ?

Mere curiosity.

Take care, my lord of curiosity ; it is too natural to youth ; and remember whither it may lead.

Mine is very innocent——But tell me, Gelanor, has Mirza much understanding ?

Yes, much.

Then she possesses every perfection.

But did you come, my lord, to speak of Mirza.

What I have to say is not very interesting——

A repetition of old griefs. I am discontented ; Zeolide is no longer the same ; her temper is quite altered, vexed, irritated at nothing——Her reproaches are eternal——I am tired of all this——Mirza has an air of such mildness, such tenderness——Is she chearful ?

Why, my lord, do you ask ?——Let us speak of the Princess ; for never since I have inhabited the Palace of Truth, have I read a heart more noble, more pure, more affectionate than her's.

Pray did she love her husband ?

Her husband !——Of whom are you speaking ? Of Mirza.

Really, my lord, you are not worthy to possess the heart of the most charming Princess on earth.——What a difference there is between your sentiments and those of Zeolide ! Among all the men here assembled, and many of them are amiable, Zeolide sees only you ; all eyes are fixed on

on her; and I know two or three Princes who love her to distraction; Zeolide only is ignorant of their love, or at least never thinks of it.

And I, replied Philamir, love none but Zeolide; and as I should certainly excite her jealousy, were I to see Mirza again, I promise never to return to this apartment.

Gelanor highly praised this resolution, which Philamir strictly kept.

The Prince left the Philosopher and visited Palmis, for whom he had conceived a great friendship. Palmis had not the delicacy of Zeolide, consequently could not always in her heart approve her manner of thinking. Being obliged to speak as she thought, when Philamir complained of Zeolide, Palmis, though with regret, could not avoid owning the Princess was sometimes unreasonable.

Philamir and Palmis were conversing together, when Zeolide unexpectedly entered. The Prince and Palmis blushed—What I embarrass you, said Zeolide?

Yes, madam, replied Palmis.

Of whom were you speaking?—Nay, answer.

Of you; the Prince complained of your temper.

Well, and what did you say?

That he was right, and that it was not to be borne.

So then you endeavour to increase his ill opinion of me?—Were I really capricious and unreasonable, ought my friend to say so? especially to—

You forget, madam, we are in the Palace of Truth; could I speak as I wish, my first care should be to persuade the Prince he is always wrong when he thinks disadvantageously of you.

Zeolide

Zeolide had nothing to reply, but was vexed and silent. Philamir and Palmis durst not venture a word. At last, the Princess heaving a deep sigh, said, you are really both of you very agreeable company——What are you thinking of, Philamir?

Of Mirza.

Mirza! Who is Mirza?

A young and charming widow, whom I met to-day, by chance, in Gelanor's apartment.

And whom you are, no doubt, in love with.

I love none but Zeolide.

But you mean to see this charming Mirza again?

No; I will sacrifice to you the pleasure I should take in her conversation.

Then you think me jealous.

I do.

Alas! Why can I not say I have too much pride to feel any such emotion; must you, in spite of myself, know all my foibles?

The Princess could not retain her tears.——Nothing but weeping and reproaches, cried Philamir.

Scarcely had he pronounced the words, ere he felt the effect they must necessarily produce in the heart of Zeolide, and fell at her feet. Zeolide rejected him with anger; your want of feeling, said she, is shocking.——No, you love me not; or, at least, you are incapable of love like mine——Dare affirm to the contrary.

Would I could.

You confess you do not love me then.

Oh! Zeolide, do not overwhelm me thus; my soul is not so pure, so delicate as your's, but all I can feel, I feel for you.

I understand——You only esteem me.

If

“If I did not pronounce the word Love, it is because you yourself have prohibited the expression.

Yes, before we came to this Palace.

The instant she had said this, Zeolide blushed, and turned away her head, to hide her confusion. Philamir smiled, and seized the hand of the Princess, which he tenderly clasped between his own. Zeolide drew back her hand; pray tell me, said she, how is it possible, having only seen this *very beautiful lady* once, you should so passionately desire to see her again.

I do not desire it *passionately*.

Did you not say you would *sacrifice* this pleasure to me?

I did; had I had the power of chusing my own words, I should have made use of some other.

But, in fact, your abstinence is a sacrifice.

It is; she is amiable, witty, and her company would have given me pleasure; I regret it, and cannot avoid seeing your jealousy.

My jealousy, cried Zeolide, with extreme vexation, what expressions! What language!—— Yet, alas! it is too true; I have been ridiculously jealous, I condemn myself for it, and were we not in this fatal Palace, it would never have been known.

Some days after this conversation, as Philamir was walking, according to his custom, in the Alley of Palm-trees, he perceived, at a distance, the beautiful Mirza, greatly agitated. She approached the Prince, and with a disturbed and timid air, exclaimed, Pardon me, my lord——I am in great distress——I have been seeking a pocket-book, which I have lost above this hour; have you found it?

No;

No; replied the Prince; and I am sorry I have not, since I see how exceedingly you are afflicted.

It contains my secret.

Your secret!

I have had the indiscretion to write down my feelings in that book——But I must say no more——Adieu, my lord, and if by chance you should find my pocket-book, deign to promise you will restore it me, and especially that you will not open it.

I will not——But if I should be so unfortunate as to find it, how shall I see you to return it?

I will be here at this time to-morrow.

So saying, Mirza departed, and, as she went, twice turned her head to look at the Prince, who followed her with his eyes, and sighed when she was out of sight.

Philamir, in vain, endeavoured to find the pocket-book; he searched the gardens round and round, but unsuccessfully. As, towards noon, he was returning towards the Palace, he met the three Courtiers Aristeus, Chrifel, and Zoram, all in conversation. Surprized to see them so intimate, he approached and complimented them on the occasion. Ah! my lord, cried Chrifel, our mutual fears have united us.

How so?

Had we betrayed the State, we could not be in greater peril; nothing can save us, we are lost beyond redemption.

What do you mean?

Phanor, this evening, has invited us to be present while he reads a Play of his composition.

But the Piece may be good.

Unfortunately

Unfortunately for us, it is execrable. We heard it six months ago, and persuaded Phanor it was a *chef-d'œuvre*.

I conceive your perplexity; the Genius has, perhaps, invited you to this new reading, only to put your sincerity to the proof.

Oh! no; he is perfectly secure, and that is the worst part of the affair; he believes we have flattered him on every possible subject, this alone excepted.

But why would he read a work you have already heard?

Because he has made many alterations; there are likewise two celebrated Authors just arrived, whom he intends to astonish and confound by reading them his production.

He will be too busy with them to observe you.

Yes, but it is necessary to cry and laugh at this infernal piece; which is impossible here, for it would be immediately seen whether the tears were or were not real.

Might not an Author be deceived, think you?

Is there, in fact, a charm sufficiently strong to prevent an Author from being a dupe? Let us only be confident, my friends, and I hope the Genius will not be able to read our countenances.

Besides, added Philamir, his attention will be wholly directed towards these newly arrived Authors, who will speak without apprehension, not knowing the effects of the place they are in.

True, my lord; and in order to keep them in ignorance on this subject till the reading is over, they have been taken to an apartment distant from those of the other guests.

Did they come both together?

No;

No; and, as it is already known they hate each other, they are separately lodged.

The Genius appeared, and the conversation changed.—I warrant, said Phanor, you were speaking of my play.

Yes, my lord, answered Zoram, trembling.

I am certain you were not speaking against it; for never shall I forget, how you were affected when you heard it first. To-day you will be still more delighted, for I have made such additions! So sublime! Our Authors will be somewhat surprized, and as they do not know the virtues of this Palace, I am certain they will testify as much jealousy as admiration. What think you?

Nobody, my lord, can be jealous of your wit.

What, because of my rank! I assure you that is no impediment. About a year ago, I read this very piece to a man of real wit, but who is himself a writer; well, sir, he could not hide his jealousy; his praise was so cold, so awkward, his perplexity so great, and his sufferings so cruel, he really excited my compassion. The vanity of an Author is absolutely unaccountable. As for me, I am just, and do not deceive myself. Often, in the course of my existence, I have been deceived, but never on that subject; never was flattered there——And why? Because the thing is impossible.

Phanor's confidence and discourse made the Courtiers hearts shrink within them. After dinner, the Genius sent to inform Learchus and Tarsis he was ready to receive them; and the former arriving first, Phanor interrogated him concerning Tarsis. I hate him, replied Learchus, though the principle of my hatred obliges me to dissemble; I wish to seem equitable; secretly I calumniate,

calumniate, publicly I praise him, but in an artful manner ; I have no intention to do him justice, but to persuade the world I do.

You hear, said the Genius, whispering Chrisel, with a smile of penetration : such is the envy of which I just now spoke, and hence you may imagine if I do not know the human heart.

Tarsis entered, and, after a moment's conversation, Phanor unfolded his manuscript : the two authors placed themselves opposite, Philamir and the Courtiers by his side, and the Genius thus began:

I must first inform you, Gentlemen, this play is a Master-piece.

Yes, answered Learchus, that is customary ; a reading is seldom began, till something like this has first been said ; but you need not fear, my Lord, we shall none of us speak a word of what we think, we will load you with praises.

Tarsis was confounded to hear him : he could not conceive it possible to carry truth and indiscretion so far. The Genius smiled——Yes, said he, I can depend upon your sincerity, and am well assured you will be obliged to praise what you shall hear. Know then, Gentlemen, you will melt into tears during the first and second act, laugh at every speech in the third and fourth, and be astonished to find the fifth so sublime. The style is elegant and pure, the characters natural and well sustained, the plot artfully managed, and the denouement admirable.

Very frank, upon my word, cried Tarsis: Authors usually say much, but it is in a far-fetched and ambiguous manuer. For my part, my Lord, I like your proud plain way better ; it is
at

at least more comic, and may give one a love for modesty.

I own, replied Phanor, when I am at home, I cannot help speaking thus undisguisedly; my language may astonish, but you will soon see, however, there is nothing really extravagant in all I have said.

The Genius then began to read, and, as it was necessary to weep during the two first acts, the Courtiers took out their handkerchiefs and hid their faces. The Genius stopped almost at every line: observe, said he, how profound is that reflexion! how original that thought! how philosophic this! and spoke so continually, during these interruptions, and between the acts, and praised himself so much, that his auditors had absolutely no room to say any thing. The two Authors seemed very attentive, and finding the device of the handkerchiefs a very happy one, they made use of the same expedient and hid their faces. Phanor triumphed, when he beheld all their handkerchiefs in the air at the end of the second act. Come, come, said he, dry your tears and prepare to laugh.

Phanor set the example, when he thought it was necessary to laugh. How humourous this is, how full of wit is that, cried he every instant; there are a few free strokes, and some double-entendres, but these are the taste of the age, and we cannot make folks laugh without them; to unite decency and wit is too hard a task; and for my part, I only wish to please, therefore do not perplex myself about morality or good manners, but sacrifice them without scruple, every time a stroke of wit or seductive description invite.

There

There is nothing wonderful in that, replied Learchus, we do the same; it is necessary, however, for form's sake, though a work may be ever so licentious, to scatter a certain quantity of sentiments through it, and moral phrases; after the most free and indecent treats, one is charmed to see an eulogium on virtue; such a thing is not expected in such a place, but the surprize is for that reason the more agreeable.

No doubt, answered Phanor, and you will find I understood this finesse; for my play ends with four verses, which tell the spectators it has a moral purpose; though I can assure you, without seeking to raise myself in your esteem, I had no other purpose but that of displaying my superior abilities. But let us go on to the fourth act.

Pray, my lord, must we laugh still? said Tarsis:

Oh! I understand you, returned Phanor: silence, if you please, and listen.

During the three last scenes of this act, Learchus and Tarsis several times endeavoured to burst into a laugh; and the Genius reclining towards Zoram, said softly, Do you not observe, Envy will not let them laugh, only from the teeth outwards; how the hag gnaws their hearts; this is much more flattering to me, than all the praises they could possibly give, for my vanity is equally clear-sighted and delicate.

As soon as he had ended, the Genius rose, rubbed his hands, and smiling, said, These Gentlemen will now explain themselves, and we shall see the exact state of their thoughts.

I am in the utmost perplexity, my lord.

And so am I, I assure you.

Oh! I do not doubt that, cried Phanor, with malignity.

It is difficult to praise you my Lord.

That is to say, you cannot find expressions; this is the greatest praise you can give.

I have never heard any thing so extravagant, so wild.

As my third and fourth act, very true they are out of the common road; thus you see I did not exaggerate, when I told you, you would find humour absolutely run wild. It must be owned Christel, added the Genius, it is charming to hear all this said in the Palace of Truth.—But what is your opinion Tarsis? You are silent.

My Lord, answered Tarsis, however envious—

There! exclaimed the Genius, transported with joy; there Zoram, did not I predict?—You hear he is devoured with envy.—But why should I longer abuse, the necessity these poor people are under of speaking what they think, I ought to be satisfied, and not seek to humble men too much.

Phanor dismissed his Authors, and when they were gone, conversed some time longer with the Courtiers. He asked no questions, for he had no doubts; he spoke only of his own fame, and the vast success his piece must have. Thus were the Courtiers freed for a little fear.

As soon as they were alone, Was I wrong, said Aristeus, to conceive hopes of escaping the danger? Every illusion vanishes here, except vanity, and that is more mighty than all the Magicians. Love itself is not so blind, as an Author corrupted by flattery and self-conceit.

The next day Philamir went to the alley of Palm-trees, where he did not at first find Mirza, but walked about expecting her arrival. After he had walked some time, he saw a sheet of written

ten paper on the grass in a woman's hand; he read, and was amazed to find charming verses, in which Mirza expressed for Philamir a most violent passion.—Oh! unhappy and amiable Mirza, cried the Prince, this no doubt is one of the pages of that pocket-book which thou didst search for with such anxiety. The wind during the night has blown it hither.—Alas! Is this then the secret Mirza would hide from me?—Ah! how dangerous is the discovery.

Mirza at this moment appeared, Philamir flew to meet her. Oh! my Lord, said Mirza, I have just found my pocket-book, but there is a leaf gone.—Heavens! what do I see, that very leaf in your hands.—And have you read it?—Unfortunate Mirza! thy evils then are at the height.

So saying, Mirza fell on the lawn, and seemed ready to faint; the Prince, quite beside himself, kneeled to assist her. Oh Mirza, cried he, with a broken voice, into what dreadful distress hast thou plunged me!—Can it be?—loved by you!

Cruel Prince, replied Mirza, since you have read that writing, the silence I had imposed upon my lips is useless; it cannot now conceal my weakness.—Yes, I adore you. Alas! you alone have taught me to know the most violent, the most imperious of all the passions; never shall I banish it my bosom. No, I feel it will follow, or rather precipitate me into the grave. Your's I cannot be, your faith is engaged, and I have only to die.

To die! Heavens! cried Philamir, and shall I be the cause of your death?—Rather let—
Oh Mirza! conceive the horror of my situation
—I am under a sacred engagement—

I know

I know it but too well, interrupted Mirza; and were you willing to break it, I never would consent. Zeolide is worthy to participate your happiness. Love shall never make me unjust. Often has Gelanor spoke to me of the Princess, and interested me in her behalf: not daring to speak in your praise, I listened with pleasure, to the eulogiums of a Lady so dear to your heart. No, Zeolide, I cannot hate thee, for thou lovest Philamir.

What sentiment! What not hate your Rival?

Without her you could not be happy, and I would give my life were it necessary to save her's.

Oh Mirza! how great is the admiration you inspire!

Adieu, my Lord, you know my heart. I cannot forbear repeating, and remember, *I speak it in the Palace of Truth*, I shall love you to the last breath of life. In this bosom you will ever reign, and over a heart as virtuous and pure as it is noble and affectionate. Incapable of ambition and of jealousy, I might have made you happy if — Ah! dearest Prince, adieu.

This is not to be supported, cried Philamir.

— Oh, adorable Mirza! do you then mean to quit the Palace? I know your three months are expired, but I am obliged to remain here three weeks longer.

I should instantly depart, replied Mirza, were not Gelanor ill; but to him my attendance is necessary, and I must stay. I insist, however, that you come not to his apartment; and I conjure you never to confide to any one, the secret you thus have learnt by surprize. You cannot utter a falsehood, but you can be silent. — my Lord! once more, and for ever—adieu!

As

As soon as she had spoken, Mirza ran with extreme precipitation; the Prince would have held her, but Mirza with a commanding and majestic air, forbade him to follow, and Philamir was forced to obey. The charms of Mirza's person and mind, and the admiration and compassion she inspired, did but too powerfully combat the fidelity he owed to Zeolide; his vanity too was most potently flattered; to inspire love in the breast of a Lady so heroically virtuous, was a triumph which Philamir could not help feeling. Love must rob the beauteous and sublime Mirza of life; the Prince could not doubt it: Zeolide might find consolation. This was a reflection Philamir often made, yet he continued to love Zeolide. He thought the Princess much inferior to her Rival, but at the same time he found an unknown charm about Zeolide, which Mirza did not possess. Zeolide attracted, insinuated, and was deeply engraven in his heart. Mirza dazzled and inflamed the imagination; but she was too much above him; she astonished too much to delight.

The fear of betraying the secret of Mirza, made Philamir avoid Zeolide as much as possible; and perceiving how mortally he dreaded to be alone with her, reason and pride equally bade the Princess not seek a flying Lover. After so much vexation, so many inquietudes, torments and struggles, Zeolide began to suffer less; she had seen too many illusions vanish, not to find Love almost extinct in her bosom.

The three weeks at length were passed, and the day came, when Philamir was to quit the Palace of Truth. Before the Princess was awake, Philamir went to the alley of Palm-trees. He had a

strong desire once more to see Mirza, and had written to conjure her once more to come, yet durst not hope the severe Mirza would consent to receive his last farewell. How great was his joy, when he saw her suddenly appear. Mirza testified the utmost surprize at perceiving the Prince. She would have fled, but was withheld by Philamir. Ah, my Lord! said she, I thought you had already quitted the Palace, and I returned to visit a place so dear to my heart.

Have you not received my note then?

Your note, my Lord!—Oh! no.

Philamir was grieved, to think he owed the happiness of seeing her again to chance alone. Every thing that gratitude or tenderness could inspire the Prince uttered. Mirza wept, and discovered sentiments so heroic, and at the same time so passionate, that the Prince fell enraptured on his knees, and could only express his admiration by his tears. The Prince just at this moment hearing the leaves rustle turned his head, but what was his surprize, or rather terror, when he beheld Zeolide!

The Princess motionless with amazement, stood silent; the confused Philamir durst not speak. At length Mirza, addressing herself to the Princess, related her whole story. You see madam, added she, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I do not fear, that even my Rival should read my most secret thoughts; and I not only do not hate you, but have a lively sensation of what your feelings must this moment be. I suffer as much from your woes as from my own. Philamir regrets me, this cannot be denied; but it is you he loves, and were he to attempt to break his engagement to you, I would oppose his intentions.

I am

I am about to quit, and never see him more. The effort will cost me my life, but duty is far more sacred than love.

And is it possible, said Zeolide, that a passion which reason cannot approve, may become thus violent in a heart like your's?—Adieu Philamir, continued the Princess, I restore you your freedom, and at length regain my own; but in renouncing you, I renounce the married state.—Adieu, may you be happy!

Stop Zeolide, cried Philamir, distracted.

Go, my Lord, said Mirza, with a languishing voice, go recover your mistress, and abandon the wretched Mirza! She no longer loves, I adore—Oh! that with my heart, I could restore you her, since you cannot live without her.

Oh Mirza! how sublime a soul! Yes, Mirza, you merit bliss! Yet Zeolide!—I cannot myself understand the present feelings of my soul.

Cruel man! can you hesitate between a woman who abandons you, and the unfortunate affectionate Mirza.—Should you, now hope has entered my heart, should you now abandon me, you will behold me expire.—Yet what do I say? Heavens! I am distracted!—Alas, I cannot here conceal my thoughts—let me be gone.

No, said the Prince, I will not barbarously devote to death the most amiable and virtuous of women.

Oh God! What do I hear! exclaimed Mirza. Shall I live!—do you then promise me your faith?

The Prince could not reply, tears impeded speech—Come then, dear Philamir, continued Mirza, haste, let us fly this Palace, stay not a moment.

So saying, Mirza, transported, pulled the Prince along with her, who shed a torrent of tears. They approached the fatal gates of the Palace, when they were suddenly met by the venerable Gelanor; Mirza shuddered—Fly, Prince, fly this old man, exclaimed she, listen not to his words.

Stop, cried the Philosopher—Flight is useless—The gates are closed.

At these dreadful sounds, Mirza turned pale, her trembling legs scarcely could support her.—Gelanor approached, and seizing her by the arm—Perfidious woman, said he, return *the Talisman*, or I will instantly deliver you to the vengeance of Phanor! Mirza did not hesitate a moment, but taking *the box of crystal* from her pocket gave it to Gelanor, who, turning towards Philamir, said, now listen to that woman, for whom you have sacrificed Zeolide; speak Mirza, speak, I command you, cried the Philosopher.

Well then, said Mirza, I had but the mask of virtue; ambition and vanity alone, inspired me with a desire to seduce this feeble and credulous Prince.

You have said enough, replied Gelanor, be gone.

Mirza disappeared; and the Prince raising his eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed, Wretch that I am! What have I done? Oh Zeolide!—Yet how could I suspect such sentiments and passions so natural?

Know you what gave them that appearance?
—Pride—With a little less vanity you would have thought, however dangerous love may be, it is not a disease of which people die; you would have

have known, that not even compassion should make you forfeit a sacred promise.

Oh Gelanor! what course must I take? Advise me; be my protector, my guide.

All is not lost; Phanor is informed of every thing, and is this instant endeavouring to prevail on the Princess to grant you a generous pardon; he will come to seek you, when it shall be time for you to appear.

Mean while, replied Philamir, inform me how this Talisman, which Phanor gave to the beautiful Agelia, could fall into the hands of the artful Mirza.

That I shall do in a few words, replied the old man.—When Agelia quitted the Palace, as she came to the gate, she took this precious box from Nadir, and gave it me. Gelanor, said she, I give you this Talisman, on condition you never return it to Phanor; and that you lend it to women, as often as by this means you can preserve them from any great peril. Be you, henceforth, the protector of the weaker sex, in this dangerous Palace; and though you condemn the guilty, pity and preserve them if possible.

Thus spoke the amiable Agelia. I received the Talisman, and, conformable to her benevolent intentions, have, for these eighteen years, preserved many wives from the wrath and resentment of their husbands. I lent them the Talisman, and they had too much interest to keep the secret, for me to fear the least indiscretion on their parts; each woman, with whom the box has been deposited, returned it at departing; and no man to this day, ever found out the secret.

About four months since, as I was walking in the gardens, I perceived a beautiful lady weeping. The lady was Mirza; who told me she had arrived that morning, and had learnt, by chance, the virtue of the Palace. I have a husband, added she, in a consumption; he has but a short time to live; I have made him happy, but have deceived him; should he interrogate me, his last moments will become dreadfully miserable, and, perhaps before he dies, he may seek revenge.

I lent Mirza the Talisman, and calmed her fears; and her husband, about a month afterwards, expired in her arms, blessing heaven for having given him the most virtuous of women for a wife. Mirza, become a widow, conjured me to leave the Talisman in her hands till she departed, that she might preserve her reputation, which an indiscreet question in this Palace, might deprive her of, if she no longer possessed this precious preservative.

Mirza seemed attached to me; she was amiable and witty, and her company was not without its charm. I felt, however, how dangerous she might be to others, since with so much wit and beauty, she alone had the power of dissimulation. I therefore required she should live in retirement; and when you arrived, I ordered her to avoid you. Her secret was in my possession, and she was forced to obey.

At length I fell ill, and Mirza, under pretext of nursing me, prolonged her stay. I saw yesterday she was agitated, and had my suspicions, but said nothing. The Physicians had ordered me to keep my room a few days longer, which Mirza knew; but this morning I wished to see the Princess before she went, who related to me the heroic scene
which

which just had passed. I instantly sought for Phanor; he ordered the gates of the Palace to be shut; and as the Princess was ignorant of Mirza's perfidy, we agreed not to mention the Talisman to her; that you, my Lord, if so you please, may avail yourself of it's virtues to regain the heart of Zeolide.

Here the Philosopher gave the box of crystal to the Prince; and at the same moment a slave came from Phanor to seek Philamir, who, full of trouble and inquietude, flew to the apartment of Zeolide.

As soon as he perceived the Princess, he ran, flung himself at her feet, discovered the deceit of Mirza, and shewed her the Talisman which she had laid upon the table: by hiding this story, and keeping that Talisman, said he, I might have persuaded you I did not go with Mirza, and had resisted all her seductions; but though I cannot lose you without the loss of happiness, I would prefer even that to deceit. Yes, Zeolide, I was seduced, inveigled; I no longer have the same blind and impetuous passion, which I felt before our arrival in this fatal Palace; but I love you, as I shall for ever love you; without you I cannot be happy, and you alone of all the Ladies in the world can insure my felicity.

When he had ended, the lovely Zeolide gave the Prince her hand, which he received with transport. The sentiments you discover, said she, are worthy, and all I wish; and did this Palace destroy no other illusions than those which nourish love, I should not repent my having inhabited it; but the air we here breathe, is fatal even to friendship. Come, Philamir, come, let us leave this dangerous place.

So

So saying, the Princess rose, Philamir followed, and the two Lovers, with Phanor and Altemira, went to mount their Chariots.

They were going to leave the gloomy Palace of Truth, when they saw, with inexpressible surprise, the crystal walls take another colour, lose their transparency, become opaque, and suddenly transform themselves into porphyry and marble of a beautiful white.

The Monarch of the Genii appeared; the Charm is destroyed, said he, addressing himself to the young Lovers, and you now may remain in this new Palace, in which you will find all the illusions necessary to content. May the remembrance of the Palace of Truth, for ever preserve you from injurious jealousy, and teach you to repress the first emotions of an indiscreet curiosity; and may you never forget that unbounded confidence, and amiable indulgence form the soft ties by which hearts are united.

NOTES

N O T E S

T O

DAPHNIS AND PANROSE.

(1) **T**HE Daughters of Antipœnus gave themselves sacrifices for the Thebans, according to the answer of the Oracle, which had said the City should be delivered from the hands of Hercules, if some one of the most illustrious families it contained would sacrifice itself, and all the Daughters of Antipœnus killed themselves.

The courageous Hyacinthides——" Were the daughters of Erietheus, King of Athens; having devoted themselves to the good of their country, they were surnamed Hyacinthides, from the place where they were sacrificed. They were also called the Virgins.

The Daughters of Echion, King of Thebes——Were two maidens, who suffered themselves to be sacrificed, to appease the Gods, who, at that time, afflicted their country with a horrible draught. There rose from their ashes two young men crowned, who celebrated the death of these generous Princesses. There was another Echion, the father of Pentheus, who was one of those who assisted Cadmus to build Thebes, and from whom the Thebans had been called Echionides. There was yet another Echion, the Herald of the Argonauts." *Dict. de la Fable.*

(2) *The seven Daughters of Alcion*——" Alcion was a Giant, the brother of Porphyryon, who killed twenty-four of the soldiers of Hercules, and was himself killed by that hero. His seven daughters were so affected, that they threw themselves in the sea, where they were changed into Alcions, (Halcions, or King's Fishers.)"

The charming Erigone, immolating at the Tomb of Icarus——" Erigone hung herself on a tree when she knew of her father's death; this she learnt from the continual barking of
of

" of Mara, the Bitch of Icarus, at her Master's Tomb.
 " This Erigone was beloved of Bacchus, who to seduce
 " her, transformed himself into a Bunch of Grapes. The
 " Poets have feigned she was metamorphosed into the Con-
 " stellation called Virgo. The following was the cause
 " of her death: Icarus, the father of Erigone, having given
 " the Peasants wine to drink, who knew not it's effects,
 " they became drunk; and other Peasants, supposing them
 " poisoned, slew Icarus; on which the wives of these Pea-
 " sants were seized with madness, which lasted till the
 " Oracle had ordained Feasts in honour of Icarus. Thence
 " came the Icarian Games, which consisted in balancing on
 " a cord attached to two trees, that is to say, swinging (a).
 " Mara, the Bitch of Icarus, was metamorphosed into the
 " Constellation called Canicula, and Icarus into a Star,
 " which is supposed to be Bootes, or the Herdsman. There
 " was another Icarus, the son of Dedalus, and a third, who
 " was the father of Penelope." *Dict. de la Fable.*

The beautiful Hypsipyle—The women of Lemnos hay-
 ing massacred their husbands, and all the men on the island
 Hypsipyle, to save her father Thoas, feigned she had killed
 him, but kept him concealed. This part of the story is well
 known, the rest not so much.

" Jason, going to the conquest of the Golden Fleece, lan-
 " ded at Lemnos, and married Hypsipyle, whom the Lem-
 " nian women had elected Queen. Jason abandoned Hyp-
 " sipyle for Medea; the Lemnians having learnt that Hyp-
 " sipyle had saved her father, expelled her the island. She
 " fell into the hands of Pirates; they sold her to Lycurgus,
 " King of Nemæa, who appointed her to educate his son
 " Archemorus. One day Hypsipyle having placed the
 " young Prince on a bed of smillage, while she went to
 " shew a fountain to the Princes who were going to besiege
 " Thebes, the child died by the bite of a serpent. Lycur-
 " gus would have punished her negligence with death,
 " but the Argans took her under their protection. The
 " Nemæan

(a) Probably in memory of the death of Erigone, who, with
 a cord, hung herself to a tree.

" Nemæan Games, which were held once in three years,
 " were instituted to commemorate this accident. The
 " Conquerors were clothed in black, and crowned with
 " smallage."

The valiant Harpalyce—" The Daughter of Harpo-
 " lycus, King of a part of Thracia. Her father being
 " borne hard upon in battle, and already wounded by
 " Neoptolemus, Harpalyce flew to his assistance, brought
 " him out of danger, and put to flight the troops of Neop-
 " tolemus. She excelled in the management of horses.
 " There were two other women of the same name, one of
 " whom was very wicked, and the other died with grief, for
 " not being able to soften the heart of Iphiclus, whom she
 " loved."

The tender Sisters of young Hyas—" The Hyades were the
 " Daughters of Atlas and Etheria, were thus called from
 " Hyas, their brother, whom they loved so affectionately,
 " they were inconsolable for his death. The Gods, moved
 " by their grief, changed them into Stars. Others relate,
 " that the Hyades were Nymphs whom Jupiter changed
 " into Stars, to preserve them from the wrath of Juno, who
 " determined to punish them for the care they had taken
 " in educating Bacchus."

Of the imprudent Phaeton—" The Heliades, Daughters
 " of the Sun and Clymene, were three, Lampethusa, Lam-
 " pethia, and Phaethusa. They were metamorphosed to
 " Poplars, and their Tears to Amber."

And the Meleagrides—" They wept so much for the
 " death of their brother Meleager, that the Gods changed
 " them into Fowls." *Dict. de la Fable.*

(3) *Panope*—" One of the Nereides, eminent for her
 purity, and the integrity of her manners. She was of the
 Divinities called Littorales (a). There was another Pa-
 nope, the wife of a Hercules, by whom he had a son called
 after her name.

(a) Sea-Gods. The name is derived from the custom the
 Ancients had of fulfilling their vows, made at sea, as soon as
 they came on shore.

276 NOTES TO DAPHNIS AND PANROSE.

Tucia and Claudia dear to Vesta——“ Were Vestals,
 “ Tucia accused of a crime, proved her innocence by fetch-
 “ ing water from the Tiber to the temple of Vesta in a
 “ sieve. Claudia’s virtue was suspected, but Vesta wrought
 “ a miracle to prove her innocence. She, with her girdle
 “ only, drew the vessel, in which was the statue of the
 “ mother of the Gods brought from Phrygia, and which
 “ having entered the Tiber was so immoveable, that fe-
 “ veral thousand men could not drag it along.”

Anaxibia protected by Diana——“ Was a Nymph who
 “ vanished in the Temple of Diana, where she had taken
 “ refuge to avoid the pursuits of Apollo.”

Dist. de la Fable.

I might extend this Nomenclature, and cite the Nymph
 Ea, who flying the River Phasis, implored the succour of
 the Gods, and became an Island; Coronis, whom Minerva
 changed into a Crow when pursued by Neptune, &c. &c.—
 This is not the Coronis beloved of Apollo, and the
 mother of Æsculapius, There were many Nymphs of the
 same name.

(4) *The unhappy Argia*——“ Was daughter to Adrastus
 “ and wife to Polynice, whose corpse she went in search of
 “ with Antigonus, to pay it the last duties; which irri-
 “ tated Creon so much he slew them both. She became
 “ a Fountain that bore her name.”

Laodamia——“ There was another Laodamia, the Dau-
 “ ghter of Bellerophon, beloved by Jupiter. Diana slew
 “ the latter with arrows for her Pride.”

Arganthon and Canens——“ The former, the wife of
 “ Rhesus, was so affected by her husband’s death, slain at
 “ the siege of Troy, that she died of grief; and Canens or
 “ Canente, the wife of Picus, after his death wasted away
 “ till nothing could be seen of her.”

Evadne——“ Daughter of Mars, or according to others
 “ of Iphis and Thebe, was insensible to the love of Apollo,
 “ and espoused Capaneus, who, being killed with a thun-
 “ derbolt (a) at the siege of Thebes, Evadne threw

(a) The cause of his impiety.

“ herself

“ herself into the fire that consumed her husband’s body.”

(5) *The affectionate Pyrene*——“ Cenchreis, the daughter of the Nymph Pyrene, having been slain accidentally by a Dart, which Diana hurled at a wild Beast, her mother, Pyrene, shed so many tears that she was changed into a Fountain (a).”

And the Nymph who gave birth to Cyrenus——“ Hyria, a Nymph of Arcadia, wept so much for the loss of her son, who had flung himself from a Rock, because one of his friends had refused to give him a Bull, that she melted away in tears, and was changed to a Lake which bore her name.”

Amphinome——“ The mother of Jason, plunged a dagger in her breast through sorrow for the long absence of her son.”

Callipatria——“ Disguised herself like a Master of Arms, to accompany her son to the Olympic Games, where women were not permitted to come. She was discovered by her transports at seeing her son victorious. The Judges pardoned her, but made a Law, that in future the Master of Arms should be naked as well as the Athletæ.”

(6) *Nymphs of the Waters, the Woods, the Meadows, and the Mountains*——“ EPHYDRIDES, Nymphs of the Lakes. I know not why this name is out of use, it is poetical; so is Meliades and Ephimelides, Nymphs who preside over Flocks; Limniades, Nymphs of the Marshes; Lemniades, Nymphs of the Flowers and Meadows; Herefides Nymphs who waited on Juno when she bathed, &c.”

(7) *Melantho, Leucothoe*——“ Melantho was beloved of Neptune, who took the figure of a Dolphin to carry her off. Leucothoe was the daughter of Orchamus and Eurinome, and beloved by Apollo, who deceived her in

(a) Other Authors say, that Pyrene was a Princess, daughter of Bebrix, King of that part of Spain which borders on France. That she was carried off by Hercules, who having one day left her, at his return found her torn to pieces by wild Beasts; and that he then buried her, by heaping one of the Mountains, since called Pyrenes, upon her.

“ the

278 NOTES TO DAPHNIS AND PANROSE.

“ the shape and habit of her mother. Clytie, her Rival,
 “ informed Orchamus, of the affair, and he buried his
 “ daughter alive; but Apollo metamorphosed her into a
 “ Frankincense tree.”——*Dict. de la Fable.*

(8) According to the *Dictionnaire de la Fable*, and almost all Authors, Hymen was the son of Bacchus and Venus; but the following is a much more ingenious fable——“ Some Authors say, that Hymen was a young Athenian of obscure birth, but a perfect beauty; and that
 “ he fell in love with a young Lady of high rank, and disguised himself in women’s clothes to have the pleasure of
 “ being near her. Being one day thus disguised on the
 “ sea-shore, in company with his mistress, celebrating the
 “ rites of Ceres-Eleusina, there came Pirates, who carried
 “ Hymen and all the Virgins off. The Pirates took
 “ them to a distant Island, where they got drunk with joy,
 “ and fell asleep. Hymen then armed the Virgins, and
 “ killed the Pirates; after which, leaving his mistress and
 “ her companions on the Island, he went to Athens, where
 “ he made conditions with all their parents, and demanded
 “ her he loved in marriage as her ransom, which was
 “ granted. This marriage was so fortunate, that the
 “ name of Hymen was ever after invoked on all future
 “ ones; and the Greeks at last worshipped him as a God.”

DANCHET, *Dissertation sur les ceremonies Nuptiales.*

(9) I would much rather have imagined this charming, this delicate answer of Panrose, than have been the Author of twenty Tales like this; but unfortunately for me, the original of this is also to be found in the *Dictionnaire de la Fable.*

“ The father of Penelope was Icarus, a noble and powerful Spartan; unable to determine to part with his
 “ daughter, he conjured Ulysses to live at Sparta, but
 “ could not prevail. Ulysses, having departed with his
 “ wife, Icarus mounted his chariot, overtook his beloved
 “ daughter, and again redoubled his prayers to return to
 “ Sparta. Ulysses then left it to the choice of Penelope
 “ to stay, or follow him to Ithaca. Penelope made no
 “ reply, but with downcast eyes hid her face in her Veil.

“ Icarus

"Icarus insisted no farther, but erected an Altar to Modesty."

Is it possible that this incident should be so little known! I have thought this answer might receive additional grace, by supposing Panrose just going to become a bride, had received from the Goddess of modesty this interesting Veil, The simple recital, however, in the *Dictionnaire de la Fable* made a stronger impression on me, than what I have invented, but the idea is so delicate, so charming, that one takes a pleasure even in spoiling it.

(10) Oaths among the Ancients were very customary, and accompanied with divers ceremonies. Sometimes they made libations; and while the Priest, when he plunged his knife into the victim, the sacred wine was shed, and they cried aloud "Let the blood of the man, who shall dare to violate his oath, and of his race, be sprinkled upon the earth like the blood of these victims upon our Altars."

Sometimes they dip their hands in the blood and entrails of the victims; at others they cast red hot iron into the sea, promising to keep their words till that iron should return, and swim upon the surface. The pains of death and infamy were inflicted on those who violated their oaths; but they excepted Orators, Poets, and Lovers from the punishment. The form of taking an oath among Kings, was to elevate the Sceptre. The Gods, whom the Greeks invoked on these occasions, were infinite; sometimes they called the Sun to witness, sometimes the Stars, &c.

Pythagoras swore by the number four, which, according to him, was the Symbol of Divinity. Socrates called on the true God, the God who presides over Friendship.

Mœurs des Grecs, by MENARD.

(11) The Chariot Races were the most noble, and were of two sorts, that is, either with two or four horses; the latter were called Quadriga. The ancients did not arrange their horses like us two and two, but all abreast. The Chariots were in form of shells, had two wheels, with a very short pole. In the centre of the Lifts was an Altar, on which was placed a Brazen Eagle with spread wings, which

280 NOTES TO DAPHNIS AND PANROSE.

which was suddenly raised by means of a spring. This was the signal of departure. At the end of the Olympian Goal was the tomb of Endymion. The Lifts of Olympus were superb, and were contained in a vast enclosure, 600 feet in length, which represented the prow of a vessel, surrounded by stalls for the Horses and Chariots. The Goal for the Races was the large trunk of an Oak or Pine-Tree, reared on the Confines about a cubit's height, and sustained on each side by two white polished stones. The prize of singing and poetry was a Myrtle Crown. Women and Virgins once in five years, celebrated a particular feast at Olympus in honour of Juno; and the Virgins, who ran in the Races, were divided into three classes; the youngest ran the first, those of a more advanced age, second, and the eldest, last. In consideration of their sex, the length of the race was limited to 500 feet, it's common length was 600. Those who were victorious in the four ancient Games of Greece, whatever kind of contest it was, were called Periodonic; which name was given them from the word Period, that is as the revolution of four Games.

Mœurs des Grecs, by MENARD.

T H E E N D.

